EMILIUS AND SOPHIA.

VOL. IV.

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Frontispiece to Vol. IV.

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EMILIUS AND SOPHIA;

OR,

A NEW SYSTEM

OF

EDUCATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

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CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF *ELOISA.*

VOL. IV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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EMILIUS;

OR,

A NEW SYSTEM

OF

EDUCATION.

CONTINUATION OF BOOK V.

BY this time, I ſuppoſe, the reader is too well acquainted with me and my pupil, to imagine us, according to the cuſtom of others, both aſleep in a warm poſt-chaiſe, travelling without ſeeing or obſerving any thing, annihilating the interval between our departure and our arrival, and, by the rapidity of our journey, loſing time, by way of ſaving it.

Men complain that life is ſhort, and yet they endeavour to render it ſhorter; not knowing how to make a proper uſe of it, they lament the rapidity of time, and yet it is evident that it paſſes away much ſlower than they would have it. Always eager after ſome diſtant object, they regret the intermediate time which divides them from it: one wiſhes for to-morrow, another for a month

hence, another for ten years hence; no one has the philoſophy to live to-day; no one is ſatisfied with the preſent hour, but all think it drags too heavily. When they complain that time runs too ſwiftly, they are not ſincere; they would give any thing to accelerate its pace: they would readily expend their fortunes to conſume their whole life; and perhaps there is not an individual, who would not have reduced his exiſtence to the ſpace of a few hours, if he had been maſter of the power of cancelling that time which hung heavy on his reſtleſs mind; or that which, in the eagerneſs of his expectation, ſeparated him from the wiſhed-for moment. One ſpends half his days in going from Paris to Verſailles, from Verſailles to Paris, from town to country, from country to town, from one place to another; and his hours would be very tedious, if he had not the ſecret of diſſipating them in this manner. He really leaves his concerns, in order to find employment in the purſuit of buſineſs; he thinks to fetch up the time he diſſipates, and which otherwiſe he would not know how to employ; or rather, on the contrary, he gallops for the ſake of galloping back again, and comes poſt to town, for no other end, but to return in the ſame manner.—Mortals, will you never ceaſe to reproach nature? Why will you complain that life is ſhort, when it is not ſo ſhort as you wiſh it? If there is one among you who can moderate his deſires, ſo as never to wiſh time to fly, ſuch a one will never think it too ſhort. To live, and to enjoy

enjoy life, will, to him, be the ſame thing; and ſhould it be his fate to die young, he will die full of days.

If I had no other advantage in my plan, that alone would give it the preference above any other. I did not educate Emilius to deſire or wait for happineſs, but to enjoy it; and when he extends his deſires beyond the preſent, it is not with ſuch an ardent impetuoſity, as to make him regret the ſlowneſs of time. He will not only enjoy the pleaſure of deſire, but that of going to the object deſired; and his paſſions are ſo truly moderate, that he is always more where he is, than where he is to be.

We do not therefore run like couriers, but proceed like travellers. We do not only think of the two extremes, but of the interval which parted them. Travelling itſelf is a pleaſure to us. We do not travel in a melancholy poſture, impriſoned in a cloſe cage. We do not travel in luxury and ſoft eaſe, like women. We do not exclude ourſelves from the air, nor from the proſpect of the objects around us, nor loſe the opportunity of viewing them when it is agreeable to us. Emilius never ſteps into a poſt-chaiſe, nor ever travels poſt, but on urgent occaſions. But what urgent buſineſs can Emilius have, except to enjoy life? ſhall I add, and to do all the good in his power? No; for that itſelf is enjoying life.

I can conceive but one way of travelling, pleaſanter than on horſeback; *viz.* going on

foot. You ſet out at your own time; you ſtop when you pleaſe; you take as much or as little exerciſe as you chooſe; you view all the country; you turn to the right or left; you examine every thing which ſtrikes you; you ſtop at every point of view. Do I ſee a river: I coaſt along it. Do I approach a hanging wood: I walk under its ſhade. A grotto: I enter it. A quarry I examine its ſtrata. Wherever I perceive any thing which invites me, I ſtop. The moment my curioſity is ſatisfied, I depart, without waiting for horſes or poſtilions. I am not curious about picking out beaten paths, or convenient ways, but I tread wherever a man may paſs: I ſee whatever man can ſee; and being dependent on no one but myſelf, I enjoy the moſt perfect liberty which man can poſſeſs. If bad weather overtakes me, and walking grows diſagreeable, then I take horſe. If I am tired .... but Emilius is never tired; he is robuſt; and why ſhould he tire himſelf, who is never in haſte? If he ſhould make a ſtay on his journey, he is never at a loſs for amuſements; being a workman, he can always divert himſelf among the artizans of the village.

To travel on foot, is to travel like Thales, Plato, and Pythagoras. I can ſcarce conceive how a Philoſopher can reſolve to travel any other way, and withdraw himſelf from the ſurvey of thoſe treaſures which he treads under feet, and which the earth laviſhes to his ſight. Who, that has the leaſt taſte for agriculture, would not be curious

curious to know the particular products of the climate in the places he passes through, and the method of their cultivation? Who, that has the least taste for natural history, can traverse a soil without examining it? a rock, a mountain, or a meadow, without looking for fossils, or botanizing, as he goes? Our fashionable philosophers study natural history in their closets; they know the names of things, but have no idea of their nature. But the cabinet of Emilius is richer than that of kings; his cabinet is the whole earth. Here every thing is displayed in its proper place; the Naturalist, who hath the care of it, arranging all things in the finest order. Not D'Aubenton himself could class them better.

What a variety of pleasures are combined by such an agreeable method of travelling! not to speak of our health, which it establishes, or of our spirits which it exhilirates. I have always found those who travel in easy carriages, thoughtful, melancholy, peevish, or uneasy; and those on foot always chearful, light-hearted, and satisfied with every thing. How glad we are when we get to our night's lodging! How savoury we find a coarse meal! With what pleasure we sit down to table! How soundly we sleep in a hard bed! When we only want to get to our journey's end, we may take a post-chaise; but when we are inclined to travel, we should go on foot.

If Sophia is not forgotten before we can have travelled fifty leagues in the manner I have described,

ſcribed, either I muſt have but little addreſs, or Emilius muſt have very little curioſity: for with ſo much knowledge of nature, it is difficult to reſiſt the temptation of acquiring more. Our curioſity increaſes in proportion to our information; and he knows juſt enough to make him eager for further inſtruction.

Nevertheleſs, one object draws on another, and we ſtill keep going on. I fixed on a very diſtant place for our firſt journey: the pretence was plauſible: on quitting Paris, we were to go a great way in purſuit of a wife.

One day, having ſtrayed longer than uſual in an unfrequented mountainous country, we loſt our way. But it was of no conſequence to us; all ways are good, if they do but lead to the wiſhed-for object. But it is neceſſary to meet with accommodations when one is hungry. In this ſituation, luckily we met with a peaſant, who took us into his cottage; and we eat eagerly of the coarſe diet he ſet before us. Seeing us make ſo hearty a meal, he ſaid, "If Providence had directed you to the other ſide of the hill, you would have been better entertained . . . You would have found a happy family. . . Such charitable folks! . . . Such good people! . . . They have not, indeed, more good-will than I, but they have better means, though it is ſaid that they have been much richer formerly . . . But, thank God, they do not feel the want of it; and all the country is the better for what they have remaining."

The

The heart of the benevolent Emilius cheared up when he heard the expreſſion of ‘ Good ‘ people.’ “ My friend (ſaid he) looking earneſtly at me, let us viſit the family who are ſo much beloved in their neighbourhood. I ſhould delight to ſee them ; perhaps they may be glad to ſee us likewiſe. I am certain that they will receive us well : if we are agreeable to them, they will not be otherwiſe to us.”

Having got an exact direction to the houſe, we ſet out and wandered through the woods. A heavy rain overtook us on our way, and retarded our pace, but without obliging us to ſtop. At length we reached our journey's end, and in the evening arrived at the houſe, which, though plain, made ſome appearance, in the midſt of the hamlet. We preſented ourſelves, and requeſted the rights of hoſpitality. The maſter was called to ſpeak to us, and he aſked us ſome queſtions, but interrogated us with great complaiſance. Without telling him the intent of our journey, we acquainted him with our having loſt our way. His former proſperity has given him the facility of diſcerning the condition of men from their manners ; (they who have lived in high life, are ſeldom miſtaken in this reſpect) and by means of this paſſport, we gained admittance.

We were conducted into a ſmall apartment, but it was decent and convenient. They made us a fire, and we were provided with clothes, and every thing we had occaſion for. “ How is this! (ſaid Emilius in a ſurpriſe) one would

conclude they had expected us. What a juſt account the peaſant gave us! What care, what attention, what benevolence! and all for ſtrangers! I can fancy myſelf in the days of Homer. "You are in the right, ſaid I, not to be inſenſible to ſuch treatment, but do not be ſurpriſed at it. Where ſtrangers do not often come, they are always welcome. Nothing renders people more hoſpitable, than their having occaſion to exerciſe it but ſeldom: it is the abundance of gueſts which deſtroys hoſpitality. In the days of Homer, people travelled but little; and travellers were every where well entertained. Perhaps we are the only gueſts whom they have entertained here for many months paſt."—"No matter, he replyed; there is ſtill ſome merit in knowing how to live without company, and yet always to receive them well."

When we were dried, and a little refreſhed, we rejoined the maſter of the houſe. He preſented us to his wife, and ſhe received us not only politely but heartily. Emilius was moſtly honoured with her obſervation. A mother, in ſuch a critical ſituation as ſhe was, ſeldom ſees, without emotion, or at leaſt without curioſity, a man of that juvenile age come into her houſe.

They haſtened ſupper on our account. When we entered the room, we ſaw five plates: we ſeated ourſelves, and found a place vacant. A young damſel came in, made a low curtſey, and modeſtly took her place without ſaying a word. Emilius, who was taken up with the keenneſs of his

his appetite, or with anſwering occaſional queſtions, juſt ſaluted her, and fell to eating again. The principal object of his journey was ſo far from his thoughts, that he imagined himſelf as yet at a great diſtance from it. The converſation turned on our having loſt our way. "Sir, (ſaid the maſter of the houſe to Emilius) you ſeem to be a diſcreet and amiable youth; and I cannot help thinking that your governor and you are arrived here wet and fatigued, in the ſame condition as Mentor and Telemachus landed on the iſland of Calypſo."—"It is true, replied Emilius, that we here meet with the hoſpitality of Calypſo." To which his Mentor added, and the charms of Eucharis. But Emilius, though acquainted with the Odyſſey, had not read Telemachus, and did not know who Eucharis was. As for the young maiden, I perceived her bluſh exceedingly, and look down upon her plate, with evident marks of confuſion. Her Mother, who obſerved her emotion, made ſigns to her father, and he changed the converſation.—In ſpeaking of his retirement, he was inſenſibly led to a relation of the accidents which occaſioned it: his misfortunes, the virtues of his wife, the conſolation they found in their mutual affection, and the pleaſant and tranquil life they led in their retreat; but never ſaid one word of their daughter. Theſe circumſtances formed an agreeable and affecting detail, which no one could hear without emotion. Emilius moved with ſympathetic tenderneſs, ceaſed eating, to liſten to the ſtory.

At length, when the moſt worthy of men came to that part of his hiſtory, wherein he expatiated with pleaſure on the attachment of the moſt amiable of women, the young traveller, forgetting himſelf, graſped the huſband's hand, which he had taken hold of, and with the other ſeized the hand of his wife, which, in a kind of tranſport, he bedewed with his tears. Every one was delighted with the youth's unaffected ſympathy: but the daughter, more affected than any one at this ſymptom of his tenderneſs, thought that ſhe beheld Telemachus weeping over the misfortunes of Philoctetus. She caſt a look towards him by ſtealth, in order to examine his perſon more attentively; and ſhe perceived nothing which injured the compariſon. His open air denotes freedom without arrogance; his manners are lively, without being giddy; his ſenſibility rendered his look more gentle, and his countenance more affecting. Seeing him weep, ſhe was ready to mingle her tears with his. Though ſhe had ſo good an excuſe, yet a ſecret ſhame reſtrained her. She even reproached herſelf for the tears which were ready to ſtart from her eyes, as if it were a weakneſs to bewail the misfortunes of her family.

Her mother, who, during the whole time of ſupper, had not ceaſed to watch her, perceived the reſtraint ſhe was under, and delivered her from it, by ſending her on ſome little errand. She returned in a minute, but ſo far from being recovered, that her confuſion was viſible to every

every one. Her mother, with an affectionate tone, ſaid to her, "Sophia, compoſe yourſelf; will you never ceaſe bewailing your parents misfortunes? You, who are our only comfort under them, ought not to be more affected with them than we are."

You might have perceived Emilius ſtart at the word Sophia. Struck with a name ſo dear to him, he expreſſed his ſurprize by caſting an eager look towards the amiable object that bore it. 'Ah! (ſaid he to himſelf,) Sophia! art thou the Sophia whom my heart purſues?'—He obſerves her, he examines her with a kind of fear and doubt. He does not diſcover the exact figure which his imagination had painted; and he is at a loſs to conclude, whether that which he beholds is better or worſe. He ſtudies every feature, he remarks every motion and geſture, and every thing ſuggeſts a thouſand confuſed thoughts. He would give the world that ſhe would but ſpeak. He caſts a look of uneaſineſs and perplexity towards me; his eyes aſk me a thouſand queſtions. He ſeems at every look, to ſay; Direct me, before it is too late. If my affections are once attached and miſled, I ſhall never recover them again.

Emilius, of all men in the world, is leaſt capable of diſguiſe. How ſhould he conceal the ſtrongeſt emotion he had ever felt, in the preſence of four ſpectators who examined him, and among whom, the perſon in appearance the moſt inattentive, was in fact the moſt obſervant. His

confuſion did not eſcape the penetrating eyes of Sophia; his looks informed her that ſhe was the object which occaſioned it: ſhe perceived that his inquietude did not yet amount to love; but ſhe engroſſes his intention, and that is ſufficient.

Mothers have eyes as well as their daughters, and have ſomewhat more experience. Sophia's mother ſmiled at the ſucceſs of our ſchemes. She read the hearts of the two young people; ſhe perceived that it was time to rivet the affections of the young Telemachus; ſhe made her daughter ſpeak. Her daughter, with her native ſweetneſs, anſwered in a tone rendered the more affecting by her timidity. At the firſt ſound of her voice, Emilius gave himſelf up. It is Sophia! he no longer doubts it. If it ſhould not be her, it is now too late for him to recede.

It was then that the charms of that bewitching girl pierced like lightning through his heart; and he began to drink intoxicating draughts of love from her eyes. He no longer talks, he no longer gives you an anſwer; he ſees nothing but Sophia, he hears nothing but Sophia: if ſhe ſpeaks, his ſympathizing lips move with her's; if ſhe caſts down her eyes, he caſts down his; if her heaving boſom ſeems to labour with a ſigh, he fetches one from the bottom of his heart. He ſeems even animated with the ſame ſoul as Sophia. How ſudden is the change in his own! It is now no longer Sophia's but Emilius's turn to tremble. Farewell freedom, ſimplicity, and frankneſs. Confuſed, fearful, and embaraſſed, he

no

no longer dares to look round him, for fear of finding that he is obſerved. Aſhamed of diſcovering his feelings, he would be inviſible to all the world, that he might indulge himſelf in contemplating the object of his affections, without being remarked. Sophia, on the other hand, takes courage from the timidity of Emilius; ſhe perceives her triumph, and enjoys it.

Nol moſtra già, ben che in ſuo cor ne rida.

She does not change countenance; but notwithſtanding her modeſt air and downcaſt eyes, her tender heart flutters with joy, and tells her that ſhe has found Telemachus.

If I were to enter here into the plain and artleſs hiſtory of their innocent loves, many perhaps would conſider ſuch a detail as a frivolous amuſement; but they would be miſtaken. They do not ſufficiently conſider how much the firſt attachment of a man to a woman, influences the whole courſe of their lives. They do not perceive that the firſt lively impreſſion made by love, or by the propenſity which often ſupplies its place, is attended with effects, of which the connexion is imperceptible in a courſe of years, but which nevertheleſs operates till death. In the common treatiſes of education they give us futile and pedantic leſſons, concerning the chimerical duties of children; and they do not ſay one word concerning the moſt important and the moſt difficult object of education: namely, of that criſis, that intermediate ſpace, which ſeparates youth from manhood. If I have rendered theſe

eſſays

eſſays uſeful in any particular, it is chiefly by having expatiated on that eſſential topic omitted by all others; and by not having ſuffered myſelf to be diſcouraged in the undertaking by a falſe delicacy, or afraid to engage in it on account of the difficulty of expreſſion. If I have explained what ought to be done, I have ſaid what I ought to have ſaid: it is to no purpoſe to tell me that the whole is a romance. Human nature itſelf is a very fine romance. If it is no where to be found but in my writings, is that my fault? I intended it as the hiſtory of my own ſpecies: you, who deprave human nature, it is you who turn my book into a romance.

Another conſideration which adds weight to the former, is, that I am not deſcribing a young man abandoned from his infancy to fear, deſire, envy, pride, and all the paſſions which are imbibed in the common mode of education: I am deſcribing a youth who is not only ſtruck with the firſt impreſſion of love, but with the firſt paſſion of any kind; and from this ſingle paſſion perhaps, of which he will always retain a lively ſenſe, his diſpoſition will takes its unalterable bent. His manner of thinking, his ſentiments, his taſte, being once eſtabliſhed by a ſettled paſſion will acquire ſuch conſiſtence, that they will be incapable of change.

It is eaſy to conceive that between Emilius and me, a night after ſuch an evening, would not be paſſed wholly in ſleeping. How then? Shall the conformity of a name alone have ſuch an influence

influence over a diſcreet man? Is there but one Sophia in the world? Or, are they all alike in diſpoſition, as well as name? Are all the Sophias he ſees, *his* Sophia? Is he ſo weak as to be enamoured of a young ſtranger, to whom he has never ſaid a word? Stay, young man, conſider and examine. As yet you do not know at whoſe houſe you are; and to hear you talk, one would conclude that you thought yourſelf at home already.

But this was not a time for ſuch leſſons, and they were not of a nature to be much attended to. They only ſerved to attach the young man the ſtronger to Sophia, by the earneſtneſs with which he endeavoured to juſtify his inclinations. The conformity of the name, the fortuitous meeting, even my reſerve, all contributed to increaſe his ſenſibility: Sophia already ſtands ſo high in his eſteem, that he depends on making me fond of her likewiſe.

In the morning, I imagined that Emilius would endeavour to ſet himſelf off to the beſt advantage he could, in his old travelling dreſs. In fact, he took ſome pains; but I could not forbear ſmiling to ſee how eager he was to make uſe of the linen they had provided. I ſaw through his deſigns; it gave me pleaſure to find, that by leaving room for making returns, and taking his own in exchange, he made way for eſtabliſhing a kind of correſpondence, which might give him a right to ſend thither, and to renew his viſits.

I expected

I expected to have found Sophia likewiſe, on her ſide, ſomewhat better dreſſed; but I was miſtaken. This common coquetry is of ſervice to thoſe only who want to pleaſe the eye. But that of true love is more refined; and forms higher pretenſions. Sophia was dreſſed plainer than the day before, and even more negligently, though ſtill with the moſt ſcrupulous neatneſs. I can diſcover coquetry in this negligence, no farther than becauſe I perceive it to be affected. Sophia is ſenſible that an extraordinary appearance of dreſs amounts to a declaration, but ſhe does not conſider that a ſtudied negligence of attire bears the ſame indication; it ſhows that ſhe is rather ambitious of pleaſing by the graces of her perſon, than of her dreſs. Of what conſequence is it how ſhe is dreſſed, if ſhe does but engage attention? Sophia, already aſſured of her conqueſt, is not ſatisfied to ſtrike the eyes of Emilius with thoſe charms, which his heart is not eager to explore; ſhe is not content that he ſhould ſee them, ſhe would have him imagine them. He has not ſeen enough already, to be anxious about gueſſing the reſt?

It may be ſuppoſed that during our diſcourſe that night, Sophia and her mother had alſo ſome converſation together. Some confeſſions were extorted, and ſome inſtructions given. The next day they met well prepared. It is not twelve hours ſince our young couple firſt ſaw each other; they have not yet exchanged a ſingle word, and yet you may perceive that they underſtand

ſtand one another already. They do not accoſt each other in a familiar manner; their addreſs is timid and aukward; their downcaſt eyes ſeem to avoid a meeting; and that alone is a ſignificant ſymptom; they mutually ſhun each other; they already perceive the neceſſity of being myſterious, before they have converſed together. When we took our leave, we deſired the liberty of coming in perſon to return what we took away with us. Emilius formally requeſted this permiſſion from the father and mother, at the ſame time that his eager eyes, turned towards the daughter, ſued to her in a more preſſing manner. Sophia ſaid nothing, made no motion, ſeemed to ſee nothing, to hear nothing; but ſhe bluſhed; and her bluſhes conveyed even a clearer anſwer than her parents gave us.

They allowed us to return, without preſſing us to ſtay. This conduct was diſcreet: they willingly ſheltered us as travellers, at a loſs for a night's lodging, but it would not be decent for a lover to continue to lie in the ſame houſe with his miſtreſs.

We were ſcarce got out of that beloved houſe, but Emilius thought of fixing ſomewhere in the neighbourhood; the neareſt cottage ſeemed to him too far diſtant. He would even lie in the moat which ſurrounds the houſe. Indiſcreet young man, ſaid I, with a tone of commiſeration; has your paſſion blinded you already? Are you loſt to all propriety and reaſon? Unhappy wretch! you think you have an affection for

for Sophia, and yet you would diſhonour her! What would people ſay of her, if they knew that a young man, who came out of the houſe, lay concealed in the neighbourhood? You love her, you ſay! Ought you therefore to injure her reputation? Is that a proper recompenſe for the hoſpitality with which her parents have entertained you? Would you reflect diſgrace on her, from whom you expect happineſs yourſelf? No, ſaid he, with great impetuoſity; but of what conſequence is the idle talk of mankind, and their unjuſt ſuſpicions? Have you not taught me to pay no regard to them? Who can judge better than myſelf how much I honour Sophia? My attachment ſhall never be a diſgrace to her. When my affections and endeavours render her all the homage ſhe deſerves, in what can I affront her?

Dear Emilius, ſaid I, embracing him, your reaſons are applicable only to yourſelf; learn to apply them to her. Do not compare a woman's honour with that of a man; they depend on different principles. Theſe principles are equally ſolid and rational, becauſe they are equally derived from nature; and the ſame virtue which makes you deſpiſe the reports of men reſpecting yourſelf, obliges you to pay a regard to them where your miſtreſs is concerned. Your honour depends wholly on yourſelf; but her's is dependent on the opinion of others. To be negligent of her reputation, is to wound your own; and

you

you forget that juſtice which you owe to yourſelf, if you are the occaſion of her not receiving that reſpect which is due to her.

I proceeded then to explain to him the reaſons of theſe diſtinctions, and convinced him of the injuſtice he would be guilty of in paying no regard to them. Is he certain that he ſhall be the huſband of Sophia, of whoſe ſentiments he is wholly ignorant; who in conſequence of her own inclinations, or of her parents, may have prior engagements, to whom he is a ſtranger; and who perhaps has not any of thoſe correſpondent requiſites, which render the marriage ſtate happy? Is he ignorant that ſcandal fixes an indelible ſtain upon a girl, which is not to be effaced even by her marriage with the perſon who occaſioned it? What man of ſenſibility would injure her he loves? What man of honour would give an unhappy woman occaſion to bewail for ever the misfortune of having been agreeable to him?

Emilius, who is always apt to run into extremes, was ſo terrified at the conſequences I deſcribed, that he began now to think himſelf much too near the abode of Sopia: he mends his pace: he looks round about him to diſcover whether we were overheard; he would ſacrifice his own happineſs a thouſand times over to the honour of his miſtreſs; he had rather never behold her again while he lives, than occaſion her the leaſt diſpleaſure. This is the firſt fruit of the pains I have taken in his youth, ſo to form his mind as to render it ſuſceptible of affection.

It

It is our endeavour therefore to ſettle ourſelves at a convenient diſtance. We enquire, and are told there is a town within ſix long miles; and we endeavour to procure a lodging there, rather than in the adjacent villages, where our abode might look ſuſpicious.

At this town at length we arrive; our young lover entertaining the moſt pleaſing as well as the moſt prudential ſentiments reſpecting the object of his affections. It is thus that, directing his growing paſſion to preſerve the appearance as well as the reality of virtue, I inſenſibly reconcile the impetuoſity of his inclinations to the laws of decorum.

But matters are now approaching towards a criſis. All the grand difficulties are removed, all the great obſtacles are ſurmounted; the hardeſt taſk which remains, is to avoid ſpoiling my work by being in too much haſte to conclude it. Conſidering the uncertainty of life, we ſhould be careful to avoid that miſtaken prudence of ſacrificing the preſent time to that which is to come: it is often ſacrificing what is, to what will never be. Let us endeavour to make men happy at every period of life, for fear, notwithſtanding all our ſollicitude, they ſhould die before they attain felicity. Beſides, if there is a time to enjoy life, it is certainly towards the cloſe of adoleſcency, when the faculties of body and mind have attained their full vigour, and when a man in the midſt of his career, views at a diſtance the two extremes, which make it appear ſhort to his imagination.

gination. If unthinking youth are miſtaken, it is not in coveting pleaſure; their miſtake ariſes from purſuing falſe objects of pleaſure; and while they are preparing for a future day, they have not the ſenſe to make uſe of the preſent moment.

Do but reflect on my Emilius; juſt turned of twenty, well made, well formed in mind and body, ſtrong, healthy, active, robuſt, endowed with ſenſe, reaſon, goodneſs, humanity, under the influence of good manners and true taſte, in love with what is virtuous, practiſing the rules of benevolence, free from the ſhackles of prejudice, but ſubject to the laws of diſcretion, and faithful to thoſe of friendſhip, maſter of all uſeful, and many ornamental, talents, rather indifferent about riches, truſting for ſupport to his own hands, and under no apprehenſions of wanting bread, whatever changes of fortune may befall him.—Behold him now inflamed with a growing paſſion: his heart expoſed to the firſt attacks of love; his pleaſing illuſions preſent to him a new world of delight: he is fond of an amiable object, who is ſtill more amiable in her diſpoſition, than in her perſon: he hopes for, and expects that return which he believes to be his due; it is a ſympathy of ſoul, it is a concurrence of virtuous ſentiments, which firſt gave birth to their attachment. Such an attachment muſt be durable: he devotes himſelf with confidence, and even with reaſon, to the moſt charming of all illuſions, without fear, without regret, without any

any other inquietude than that which is inſeparable from the expectation of bliſs. What can he want to add to his felicity? See, examine, imagine what he can require further, and what will coincide with the happineſs he enjoys? He unites at one time all the bleſſings he can acquire; there is no making any addition, without diminiſhing the ſtock he poſſeſſes; he is as happy as a man can be. Shall I interrupt ſuch pure felicity? All that is valuable in life is centered in the happineſs he now taſtes. What return could I make him equivalent to the bliſs I ſhould deprive him of; Even the final completion of his deſires would break its ſtrongeſt charm. It is infinitely more pleaſing to hope for this ſupreme delight, than to obtain it: we enjoy it more in expectation than in fruition. O worthy Emilius, love, and be beloved! Enjoy your paſſion a long while before you gratify it; enjoy love and innocence at once; enjoy an earthly paradiſe, in expectation of another; I will not ſhorten this happy period of your life; I will even favour the enchantment, and prolong it as much as poſſible. Alas! it muſt end, and that in a ſhort time; but I will at leaſt endeavour that you may always retain it in memory, and never repent that you once enjoyed it.

Emilius did not forget the things we had borrowed. As ſoon as they were ready, we took horſe, and went expeditiouſly to return them. He now had no ſooner ſet out, than he wiſhed to be at his journey's end. When the heart is

a prey to paſſion, we begin to experience the reſtleſs moments of life. If my time has not been miſpent, his whole life, however, will not paſs in this manner.

Unluckily the road is bad and intricate. We loſt our way. He was the firſt to perceive it, and, without being impatient, without complaining, he applied all his attention to recover it; we wandered a long time, before he knew where he was, and he ſtill kept his temper. This may ſeem nothing to you, but I, who am acquainted with his natural impetuoſity, think it very extraordinary; I ſee the fruit of the pains I have taken from his infancy to inure him to the ſtrokes of neceſſity.

At length we arrived. The reception we met with was more familiar and obliging than at firſt; we are already become old acquaintance. Emilius and Sophia ſalute each other with a little confuſion, and without ſpeaking: what ſhould they ſay to each other before us? The converſation they would hold, does not require witneſſes. We took a turn in the garden, which inſtead of being laid out into parterres, was commodiouſly deſigned for the purpoſes of the kitchen and table: inſtead of a park they have an orchard well planted with fruit trees of every kind, and watered with rivulets, whoſe borders are full of flowers. "What a delightful place! ſaid Emilius, full of enthuſiaſm; I think I behold the garden of Alcinous, as deſcribed by Homer." Sophia deſired to know who Alcinous was,

and

and her mother aſked me. Alcinous, ſaid I, was king of Corcyra, whoſe garden, as deſcribed by Homer, is criticized by men of taſte, as too ſimple and void of ornament *. This Alcinous had a lovely daughter, who the night before her father gave hoſpitable reception to a ſtranger, dreamt that ſhe ſhould ſoon be married. Sophia was ſtruck, bluſhed, and caſt her eyes on the ground. It is impoſſible to conceive any one in greater confuſion. Her father, who took pleaſure in adding to it, continued the diſcourſe, and obſerved that the young princeſs uſed often to go to the river herſelf to waſh the linen; "Do you imagine, he added, that *ſhe* would have diſdained to touch the dirty napkins? Sophia, to whom this

* Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defended and inclement ſkies.
Four acres was th'allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green encloſure all around;
Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mold;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail!
Each dropping pear a follow'ing pear ſupplies,
On apples, apples, figs on figs ariſe.
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th'united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning cluſters in the ſun,

Others

this was directed, forgetting her natural timidity, excuſed herſelf, with great vivacity, ſaying, "That her papa was ſenſible ſhe would have waſhed all the ſmall linen, if they would have ſuffered her, and that ſhe would have done * more with pleaſure, if they had laid their commands on her." As ſhe uttered theſe words, ſhe caught a look at me by ſtealth with a degree of ſolicitude, at which I could not help ſmiling, as I could plainly read in her ingenuous heart the ſentiment which occaſioned her to ſpeak. Her father had the further cruelty to aſk her in a tone of raillery,

Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide,
And there in Autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its ſtreams around,
Viſits each plant, and waters all the ground.
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its currents on the town beſtows.—

POPE.

Such is the deſcription of the royal garden of Alcinous, in the ſeventh book of the Odyſſey, in which, to the ſcandal of that old dreamer Homer, and of the princes of thoſe days, we find no lattice-work, no ſtatues, no caſcades, no Chineſe paling.

* I muſt own that we have ſome obligations to Sophia's mother, for not ſuffering her to ſpoil her ſoft hands in the waſh-tub: thoſe hands which Emilius was deſtined ſo often to kiſs.

What occaſion ſhe had to take this to herſelf, and what there was in common between her and the daughter of Alcinous? Abaſhed and trembling, ſhe now durſt hardly breathe, or look any one in the face. Lovely girl! it is too late to diſſemble; you have made the declaration in ſpite of yourſelf.

Theſe little railleries were ſoon forgotten, or appeared to be ſo: very luckily for Sophia, Emilius was the only one who did not comprehend their meaning. We continued our walk, and the young people, who had hitherto kept even with us, could ſcarce confine themſelves to our ſlow pace; they inſenſibly got before us; they drew near to each other; at length they entered into converſation, and we ſaw them at a good diſtance from us. Sophia appeared to be compoſed and attentive; Emilius was talking with great vivacity and emotion; and neither of them ſeemed to be tired with the diſcourſe. After having walked about an hour we returned; we called to them, they came back, but walked ſlowly in their turns, and one might ſee that they were willing to make the moſt of their time. At length their converſation ceaſed of a ſudden, before we were within hearing of them, and they doubled their pace to rejoin us. Emilius accoſted us with an open and engaging air; his eyes ſparkled with joy; he caſt them nevertheleſs with ſome concern towards Sophia's mother, to ſee what reception ſhe would give him. Sophia's behaviour was more embarraſſed; when ſhe

ſhe came up to us, ſhe ſeemed quite confuſed at having been ſo long engaged in private converſation with Emilius: ſhe who had ſo often been alone with others, without thinking any harm in it. She haſtened to her mother, a little out of breath, and ſaid ſomething, of no great conſequence, in order to carry the appearance of not having been long detached from the company.

From the ſerenity viſible in the countenances of the lovely young couple, one might perceive that their converſation had relieved their tender minds from a great burthen. They are not leſs reſerved with each other, but their reſerve is leſs troubleſome to them. Nothing but what is reſpectful comes from Emilius, nothing but what is modeſt from Sophia, nothing but what is virtuous from both. Emilius now ventures to ſpeak to her; ſometimes ſhe ventures to anſwer him; but ſhe never opens her mouth, without firſt conſulting her mother's eyes. The moſt viſible alteration in Sophia's behaviour is towards me. She pays a more earneſt regard to me, ſhe ſpeaks to me more affectionately, ſhe is attentive to every thing which may give me ſatisfaction; I perceive that ſhe honours me with her eſteem, and that ſhe is anxious to obtain mine. I can conceive that Emilius has ſpoke to her concerning me; one would conclude that they had already plotted to engage me in their party: there was, however, no ſuch contrivance, and Sophia herſelf is not to be won ſo ſoon. He will, perhaps, have more occaſion for my interceſſion with

her, than for her's with me. Amiable pair!—As I am perſuaded that my young friend's grateful heart engaged him to make me a principal topick of converſation, in his firſt interview with his miſtreſs, that perſuaſion alone is a recompence for all my trouble: his friendſhip has repaid me all.

Our viſits were repeated. The interviews between the young people grew more frequent. Emilius, intoxicated with love, thought himſelf at the very ſummit of happineſs. Nevertheleſs, he could not engage Sophia to give her direct aſſent; ſhe heard him, and made no reply. Emilius was fully acquainted with her modeſty; ſo much reſerve did not ſurpriſe him greatly; he is ſenſible that ſhe has no diſlike to him; he knows that it belongs to parents to diſpoſe of their children in marriage; he concludes that Sophia waits for her parents commands; he aſks her leave to ſollicit their conſent, which ſhe does not oppoſe. He communicates his deſign to me, and I propoſe it to them, even in his preſence. How greatly was he ſurpriſed to hear that Sophia was left at her own diſpoſal, and that it depended on her alone to make him happy! He was at a loſs how to account for her conduct. His hopes are damped: he is alarmed! he finds that he has not made ſuch a progreſs as he imagined; and it is on this occaſion that the moſt ardent love employs its moſt affecting rhetorick for the purpoſes of perſuaſion.

Emilius

Emilius could not gueſs what obſtacle oppoſed his happineſs: if he is not told it, he will never diſcover it while he lives, and Sophia is too proud to tell him. The difficulties which lie before her, would make another forward to accept his propoſals; ſhe has not forgotten the inſtructions of her parents. She is poor; Emilius is rich. How very neceſſary is it for him to engage her eſteem! What a ſhare of merit muſt he have to remove this inequality! But how ſhould he think of theſe obſtacles? Does Emilius know that he is rich? Does he even condeſcend to enquire about it? Thank heaven, he has no need of riches, he knows how to be beneficent without them. The good he does, iſſues from his heart, not from his purſe. He beſtows his time, his ſollicitude, his affections, his perſon, to comfort the afflicted; and in making an eſtimate of his bounty, he takes no account of the money he diſtributes among the indigent.

Not knowing to what cauſe he ſhould refer his diſgrace, he attributes it to his own fault; for who ſhould dare to tax the object of his adoration with caprice? The humiliation of ſelf-love increaſes the regret of having been rejected. He no longer approaches Sophia with the amiable confidence of a mind conſcious of reciprocal worth, but appears fearful and trembling before her. He deſpairs of gaining her affections, and tries to move her compaſſion. Sometimes indeed his patience is exhauſted; indignation is ready to take place, while Sophia, ſeeming to

anticipate his impetuoſity, diſarms him with her looks; her very ſilence intimidates him; and he becomes more ſubmiſſive than before.

Tired with this obſtinate reſiſtance and invincible ſilence, he poured forth his mind into the boſom of his friend. There he repoſed the griefs of his wounded heart, imploring his advice and aſſiſtance. "What an impenetrable ſecret! (ſaid he.) She is undoubtedly intereſted in my behalf: ſo far from avoiding me, ſhe is pleaſed with my company. She receives me with tokens of pleaſure, and expreſſes regret when we part: ſhe accepts of my aſſiduities, with kindneſs; my ſervices ſeem agreeable to her; ſhe condeſcends to give me her advice, and even ſometimes honours me with her commands. Nevertheleſs ſhe rejects my ſollicitations, and is unmoved by my importunities. If I venture to ſpeak of our union, ſhe imperiouſly enjoins me ſilence, and if I perſiſt, ſhe leaves me. With what reaſon can ſhe imagine that I ſhould be attached to her, when ſhe will not allow me to ſpeak of her being attached to me? You whom ſhe reſpects, you whom ſhe loves, and on whom ſhe dares not impoſe ſilence, do you ſpeak to her; make her explain herſelf; aſſiſt your friend; accompliſh the work you have begun; let not all your cares prove fatal to your pupil: the ſentiments you have inſpired will make him unhappy, if you do not complete his felicity."

I addreſſed myſelf to Sophia, and with ſome difficulty extorted a ſecret from her, which I knew

knew before ſhe told it me. It was with more difficulty that I obtained her leave to acquaint Emilius with it. The explanation I gave him threw him into a ſurpriſe, from which he could ſcarce recover. He cannot account for this delicacy; he cannot conceive that the poſſeſſion of a ſum of money, more or leſs, contributes any thing to the owner's character or merit. When I gave him to underſtand what an influence wealth had over the world, he burſt into laughter; and tranſported with joy, was for going away directly, to diveſt himſelf of all he was worth, in order to have the honour of being as poor as Sophia, and of returning in a condition worthy to be her huſband.

"How! (ſaid I, ſtopping him, and laughing in my turn at his impetuoſity) will that young head of your's never grow ſedate? After having philoſophiſed all your life, will you never learn to reaſon? Do not you perceive that by purſuing your ſtrange project, you make your condition worſe, and render Sophia more relentleſs? It is but a trifling advantage to have a better fortune than her, but it would be a great one to have ſacrificed every thing to her, and if her pride will not ſuffer her to lay herſelf under the former obligation; how, do you think, ſhe can determine to ſubmit to the latter? If ſhe cannot bear that a huſband ſhould reproach her with having advanced her fortune, how can ſhe endure that he ſhould reproach her with having beggared himſelf on her account? It would be unhappy

for you, if ſhe ſhould ever ſuſpect your having entertained ſuch a deſign. On the contrary, let your love for her induce you to œconomy, leſt ſhe ſhould accuſe you of endeavouring to gain her by ſtratagem, and of making a voluntary ſacrifice to her of that wealth, which you would otherwiſe imprudently diſſipate.

"Do you imagine that in reality ſhe has any averſion to a large fortune, and that your riches are the immediate grounds of her oppoſition? No, my dear Emilius, it proceeds from a more weighty and ſolid reaſon, that is, from the conſideration of the effect which riches produce in the owner's mind. She knows how much the goods of fortune are eſteemed by thoſe who poſſeſs them. They who are wealthy, prefer gold to merit. In ſetting money againſt ſervices, they find that the latter never balance the former, and they think that the overplus is due to them, even after a life ſpent in ſerving them for a bare ſubſiſtence. What have you to do then, Emilius, in order to remove her apprehenſions? Make yourſelf thoroughly known to her; but this is not the buſineſs of a day. Show her that you have the treaſures of a noble mind, which are ſuperior to the riches you have the misfortune to inherit. Endeavour by time and perſeverance to overcome her ſcruples: oblige her, by diſplaying generous and elevated ſentiments, to forget your riches. Love her, ſerve her, and aſſiſt her reſpectable parents. Convince them that your aſſiduity is not the reſult of an idle and tranſient paſſion,

paſſion, but of indelible principles deeply engraven in your mind. Pay due reſpect to merit abandoned by fortune; this is the only way to obviate her preſent ſcruples."

One may eaſily conceive with what tranſports of joy the young man attended to this diſcourſe, and with what hope and confidence it inſpired him; how happy he thought himſelf in being obliged to obſerve a conduct, to render himſelf acceptable to Sophia, which he would have practiſed if Sophia had never been, or he had never been in love with her. Who is there, the leaſt acquainted with his character, that cannot imagine his behaviour on this occaſion?

Behold me now the confident of our young people, and the mediator of their loves! A fine employment for a governour! So good a one, that I never in my life did any thing which raiſed me more in my own opinion, and which gave me ſuch heart-felt ſatisfaction. Beſides, ſuch an employment is attended with agreeable circumſtances; I am not an unwelcome gueſt; and the parents leave the conduct of the young lovers to my diſcretion. Emilius, always fearful of diſobliging me, was never more tractable. The young lady loads me with civilities, of which, however, I am not the dupe, and of which I place no more to my own account than belongs to me. It is thus that ſhe indirectly indulges the regard ſhe bears to Emilius. Thus ſhe beſtows a thouſand careſſes on him by proxy; which ſhe had rather die than yield to himſelf:

and he, who knows that I will not hurt his intereſt, is delighted that I am on ſuch good terms with her. When ſhe refuſes the offer of his arm as we are walking, he comforts himſelf that ſhe gives mine the preference. He retires without murmuring, and preſſing my hand, ſays to me with a low tone and downcaſt eye, "My dear friend, ſpeak in my behalf." He watches us with eager eyes; he endeavours to read our ſentiments in our countenances, and to interpret our diſcourſe by our motions; he knows that nothing which paſſes between us is indifferent to him. Lovely Sophia! how much your tender heart is at eaſe, when without being overheard by Telemachus, you can diſcourſe with his Mentor! With what amiable ſincerity you ſuffer him to read all that paſſes in your affectionate boſom! With what pleaſure you diſcloſe to him your perfect eſteem for his pupil! With what ingenouſneſs you ſuffer him to diſcover that you entertain for this worthy youth the moſt tender ſentiments! With what affected reſentment you diſmiſs the intruder, when his impatience prompts him to interrupt you! With what agreeable indignation you reprove his indiſcretion, when he comes unſeaſonably to prevent you ſpeaking in his commendation, and attending to me, in order, from my anſwers, to collect ſome additional reaſons for loving him!

Having at length gained toleration as a profeſſed lover, Emilius made the beſt uſe of his privilege; he talks, he preſſes, he ſollicits, he importunes.

importunes. Though he receives unfavourable anſwers, though he is repulſed, he is not diſcouraged: it is enough for him that he is heard. At laſt he obtains, not without difficulty, that Sophia on her ſide ſhould publickly take upon her to preſcribe to him his duty as a lover, that ſhe ſhould command inſtead of intreating, that ſhe ſhould receive without returning thanks, that ſhe ſhould regulate the number and times of his viſits, that ſhe ſhould forbid him to come till ſuch a day, or ſtay beyond ſuch an hour. All this was not concluded in jeſt, but very ſeriouſly; and though it was with difficulty that ſhe aſſumed theſe rights, yet ſhe exerciſed them with a rigour which often made poor Emilius regret that he had ever granted them. But whatever ſhe commands, he makes no reply; and frequently, as he is taking leave in obedience to her, he looks at me with a chearful eye, as if he meant to ſay—You ſee that ſhe has taken poſſeſſion of me. At the ſame time the haughty fair one penetrates his meaning, and ſmiles in ſecret at the pride of her captive.

Oh! that I had the pencil of a Raphael, and the pen of a Milton, to paint the voluptuous ſcenes, and deſcribe the exquiſite delights of love and innocence! No, rather be concealed every deluſive art, before the ſacred truth of nature. Be the heart ſuſceptible, and the mind virtuous; then let the unreſtrained imagination repreſent the tranſports of two young lovers, who, under the eyes of their parents and governours, indulge

themſelves without fear, in the ſweet, the flattering illuſions of love; and in the intoxication of deſire, advancing ſlowly towards the deſtined moment of their union, interweaving with flowers and garlands that happy knot, which is to join them till death. So many delightful images infatuate me, I collect them without order or regularity; the delirium they occaſion prevents my combining them. Oh! who is there that has a feeling heart, and cannot form to himſelf the delightful picture of the different ſituations of the parents, the daughter, the governour, the pupil, and their reciprocal concurrence towards the union of the moſt lovely pair, whom virtue and mutual affection can unite to bleſs!

It is now that Emilius, being ſincerely anxious to pleaſe, began to perceive the value of thoſe agreeable talents he had acquired. Sophia is fond of ſinging, he ſings with her: he does more, he teaches her muſic. She is active and lively; ſhe loves to be in motion; he teaches her to dance, and changes her irregular ſteps into the graceful movements of art. Such leſſons are delightful; youthful gaiety gives them life, and ſoftens the reſpectful timidity of love; a lover is allowed to give leſſons with rapture; it may be permitted *him* to be a dancing-maſter to his miſtreſs.

They have an old harpſichord, quite out of order. Emilius repairs and tunes it. He is an harpſichord-maker as well as a joiner; he was always taught to forego the aſſiſtance of another,

in every thing which he could do himſelf. Their houſe ſtanding in a ſituation perfectly pictureſque, he has drawn ſeveral views of it in which Sophia has ſometimes aſſiſted, and with which ſhe has embelliſhed her father's cloſet. The frames are not gilt, and they do not require ſuch ornament. By obſerving the drawings of Emilius, and imitating them, ſhe improves by his example, ſhe cultivates every talent, and her manner gives a luſtre to them all. Her father and mother recollect their ancient proſperity, on ſeeing this little revival of the fine arts around them, for which alone they prized their former condition. Love has adorned every part of their houſe; love alone, without coſt or trouble, has furniſhed them with the ſame pleaſures, which were formerly provided at much trouble and expenſe.

As the idolater enriches the object of his adoration with the treaſures he values moſt, and adorns the altar of the god he worſhips; ſo the lover delights to ſee his miſtreſs perfect, and is continually deſirous of gracing her with ſome new ornament. She does not require any addition to be agreeable to him, but he has a deſire of adorning her; it is a new homage which he thinks he pays to her; it is a circumſtance which adds to the pleaſure he takes in admiring her. He imagines that nothing beautiful is in its proper place, unleſs it embelliſhes that beauty which he thinks ſupreme. It is a very affecting ſight, and which at the ſame time makes one ſmile, to ſee

Emilius

Emilius eager to teach Sophia all that he knows; not conſidering whether what he would have her learn is agreeable to her taſte, or ſuitable to her. He talks to her on every ſubject, he explains every thing to her with a childiſh eagerneſs; he thinks that he need but ſpeak, and that ſhe will underſtand him immediately: he anticipates the pleaſure he ſhall enjoy in reaſoning and philoſophiſing with her; he conſiders all acquiſitions as uſeleſs, which he cannot diſplay before her: he is almoſt aſhamed to know any thing of which ſhe is ignorant.

Behold him, therefore, giving her leſſons in philoſophy, mathematicks, hiſtory, in ſhort, in almoſt every thing. Sophia with pleaſure forwards his zeal, and endeavours to improve. When he can obtain the favour of giving his inſtructions on his knees before her, how happy is Emilius! he thinks paradiſe open before him. Nevertheleſs this attitude, which is more uneaſy to the ſcholar than to the maſter, is not the moſt favourable for inſtruction. In ſuch a ſituation, the fair pupil does not know what to do with her eyes, in order to avoid her lover's, which are always on the watch; and when their looks meet, the leſſon does not go on the better for the rencounter.

Women are not incapable of the art of thinking, but they ought only to have a ſuperficial knowledge of the abſtruſe ſciences. Sophia conceives every thing, but has not a good memory. She make the greateſt progreſs in morality

rality and matters of taſte; as for phyſics, ſhe only retains an idea of ſome general laws, and the theory of the ſyſtem of the univerſe. Sometimes, in their walks, as they are ſurveying the wonders of nature, they venture to exalt their pure and innocent minds to a contemplation of its author. They do not dread his preſence, they open their hearts before him.

How! two lovers in the prime of their youth, paſs their time in talking of religion! Do they ſpend their hours in repeating their catechiſm!—Why ſhould we ridicule what is truely noble? Yes, without doubt, they may repeat it in the courſe of the illuſion which tranſports them; they find themſelves innocent, they love each other, they diſcourſe together with a degree of enthuſiaſm, concerning that divine perfection, which ſtamps a value on virtue; and the ſacrifices they make to it render it ſtill more eſtimable. During the tranſports which they are forced to ſubdue, they frequently ſhed tears together, pure as the dew of heaven; and thoſe delicious tears form the enchantment of their lives; they are under the influence of the moſt delightful delirium of which the human heart can be ſuſceptible. Even their ſelf-denial increaſes their felicity, and they acquire honour in their own eſtimation, from the ſacrifices they make to virtue. Ye ſenſual beings, bodies without ſouls, they will one day experience your pleaſures, and yet will look back with regret as long as they live,

live, on that happier time when they denied themſelves ſuch gratification.

Notwithſtanding this good underſtanding between them, they have ſometimes ſlight diſſentions, nay even quarrels; the lady is not without ſome tincture of caprice, nor her lover without impatience; but theſe little ſtorms ſoon vaniſh, and only ſerve to ſtrengthen their union. In truth, experience has taught Emilius, not to be ſo much afraid of them for the future; the reconciliation being more to his advantage, than their little bickerings do him prejudice. The advantage he reaped from their firſt diſagreement, made him hope for the ſame on all future occaſions—he was miſtaken: but if he does not always make the ſame acquiſition, nevertheleſs he always gains ſomething, in obtaining a confirmation from Sophia, that ſhe is ſincerely intereſted in his affections. The reader may be curious to know what was the advantage he gained: and I am the more willing to tell him, as the example will give me an opportunity of inculcating a very uſeful maxim, and of combating a very pernicious one.

Emilius is really in love; of courſe he is not forward; and we may conceive ſtill further, that the haughty Sophia will not admit familiarities. As diſcretion has its bounds in every thing, one would rather tax her with ſhowing too much ſeverity, than too much indulgence; and even her father is afraid leſt her exceſſive pride ſhould degenerate into arrogance. In the moſt private converſations,

converſations, Emilius dares not ſollicit the leaſt favour, nor even ſeem to deſire it; and when ſhe condeſcends to take hold of his arm as they are walking, a favour which ſhe does not ſuffer to be uſurped as a right, he ſcarce ventures, with a ſwelling ſigh, to preſs her hand to his boſom. Nevertheleſs, after a long reſtraint, he will run the riſk of imprinting a kiſs upon her ſleeve by ſtealth, and ſometimes he is ſo happy, that ſhe is willing to overlook it. One day, however, when he was inclined to take this liberty, in a more open manner, ſhe took it into her head to think it improper. He perſiſted, ſhe grew angry; her indignation made her utter ſome ſerious expreſſions; Emilius did not bear them without reply: they pouted the reſt of the day, and parted in a diſcontented mood.

Sophia was uneaſy. Her mother was her confidant; how could ſhe conceal her inquietude from her? It was their firſt quarrel; and a quarrel of an hour was a matter of vaſt conſequence! She repented her indiſcretion; her mother allowed her to repair it; her father even commanded her.

The next day, the reſtleſs Emilius made his viſit ſooner than ordinary. Sophia was at her mother's toilet; the father likewiſe was in the ſame apartment: Emilius entered in a reſpectful manner, but with a melancholy air. The father and mother had ſcarce paid their compliments to him, before Sophia came up, and preſenting her hand, aſked him, with a reconciling tone,

tone, how he did? It was evident that her pretty hand was thus ſtretched forth to receive a kiſs; he took hold of it, but did not offer to ſalute it. Sophia, ſomewhat abaſhed, drew it back with as good a grace as ſhe could. Emilius, who is not accuſtomed to the manners of the ſex, and who has no idea of caprice, does not forget readily, neither is he ſo ſoon appeaſed. Sophia's father ſeeing her diſconcerted, threw her into the utmoſt confuſion by rallying her on her diſappointment. The poor girl, thus vexed and mortified, does not know what to do with herſelf, and would give the world that ſhe did but dare to cry. The more ſhe reſtrains herſelf, the more her heart ſwells; at length, a tear ſtarts forth in ſpite of her. Emilius ſaw the tear, threw himſelf on his knees, ſeiſed her hand, and impreſſed kiſſes on it with a degree of rapture. "In truth, you are too condeſcending (ſaid her father, burſting into laughter;) I ſhould ſhow leſs indulgence to ſuch whimſical girls, and I would avenge myſelf on the very lips which had offended me." Emilius, emboldened by this declaration, turned a ſuppliant eye towards the mother, and, thinking he beheld a ſign of approbation, made trembling advances towards Sophia, who turned aſide her face, and, to ſave her lips, preſented her roſy cheek. The indiſcreet youth was not ſatisfied; ſhe made a faint reſiſtance. What a kiſs! if it had not been given in the preſence of a mother.

After

After this exemplary puniſhment, the father went out on buſineſs, and the mother, having ſent Sophia away on ſome pretence, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to Emilius in the following very ſerious terms: "Sir, I am perſuaded that a young man, like you, well born and educated, endowed with honourable ſentiments and good morals, cannot repay with diſhonour, that friendſhip which the family has ſhown to you. I am neither ſevere not prudiſh; I know how to make proper allowances for the levity of youth, as you may conclude from what I juſt now ſuffered to paſs under my eye. Conſult your friend with regard to your duty; he will tell you the difference between the toying which is authoriſed by the preſence of a father and mother, and thoſe liberties which are aſſumed in their abſence, by abuſing their confidence, and turning thoſe very favours into ſnares, which, before them, are no more than innocent freedoms. He will inform you, Sir, that my daughter was no otherwiſe to blame with regard to you, than in not perceiving at firſt the impropriety of permitting what ſhe ought never to ſuffer: he will tell you, that whatever is taken as a favour, actually is one, and that it is unbecoming a man of honour to impoſe on the ſimplicity of a young girl, by aſſuming thoſe liberties in private, which ſhe may admit of before company. For every one knows how far decency will allow him to go in publick; but no one can tell what lengths he may proceed

proceed in private, who makes himſelf the ſole judge of his own deſires."

After this juſt reprimand, which was more addreſſed to me than to my pupil, this diſcreet mother quitted the room, and left me in admiration of her uncommon prudence, in being under no apprehenſion at a lover's kiſſing her daughter's lips in her preſence, but alarmed that he ſhould even venture to kiſs the hem of her garment in private. On reflecting upon the folly of our modern maxims, which ſacrifice modeſty to decorum, I can eaſily conceive why the language grows chaſte, as the heart grows depraved, and why their behaviour is the moſt ſcrupulous, who are in fact the moſt deſigning.

While I was recomending theſe duties to Emilius, which I ought to have inculcated ſooner, a new reflection occurred to me, which, perhaps, does moſt honour to Sophia, and which, nevertheleſs, I take care not to communicate to her lover. What I mean to obſerve is, that all the affected pride which is imputed to her, is but a prudent precaution to ſecure her againſt herſelf. Having the misfortune to find herſelf of a warm conſtitution, ſhe is afraid of the firſt ſpark, and does her utmoſt to avoid it. She is not ſevere out of pride, but out of humility. She aſſumes that dominion over Emilius, which ſhe is afraid ſhe cannot exerciſe over Sophia; ſhe uſes the one to combat the other. If ſhe had more confidence in herſelf, ſhe would have leſs ſeverity. Except in this one article, What

girl

girl can be more mild and gentle? Who endures an injury with more patience? Who is more cautious of offending another? Who forms leſs pretenſions of any kind, virtue excepted? Nevertheleſs ſhe is not proud of her virtue, ſhe is only proud in order to preſerve it; and when ſhe can indulge her inclinations without riſque, ſhe will careſs even her lover. But her prudent mother did not communicate theſe little circumſtances even to her father: men ought not to be acquainted with every thing.

So far from appearing elated by her conqueſt, Sophia became more affable, and leſs aſſuming with every one, except with him, perhaps, who has occaſioned this change. Her generous heart no longer glows with the ſpirit of independence. She modeſtly triumphs in a victory purchaſed at the price of her liberty. Her behaviour is leſs open, and her converſation more timid, ſince ſhe cannot hear the word lover without a bluſh. But ſhe feels content in the midſt of this embarraſſment, and even her baſhfulneſs is not a diſagreeable ſenſation. The difference of her behaviour is moſt obſervable when ſhe is in company with young men who are caſual viſitors. As ſhe is no longer concerned about them, ſhe has relaxed from that extreme reſerve ſhe uſed to entertain. Being fixed in her choice, ſhe makes no ſcruple of being obliging to thoſe who are indifferent to her; ſhe is more regardleſs of her merit, ſince ſhe no longer intereſts herſelf about them; ſhe always finds them agreeable

agreeable enough, for perſons with whom ſhe will never have any connexion.

If true love may avail itſelf of coquetry, I ſhould think ſome traces of it were viſible in the manner of Sophia's behaviour to theſe viſitors, in the preſence of her lover. One would conclude, that, not content with diſplaying the warmth of her affection, by an exquiſite mixture of kindneſs and reſerve, ſhe was further deſirous of inflaming his paſſion by giving him ſome little inquietude. One would imagine, that when ſhe purpoſely ſhows herſelf ſprightly among her young friends, ſhe deſigned to torment Emilius by that graceful freedom which ſhe dare not uſe with him: but Sophia is too attentive, too good, and too diſcreet to torment him in reality. To moderate the force of ſuch impreſſions, love and modeſty operate in the room of prudence; ſhe knows when to alarm, and when to compoſe him; and if ſhe ſometimes makes him uneaſy, ſhe never makes him ſorrowful. Let us pardon the little inquietude ſhe gives the object of her affections, which only proceeds from her apprehenſions that he cannot be too much attached to her.

But what effect has all this little artifice on Emilius? Will it not make him jealous? This is what we muſt examine; for ſuch digreſſions fall within the ſcope of my work, and do not lead me far from my ſubject.

I have already explained how, among thoſe circumſtances which entirely depend on opinion, this

this paſſion found enterance into the heart of man. But in love it is a different caſe: jealouſy then appears ſo very natural, that it is difficult to conceive it otherwiſe than as inherent in nature; and even the example of animals, among whom many are jealous even to rage, ſeems undeniably to juſtify ſuch a concluſion. Is it merely from the force of cuſtom that game-cocks tear each other to pieces, or bulls combat with ſo much fury?

An antipathy to every thing which thwarts and interrupts our pleaſures, is inconteſtably a natural ſenſation. The deſire of obtaining, to a certain degree, the excluſive poſſeſſion of what we love, ſtands in the ſame predicament. But when this deſire, ſtrengthened into a paſſion, transforms itſelf into that gloomy and melancholy ſuſpicion, which bears the name of jealouſy, then the caſe is different; ſuch a paſſion may be either natural or not; we muſt make proper diſtinctions.

The examples drawn from animals have been already examined in my treatiſe concerning the inequality of mankind; and as I ſtill think that examination juſt, I venture to refer my readers to it: I will only add to the diſtinctions I eſtabliſhed in that treatiſe, that the jealouſy which proceeds from nature depends a great deal on the prerogative of the ſex; and that when this prerogative is, or appears to be, unlimited, then jealouſy is at its full heighth: for the male

in

in that caſe, meaſuring his right by the ſtandard of his deſires, can never conſider another male, but as an intruding rival. In ſome animals likewiſe, the female always admitting the firſt comer, the male has no right over her but that of conqueſt, which perpetually occaſions rival conteſts.

On the contrary, among thoſe animals which attach themſelves to one only, where their union conſtitutes a kind of moral obligation, a ſort of marriage, the female, by her own election, belonging to the male whom ſhe has choſen, generally refuſes to admit another; and the male having ſuch a preference of affection as a pledge of her conſtancy, is leſs anxious on ſeeing other males with her, and lives with them in a more peaceable manner. Among animals of this kind, the male takes a ſhare in bringing up the young; and, by one of thoſe laws of nature, which we cannot obſerve without being affected, the female ſeems to return that attachment to her mate, which he ſhows to her offſpring.

Now, to conſider human nature in its primitive ſimplicity, it is eaſy to perceive, by the limited power of the male, and the moderation of his deſires, that he was deſtined by nature to be ſatisfied with one female; which is further confirmed by the numerical equality between the individuals of both ſexes, at leaſt in our climates; an equality, which does not hold to any degree among thoſe animals, where the ſuperior

power

power of the male ſubjects many females to one male. And although, as men cannot ſit brooding like pigeons, nor give ſuck, they may in theſe reſpects be claſſed among the quadrupedes, yet infants are ſo weak and helpleſs, that the mother and they could not eaſily diſpenſe with the attachment of the father, nor with the ſollicitude which reſults from that attachment.

All theſe obſervations conſpire to prove, that the jealous fury of the males, in ſome ſpecies of animals, concludes nothing with reſpect to mankind; and even the exception of thoſe countries, where polygamy is eſtabliſhed, does but confirm this principle the ſtronger, ſince it is the plurality of wives which occaſions the tyrannical precaution of huſbands; and their ſenſe of their own weakneſs, makes them in thoſe parts have recourſe to conſtraint, in order to elude the laws of nature.

Among us, where thoſe laws, though leſs evaded in that reſpect, are yet thwarted on other and more odious occaſions, the motive of jealouſy rather ariſes from the ſocial paſſions, than from natural inſtinct. Among the greateſt part of the attachments of gallantry, the lover abhors his rivals. much more than he loves his miſtreſs! If he is afraid that any one ſhould be well received but himſelf, his concern proceeds from a principle of ſelf-love, of which I have traced the origin; and vanity is more predominant in him than love. Moreover, our ill judged inſtitutions

have rendered women ſo full of diſſimulation*, and have ſo much inflamed their appetites, that one ſcarce can rely on the ſtrongeſt proofs of their attachment; and they can hardly confer any marks of preference, ſufficient to ſecure us againſt the apprehenſion of rivals.

But, with regard to true love, the caſe is different. I have ſeen in the treatiſe above-mentioned, that this ſentiment is not ſo natural as it is imagined: and there is a wide difference between that agreeable habitude which begets an affection in the man for his fair partner, and that immoderate ardour which renders him intoxicated with the imaginary charms of an object, which he does not view in a juſt light. That paſſion which only demands preference and excluſive right, differs from vanity in this particular, that vanity, requiring every thing and granting nothing, is always unjuſt; whereas love, granting as much as it requires, is always perfectly equitable. Beſides, the more it requires, the more credulous it is; the ſame eluſion which gives it birth, makes it eaſy of perſuaſion. If love is anxious, eſteem is full of confidence; and love never exiſted in an honeſt heart, independent of

* The kind of diſſimulation I ſpeak of here, is the reverſe of that which becomes them, and which is agreeable to nature; one conſiſts in diſguiſing their real ſentiments, and the other in feigning thoſe ſentiments which they have not. Women often paſs their lives in diſplaying the trophies of affected ſenſibility, and are fond of nothing but themſelves.

of eſteem; becauſe no one can love another, but for thoſe very qualities which he himſelf eſteems.

All theſe preliminaries being explained, we may poſitively determine what kind of jealouſy Emilius is ſuſceptible of; for ſince this paſſion has ſcarce any root in the human heart, its form is entirely ſhaped by education. Emilius, though amorous and jealous, will not be choleric, gloomy, and miſtruſtful, but delicate, ſuſceptible, and timid; he will be ſooner alarmed than irritated; he will be more anxious to ſecure his miſtreſs, than to encounter his rival; he will, if he can, remove him as an obſtacle, without hating him as an enemy; if he ſhould hate him, it would not be on account of his having the arrogance to diſpute a prize to which he has formed pretenſions, and becauſe he expoſes him to a real danger of loſing the object of his affections; he will not be ſo abſurdly vain as to be offended that another ſhould preſume to ſtand in competition with him. Conceiving that the right of preference depends entirely on merit, and that it is honourable to ſucceed, he will redouble his ſollicitude to render himſelf agreeable, and will probably gain the preference he ſeeks. The generous Sophia, may give his love ſome little alarms, but ſhe well knows how to manage them, and to make him amends; and the rivals, who were only admitted in order to put that love to the proof, will ſoon be diſmiſſed.

But whither do I find myſelf inſenſibly carried? Emilius! How greatly art thou altered! Art thou the robuſt and hardy youth whom I taught to defy the rigour of the ſeaſons, who expoſed his perſon to the hardeſt toils, and devoted his mind entirely to the dictates of wiſdom; proof againſt prejudices and paſſions, enamoured of truth alone, ſubmiſſive only on reaſon, and dependent only to himſelf! Behold him now enervated by a life of indolence, and reſigned to the direction of women; their amuſements are his occupations, their will his poſitive law; a young girl is the arbitreſs of his fate; he bows ſubmiſſive before her: the grave, the manly Emilius is become the play-thing of a child!

Such is the ſhifting of the ſcenes on the ſtage of life; every age has its peculiar ſprings which ſet it in motion; but the man is ſtill the ſame. At ten years old, he is under the influence of a cake; at twenty, of a miſtreſs; at thirty, of his pleaſures; at forty of ambition; at fifty of avarice:—when is it that his purſuit is directed after wiſdom alone? Happy is he who is guided to her in ſpite of himſelf! Of what importance is it who guides him, if he is but conducted to the right end? Heroes, nay philoſophers themſelves, have paid this tribute to human weakneſs; and he who ſtooped to handle the diſtaff, was not on that account the leſs a hero.

Would you extend the effects of good education throughout a whole life? prolong the good

good habits of infancy through the maturer period of youth; and when your pupil is formed to your mind, endeavour to confirm him in thoſe habits, that he may always remain the ſame. This is the laſt poliſh which is neceſſary to perfect your work. It is for this end in particular, that it is requiſite to continue a young man under the care of his governour; for it is to be feared that he will not know how to direct his affections without him. What deceives preceptors, and fathers in particular, is, their ſuppoſing that one period of his life excludes another, and that as ſoon as children are grown up, they muſt renounce all the habits they acquired when little. If this was the caſe, to what purpoſe ſhould we beſtow care on their infancy: as the good or bad uſe which they might make of it vaniſhes when they arrive at maturity; and by entering on a different way of life, they neceſſarily require different modes of thinking?

As violent diſeaſes only have the power to deſtroy the memory, ſo nothing but ſome violent paſſion can produce the ſame effect in our morals. It is true, our taſtes and inclinations alter, but the alteration though ſomtimes pretty ſudden, is conciliated by cuſtom. In the ſucceſſion of of our deſires, as in a proper gradation of colours, a ſkilful artiſt will render the tranſitions imperceptible, will blend and mix the tints, and will ſo diſpoſe them on the canvaſs, that no one may glare beyond the reſt. This rule is confirmed by experience; intemperate minds change their af-

ſections, their taſte, their ſentiments, every day, and are only conſtant in the habit of inconſtancy; but the moderate man always recurs to his old habits, and even in his old age he does not loſe a reliſh for thoſe pleaſures which he loved in his childhood.

If you can contrive that young people, as they enter on a new ſtage of life, do not contract a contempt for that which they have quitted; that on their acquiring new habits, they do not totally abandon their former; that they always incline to do what is proper, without regard to the time when they firſt began to practice it; by ſuch management, you will ſhorten your work, and you may depend on them the reſt of their lives; for the revolution moſt to be apprehended, is that of the age over which you now ſuperintend. As they always regret this time, they with greater difficulty renounce the taſte which they were allowed to preſerve at this period; whereas if they are interrupted in them they never reſume them afterwards.

The greater part of the habits which you think to make children and young people contract, are not properly habits, becauſe they have adopted them by force; and following them againſt their inclinations, they only wait for an opportunity of renouncing them. We do not acquire a reliſh for a priſon, by being obliged to abide in one; the habit in that caſe, inſtead of leſſening the averſion, increaſes it. It is not ſo with

Emilius

Emilius who never did any thing from his infancy but voluntarily and with pleaſure: and being now arrived at manhood, by continuing to act in the ſame manner, he only adds the dominion of cuſtom to the ſweets of liberty. An active life, exerciſe, and motion, are ſo neceſſary to him, that he could not diſpenſe with them without pain. To reduce him at once to a ſoft and ſedentary life, would be to impriſon him, to chain him, to keep him in a violent and unnatural ſtate; and I make no doubt but his diſpoſition and his health would equally ſuffer. He can ſcarce breathe in a confined room; he requires a free air, frequent action, and ſome degree of fatigue. Even while with Sophia, he cannot help caſting a ſide-long glance at the country, and wiſhing to traverſe the fields with her. He can be inactive, nevertheleſs, when it is neceſſary he ſhould be ſo; but yet he ſeems inwardly agitated and reſtleſs; he appears to be at variance with himſelf, and only to ſubmit becauſe he is in fetters. Such, therefore, you will ſay, are the wants to which I have ſubjected him, ſuch are the habitudes which I have given him: and all this is true; I have inured him to the condition of man.

Emilius loves Sophia; but what were the charms which firſt attached him? ſenſibility, and the love of virtue. While he was fond of theſe qualities in his miſtreſs, could he renounce them himſelf? At what price has Sophia rated herſelf in her turn? at the price of all thoſe ſentiments which are

inherent in her lover's mind; an eſteem for true worth, frugality, ſimplicity, generous diſintereſtedneſs, and a contempt for pomp and riches. Emilius was maſter of theſe virtues, before love had imprinted them in his mind. In what then is Emilius altered? he has additional reaſons for being himſelf. This is the only circumſtance in which he is different from what he was.

I do not ſuppoſe that in reading this book with any degree of attention, any one will believe that all the circumſtances of the ſituation in which Emilius ſtands, were combined by accident. Was it by accident that, though the cities furniſh ſo many amiable girls, ſhe whom he admires was only to be found in the obſcurity of a diſtant receſs? Is it by accident that they met? Is it owing to accident that they cannot lodge in the ſame place? Is it to be imputed to chance, that he cannot find an aſylum but at ſuch a diſtance from her? It is from accident that he ſees her ſo ſeldom, and that he is obliged to purchaſe the pleaſure of ſeeing her now and then at the expenſe of ſo much fatigue? Do you ſay he grows effeminate? On the contrary, he becomes hardier; he ought to be as robuſt as I have made him, in order to ſupport the fatigue which Sophia makes him endure.

He lodges ſix long miles diſtant from her. This circumſtance ſerves as a bellows for the forge: it is by this that I temper the ſhafts of love. If they lodged next door to each other, or that he could viſit her, lolling effeminately in an eaſy coach, he would

would make inſipid love to her, like a languid and courtly Pariſian.

The firſt viſits we paid to Sophia, we travelled on horſeback to make the more haſte. We found this method convenient, and at the fifth viſit we ſtill went on horſeback. We were now expected. At more than two miles diſtance from the houſe, we perceived ſome people in the road. Emilius firſt ſaw them; his heart fluttered as he drew nearer, and diſcovered Sophia. He threw himſelf from his horſe, he flew, and ſaluted the amiable family. Emilius is fond of fine horſes; his was a ſpirited one; and finding himſelf at liberty, he galloped acroſs the fields: I rode after him and catched him with great difficulty, and brought him back. Unlukily Sophia is afraid of horſes; I durſt not go near her. Emilius took no notice of any thing that paſſed; but Sophia hinted to him what trouble he had given his friend. Emilius ran to me quite confuſed, took the horſes, and ſtaid with them: it is right that every one ſhould take their turn; but being uneaſy in this ſituation, he ſoon proceeded forward with his charge. Having thus been obliged to leave Sophia behind him, he began to think that horſes were not quite ſo convenient. He came back, however, quite out of breath, and met us about half way.

At our next journey, Emilius would not go on horſeback. "Why, ſaid I, we need only take a ſervant to look after the horſes."—"No (repliedhe) we ſhall be too troubleſome to the family. You

find that they will provide for all, man and horſes."
"It is true (ſaid I) they have that noble hoſpitality, which generally accompanies a narrow fortune. The rich, covetous in the midſt of all their pomp, only entertain their friends, but thoſe of ſmall ſubſtance accomodate all that belong to them."
"Let us, however, go on foot (ſaid he;) have not you the courage, you who ſo chearfully ſhare the toilſome pleaſures of your friend?"—"With all my heart (returned I) immediately; beſides, by this means you may make love, without being much taken notice of."

This time, we met the mother and daughter ſtill farther from home than before. We had walked extremely faſt. Emilius was all in a ſweat; a beloved hand condeſcended to apply a handkerchief to his face. The world may abound with horſes, but we ſhall not be in haſte to make uſe of them for the future.

Nevertheleſs, it is a little cruel that our lovers cannot ſpend an evening together. The ſummer is pretty far advanced, the days begin to grow ſhort. Notwithſtanding, all we can ſay, they will never ſuffer us to go home late; and when we do not come early in the morning, we are obliged to return almoſt as ſoon as we arrive. They often pitied us, and were uneaſy on our account; at length the mother obſerved that though we could not with decency lie in the houſe, they could procure us a lodging occaſionally in the village. At this propoſal Emilius was tranſported with joy; and Sophia, without thinking,

thinking, kiſſed her mother that day much oftener than uſual.

By degrees, the moſt friendly intercourſe and innocent familiarity were ſettled and eſtabliſhed among us. On the days appointed by Sophia or her mother, I generally went with Emilius; ſometimes likewiſe I ſuffered him to go alone. We ought not to treat a man like a child! and what progreſs ſhould I have made in all this time if my pupil did not deſerve my confidence? It ſometimes happened likewiſe that I went without him. On theſe occaſions he is dull, but does not complain; what would his complaints ſignify? and beſides, he knows that I never go thither to hurt his intereſt. But, whether we go ſeparately or together they know that bad weather never prevents us, being proud of ſurmounting any inconveniences of this kind. Sophia, however, would not allow us this honour, and inſiſted on our not coming in bad weather. This is the only inſtance in which I found her diſobedient to the rules I preſcribed to her in private.

Once when he went alone, and I did not expect him till the next day, he arrived that ſame evening, and I ſaid, embracing him; "What! my dear Emilius! are you come home to your friend!" But inſtead of returning my careſſes, he ſaid to me, ſomewhat diſcontentedly, "Do not think that I am returned ſo ſoon of my own accord, it is much againſt my will. Sophia inſiſted on it; and it is on her account, not your's." Struck with this ingenuous declaration, I em-

braced him again, and ſaid; "This is frank and ſincere; never rob me of what is my due! If ſhe ſent you back, I made you at leaſt open enough to confeſs it; if your return is her work, your ſincerity is mine. May you always maintain that generous candour, which becomes noble minds! We may amuſe people who are indifferent to us, but it is criminal to ſuffer a friend, to aſcribe that as a merit to us, which we have not done with a view to oblige him."

I took care not to leſſen in his eſteem the value of his frank confeſſion, by telling him that there was more love than generoſity in it, and that he was leſs anxious to diſclaim the merit of his return, than to attribute it to Sophia. But it is thus that, without intending it, he diſcovers his inmoſt thoughts: if he came back at his leiſure with a ſlow pace, and thinking only of the object of his affections, Emilius is no more than Sophia's lover; if he returned in haſte, and all in a ſweat though ſomewhat diſcontented, Emilius is the friend of his Mentor.

The reader may already perceive that the young man is far from paſſing all his time with Sophia, or ſeeing her whenever he pleaſes. One or two viſits in the week are the moſt he is allowed to make; and thoſe, which frequently are half a day's length, are ſeldom extended to the day following. He ſpends more time in wiſhing to ſee her, or in comforting himſelf that he has ſeen her, than he really paſſes in her company. Even with regard to the time taken

up

up in his journies, he paſſes fewer hours with her, than he employs in going and coming. His pleaſures, which are pure and delightful, though more imaginary than real, ſerve to inflame his love without enervating his mind.

On thoſe days when he does not viſit her, he is not indolent and ſedentary. Even on ſuch days Emilius is ſtill himſelf; he is not tranſformed in the leaſt. For the moſt part he walks about the country, he purſues his Natural Hiſtory, he obſerves and examines the ſeveral ſoils, their different productions and culture; he compares the methods of huſbandry he ſees, with thoſe he is acquainted with; and conſiders the reaſon of their difference. When he apprehends that other methods are preferable to thoſe which he ſees employed, he communicates them to the labourers; if he propoſes a plow of a better conſtruction, he orders one to be made according to his plan; if he diſcovers a vein of marl, he ſhows them the uſe of it, of which they are ignorant in that country. He often ſets to work himſelf; they are all ſurpriſed to ſee him handle their implements more dextrouſly than themſelves, to find him plow deeper and more regular furrows than they, to ſow with a more even hand, and to raiſe a bank with more ſkill. They do not make a jeſt of him, as one who talks finely about agriculture; they find that in fact he can practiſe what he propoſes. In a word, he extends his zeal and ſollicitude to every thing which can be of moſt general utility. But he does not ſtop here, he viſits

viſits the peaſants cottages, he enquires into their condition, what family they have, what number of children, what quantity of land, what is the nature of its product, what ſubſtance they have, what expenſes they are at, what debts they owe? He gives little money away, knowing that in general a bad uſe is made of it; but he directs the uſe of it himſelf, and ſees that it turns to their advantage. He provides them with workmen, and often pays them for their labours. He repairs the cottage of one; he clears another's land, which lay uncultivated for want of means to till it; to a third he gives a cow, a horſe, &c. in the room of thoſe they have loſt: if two neighbours are going to law with each other, he brings them together, and ſettles their diſpute; if a peaſant falls ſick, he orders him to be taken care of, and even looks after him himſelf*. If another is oppreſſed by a powerful neighbour, he protects him; if a poor young couple are fond of each other, he enables them to marry; if a mother has loſt her darling child, he viſits her, and comforts her; he does not deſpiſe the poor

* The way to take care of a poor man who is ſick, is not to purge him, to give him medicines, to ſend a ſurgeon to him. Such people do not require theſe remedies; they want good and plentiful nouriſhment. Faſt yourſelves, ye rich and luxurious, when you have a fever, but when your poor tenants are ſo afflicted, give them meat and wine; moſt of their diſorders proceed from hard labour and low diet; the beſt julep for them is in your cellars, and the beſt apothecary you can ſend to them, is your butcher.

poor, he is not in haſte to quit the unfortunate; he often eats with the peaſants whom he relieves, and ſometimes accepts civilities from thoſe who have no need of his ſervices; by becoming a benefactor to one, and a friend to others, he makes himſelf their equal. In a word, he always does as much ſervice in his own perſon, as he does by his purſe.

Sometimes he takes his rounds near the dwelling of his Sophia, in hopes of obtaining a ſight of her by ſtealth, without being ſeen. But Emilius is always without diſguiſe in his conduct; he neither can nor wiſhes to make evaſions. He poſſeſſes that amiable delicacy, which flatters and improves ſelf love, in conſequence of an inward teſtimony of rectitude. He ſcrupulouſly obſerves his orders, and never goes near enough to obtain that pleaſure by chance, for which he would be only indebted to Sophia. But he ſtrolls with pleaſure in the environs, tracing the foot-ſteps of his miſtreſs, making tender reflections on the fatigue ſhe has undergone, and the walks ſhe has taken out of complaiſance to him. The day before the time appointed for viſiting her, he will go to ſome neighbouring farm to order a collation for the next day. Our walk is directed that way, without any appearance of deſign; we go in as it were by chance, and meet with fruits, cakes, and cream. Sophia is not inſenſible of theſe marks of attention, and very readily compliments us on our forecaſt; for I have always my ſhare of the compliment

compliment though I had no part of the merit which occaſioned it; this is an artifice of her's, that ſhe may return thanks with a better grace. The father and I eat cakes and drink wine: but Emilius is of the ladies meſs, always upon the watch for ſome plate of cream, in which Sophia has dipped her ſpoon.

The ſight of the cakes made me put Emilius in mind of his juvenile exploits. They deſired to know what theſe were: I told them, they laughed; and aſked him if he could run ſo well ſtill? Better than ever, ſaid he; I ſhould be very ſorry to have forgotten it. One of the company had a great inclination to ſee him run, but durſt not propoſe it; another however made the propoſal; he accepted it: and they got together two or three young people out of the neighbourhood. They propoſed a prize, and to make it look more like his youthful races, they put a cake upon the goal. All held themſelves in readineſs; Sophia's father gave the ſignal. The ſwift-footed Emilius ſeemed to cut the air, and he reached the goal when his clumſy competitors were ſcarce arrived half-way. Emilius received the prize from Sophia's hands, and with the generoſity of Eneas, made preſents to the three vanquiſhed runners.

In the full glow of his triumph, Sophia ventured to challenge the conqueror, and boaſted that ſhe could run as well as him. He did not refuſe to enter the liſts with her; and, while ſhe is preparing to enter the courſe tucking up her gown

gown on each ſide, and (more anxious to diſplay a fine leg before Emilius, than to out-run him) examining whether her petticoats are ſhort enough, he whiſpered her mother in the ear; ſhe ſmiled, and gave him a token of approbation. He then placed himſelf by the ſide of his competitor, and the ſignal was no ſooner given, than ſhe ſet out and flew like a bird.

Women are not made for running; when they fly, it is to be overtaken. Running is not the only exerciſe they are unfit for, but it is the only one in which they appear with a bad grace: their elbows behind ſticking cloſe to their body, gives them a ridiculous appearance, and the high heels on which they are perched, makes them ſeem like ſo many graſs-hoppers, who endeavour to run, inſtead of leaping.

Emilius, not ſuppoſing that Sophia could run better than other women, did not deign to ſtir from his place, and he ſaw her ſtart with a ſmile of conſcious ſuperiority. But Sophia is light, and wears low heels; ſhe does not require any artifice to make her foot appear ſmall. She got the ſtart of him with ſuch rapidity, that he had but juſt time enough left to overtake this new Atalanta, when he perceived her at a great diſtance from him. He then ſet out in his turn, like an eagle darting on his prey; he purſued her, got cloſe to her heels, and at length overtook her when ſhe was quite out of breath; then gently putting his left arm round her waiſt, he took her up like a feather, and preſſing the delightful

burthen

burthen to his heart, he thus finiſhed the race, and made her touch the mark firſt; at the ſame time crying out, *Sophia has gained the victory!* Then kneeling on one knee before her, he owned himſelf vanquiſhed.

Together with theſe various amuſements, we ſometimes work at a trade we have learnt. At leaſt one day in the week, and every day when the weather will not allow us to be out in the fields, Emilius and I repair to the next joiner's. We do not work there merely for form's ſake, as people above ſuch employment, but in good earneſt and as real workmen. Sophia's father coming to viſit us one day, found us at our labour, and did not fail to expreſs his ſurpriſe to his wife and daughter at what he had ſeen. "Go (ſaid he) and ſee the young man at the workſhop, and you may judge whether he deſpiſes the condition of the poor!" Sophia was infinitely pleaſed with this account. They conſult together on this ſurpriſing Emilius, thus employed. They queſtion me, without explaining their intentions, and having fixed the day, the mother and daughter take a chaiſe and come to the town.

As ſhe entered the work-ſhop, Sophia eſpied a young man in his waiſtcoat at the farther end of the place, with his hair tied up careleſly, and ſo intent on what he was about that he did not ſee her. She ſtopped and made ſigns to her mother. Emilius, with a chiſſel in one hand, and a mallet in the other, was finiſhing a mortiſe. Afterwards he ſawed a board, and fixed a piece on the table

to

to plane it. This ſight affected Sophia; it did honour to Emilius. Woman, reſpect your ſuperior! it is he who toils for you, who ſupports you. Such is the province, ſuch is the prerogative of man!

While they were looking at him with attention, I perceived them, and pulled Emilius by the ſleeve; he looked up, he ſaw them, threw away his tools, and ran to them full of joy; when he had vented his firſt tranſports, he made them ſit down, and reſumed his work. But Sophia could not ſit ſtill long; ſhe ran over the ſhop, examined the tools, tried whether the boards were ſmooth, picked up the ſhavings, watched our hands, and ſaid ſhe liked the employment, becauſe it was cleanly. She even attempted to work like Emilius. With her white and delicate hand, ſhe puſhed a plane along the board; the plane ſlid along, but took no hold.——I think I ſpy the God of love clapping his wings in the air, and laughing; I think I hear him cry out, with ſhouts of joy; *Now Hercules has his revenge.*

In the mean time, the mother aſked the maſter of the ſhop ſome queſtions. "Sir (ſaid ſhe) what do you pay thoſe workmen?"—"Madam (ſaid he) I give each of them twenty-pence a day, and find them proviſions! but if that youth had a mind, he might earn more, for he is the beſt workman in the country."—"Twenty-pence a day, and you find them proviſions!" (ſaid the mother

mother, looking tenderly at us). "Madam, it is even ſo (ſaid the maſter)." On this ſhe ran to Emilius, preſſed him to her boſom, and ſhed tears over him, without being able to utter a word more than, "Oh! my ſon! my ſon!"

Having paſſed ſome time in chatting with us but without hindering our buſineſs; "Let us go, (ſaid the mother to her daughter): it is late, we muſt not make your father wait for us." Then coming up to Emilius, ſhe gave him a little tap on the cheek. "Well, my good workman won't you come along with us?" He anſwered her in a ſerious tone, "I am buſy; you muſt aſk our maſter's leave." They aſked the maſter, if he could ſpare us? He anſwered that he could not. "I have buſineſs which muſt be finiſhed in haſte, and which muſt go home to-morrow. Depending upon them, I have refuſed workmen who offered themſelves; if they leave me I don't know where to get others now, and I cannot complete my work by the time appointed." The mother made no reply. She expected Emilius to ſpeak He held down his head and ſaid nothing. "Sir (ſaid ſhe) ſomewhat ſurpriſed at his ſilence, have you no anſwer to make to this?" Emilius looked tenderly at Sophia, and only ſaid, "You ſee I muſt ſtay."

Upon this, the ladies left us. Emilius attended them to the door, followed them as far as he could with his eyes, ſighed, and returned to his work, without ſaying a word.

In their way home, the mother, ſomewhat picqued, talked to her daughter about this unaccountable behaviour. "How! (ſaid ſhe) was it ſuch a difficult matter to make the maſter amends, without being obliged to ſtay; and could not this young man, who is ſo laviſh of his money when there is no neceſſity, know how to beſtow it on a proper occaſion?"—"God forbid, madam! (replied Sophia) that Emilius ſhould make ſuch an uſe of money, as to employ it in order to break a perſonal engagement, forfeit his own word with impunity, and make another likewiſe violate his promiſe! I am ſenſible that he could eaſily make the maſter amends, for the ſlight prejudice his abſence might occaſion; but at the ſame time, he would debaſe his mind to the power of wealth; he would learn to ſubſtitute riches in the place of his duty, and to think himſelf free from all obligations, if he can but pay for the breach of them. Emilius has a different way of thinking and I hope he will never alter it on my account. Do you think that his reſolution to ſtay behind us coſt him no uneaſineſs? Be aſſured, Madam, it was on my account that he ſtaid—I ſaw it plainly expreſſed in his looks."

Sophia, nevertheleſs, is not diſpoſed to diſpenſe with the proper attention and aſſiduity of a lover. On the contrary, ſhe is haughty and aſſuming; ſhe had rather not be loved, than loved with indifference. She has a noble pride which ariſes from a conſciouſneſs of merit, and which exacts its

its due reſpect. She would diſdain a heart, inſenſible of the value of her's; which did not love her for her virtues, as much or more than for her charms; a heart which did not prefer its duties even to her, and prefer her, to all other conſiderations. She would not regard a lover, who knew no other law, but her will; ſhe is ambitious of reigning over a man, whom ſhe has not debaſed. Thus Circe having transformed to brutes the companions of Ulyſſes deſpiſed them, and courted him alone whom ſhe could not deprave.

But that ſacred and inviolable right excepted, Sophia was jealous of her privileges to exceſs; ſhe obſerves how ſcrupulouſly Emilius regards them, with what zeal he fulfils her commands, with what addreſs he anticipates them, with what vigilance he arrives at the appointed moment; ſhe would neither have him come before, nor after the time. To come before, would be to prefer his own will to her's; to come after the hour, would be to neglect her. Neglect Sophia! Such a negligence would not happen twice. Her unjuſt ſuſpicion of having been once neglected, was very near undoing us; but Sophia is equitable, and knows how to repair her errors.

One evening we were expected; Emilius having received a ſummons. Our friends came out to meet us; but we did not appear. "What can become of them? (ſaid they). What accident has happened? No meſſenger———!" They waited for us the whole evening. Poor Sophia dreaded

dreaded ſome misfortune; ſhe is alarmed, ſhe is grieved, ſhe ſpends the night in tears. In the evening, they diſpatched a meſſenger to enquire after us. The next morning the meſſenger returned, accompanied by another from us, who made our apology by word of mouth, and told them we were well. Soon after, we arrived ourſelves. Then the ſcene changed; Sophia dried up her tears, or, if ſhe ſhed any more, they were tears of indignation. Her haughty ſpirit could not but reſent that Emilius was alive and had made her expect him in vain.

On our arrival, ſhe would have retired, but was obliged to ſtay; however, recollecting herſelf in an inſtant, ſhe affected a ſerene and compoſed countenance, which would have deceived any one. The father ſaluted us and ſaid: "You have kept your friends here in great uneaſineſs; there are ſome here, who will not eaſily forgive you?"—"Who is that, Sir?" ſaid Sophia, with the moſt gracious ſmile ſhe could put on. "Why need you enquire (ſaid her father) if it is not you?" Sophia made no reply, but turned to her work. The mother received us in a cool and compoſed manner. Emilius was confounded, and afraid to approach Sophia. She addreſſed herſelf to him firſt, aſked after his health, deſired him to ſit down, and played the counterfeit ſo well, that the poor youth, who is not yet perfectly acquainted with the language of paſſions, was the dupe of this affected indifference,

difference, and was very near being affronted himſelf.

To undeceive him, I took hold of Sophia's hand, and attempted to ſalute it, as I frequently do: ſhe drew it from me haſtily, ſaying, *Sir!* with ſuch a ſingular accent, that this involuntary motion diſcovered the counterfeit to Emilius.

Sophia finding that ſhe had betrayed herſelf, affected leſs reſtraint. Her ſeeming indifference was changed into a contemptuous irony. She anſwered every thing we ſaid to her by monoſyllables, uttered with ſome degree of heſitation, for fear leaſt her accent ſhould betray her concern. Emilius, terrified to death, caſt a ſorrowful look towards her, and endeavoured to engage her to fix her eyes on his, that ſhe might there read his real ſentiments. But Sophia, darted a look at him, which gave him no inclination to ſollicit a ſecond. Emilius, ſilenced, and trembling, durſt no longer either look at her, or ſpeak to her: for, notwithſtanding his innocence, ſhe would never have forgiven him, if ſhe had found that he was not affected by her reſentment.

Perceiving that it was now my turn, and that it was time to come to an explanation, I again took hold of Sophia's hand, which ſhe no longer withdrew, for ſhe began to be indiſpoſed. I ſaid to her, in a conciliating tone, "Dear Sophia, we are unfortunate; but you are juſt and will hearken to reaſon: you will not condemn us, befor you hear our defenſe: hear us." She made no reply, and I ſpoke in the following terms:

"We

"We ſet out yeſterday at four o'clock; the hour appointed was ſeven, and we always reſerve more time than is neceſſary, that we may reſt ourſelves by the way. We had already compaſſed three fourths of our journey, when the moſt lamentable cries pierced our ears; they iſſued from a hollow way in the hill, at ſome diſtance from us. We haſtened to the ſpot where we heard the cries; and found an unfortunate peaſant, who coming from the town on horſeback, and ſomewhat overtaken with liquor, had fallen from his horſe, and broke his leg. We called out for aſſiſtance—none was near; we endeavoured to ſet the unhappy man on horſeback, but found it impoſſible; the leaſt motion gave the poor wretch the moſt exquiſite torture. We then determined to tie the horſe in the wood, ſomewhat out of the road, and then taking the man in our arms, we carried him as gently as we could, following his directions with reſpect to the road which led to his habitation. It was a long way, and we were obliged to reſt ourſelves very often. We arrived at laſt, ſpent with fatigue; we diſcovered, with a deep concern, that we were acquainted with the houſe, and that the unhappy wretch, whom we had carried with ſo much pains, was the very peaſant who had received us ſo cordially the firſt day of our coming into theſe parts. In the confuſion we were all in, we did not recollect each other, till our arrival.

"He had only two young children. His wife, who was ready to bring him a third, was ſo ſeiſed at ſeeing him brought home in ſuch a condition, that ſhe fell into labour pains, and was brought to bed a few hours afterwards. What could we do in ſuch a caſe, in a ſequeſtered cottage, where we could procure no aſſiſtance? Emilius ran away to take the horſe we had left in the wood, mounted him, and rode full gallop to fetch a ſurgeon from the town. He gave the horſe to the ſurgeon, and not being able to get a nurſe ſoon enough, he returned on foot with a ſervant, after having diſpatched an expreſs to you; while I, perplexed, as you may imagine, between a man with a broken leg and a woman in labour, endeavoured to get every thing ready, which the houſe afforded, and which I judged neceſſary for the relief of both.

"I will not enter into a detail of what followed, which is nothing to the purpoſe. It was two hours after midnight, before we had either of us a moment's reſt. At length, we returned at break of day to our lodging, determining, as ſoon as poſſible, to give you an account of the accident which had befallen us."

Here I ceaſed, without adding a word further. But before any one had an opportunity of ſpeaking, Emilius drew near his miſtreſs, raiſed his voice, and ſaid to her, with more reſolution than I could have expected; "Sophia, my deſtiny depends on you! you know it well. You may kill me with grief; but do not hope to make me forget

forget the duties of humanity; they are ſtill more ſacred, than thoſe to which you have a claim; and I will never renounce them, even for you."

At theſe words, Sophia, inſtead of replying, roſe from her ſeat, put her arm round his neck, kiſſed his cheek, and then, ſtretching forth her hand with inexpreſſible grace, ſaid, "Emilius, take my hand, it is your's; whenever you pleaſe be my huſband, my maſter. I will endeavour to deſerve the honour."

She had ſcarce embraced him, when her father enraptured, cried out, *Encore! Encore!* and Sophia, without further importunity, kiſſed him twice again, on the other cheek; but, at that inſtant, recollecting herſelf, and filled with confuſion at what ſhe had been doing, ſhe took refuge in her mother's arms, and hid her face, covered with bluſhes, in her boſom.

I need not deſcribe the joy which every one felt on this occaſion; the humane reader muſt be ſenſible of it. After dinner, Sophia aſked if it would be too far to pay a viſit to thoſe poor people. Sophia deſires it; it is a good office; and we go thither. We find them in different beds; Emilius had ſent one, with people to give them aſſiſtance. But nevertheleſs both lay ſo uneaſily, they ſuffered as much from their painful ſituation, as from their accidents. With her ſoft and light hand Sophia removed every thing which hurt them, and placed their limbs in an eaſier poſture. They immediately found relief; one would think that ſhe felt every thing which

had given them pain. This delicate girl is not diſguſted either with the uncleanlineſs or the ſmell of the place. She who is always ſo modeſt and nice! who would not, for the world, have come near a man's bed, ſhifts the poor peaſant without any ſcruple, and puts him in a more convenient poſition. The zeal of charity is ſuperior to modeſty; what ſhe does, ſhe does ſo gently, and with ſuch ſkill, that they find relief, though they ſcarce feel her touch them. The huſband and wife in concert bleſs the charitable girl who aſſiſts them. She appears a comforter ſent to them from heaven; her amiable perſon, her ſweet diſpoſition, her goodneſs and compaſſion, all ſeem to proclaim her an angel. Emilius, affected with the ſcene, views every thing which paſſes in ſilence. Man, love thy companion! God has deſtined her to comfort thee in thy afflictions, and to aſſuage thy miſeries: ſuch is the province of woman.

They ſaw the new-born child chriſtened. The two young lovers ſtood ſponſors, eagerly wiſhing, from their hearts, to have occaſion for employing others in the ſame office, on their account. They long for the happy moment of their union; they think it juſt at hand: Sophia's ſcruples are all removed—but mine are not. They are not yet ſo far advanced as they imagine; every one muſt have his turn.

One morning, when they had not ſeen each other for two days, I came into Emilius's apartment with a letter in my hand, and looking at him

him ſtedfaſtly, I aſked him, "What would you do, if any one was to bring you the news of Sophia's death?" At this alarming queſtion, he ſtarted furiouſly, and his countenance expreſſed unutterable agony of apprehenſion. "Anſwer me," ſaid I, with the ſame ſerenity as before.—Enraged at my compoſure, he drew near to me, but ſoon ſtopped ſhort in an attitude which was almoſt menacing. "What ſhould I do! . . . . . I know not; but this I know, that I ſhould never bear the ſight of him again, who ſhould bring me the intelligence."—"Be comforted (ſaid I ſmiling): ſhe lives, ſhe is well; and ſhe expects us this evening. But let us take a walk, I have ſomething to ſay to you."

The paſſion which engroſſes him will not ſuffer him, as formerly, to attend to diſcourſes of pure reaſon; I am obliged to avail myſelf of that very paſſion, to intereſt him ſo as to render him attentive to my inſtructions. This is what I have effected by this terrible prelude! I am now certain that he will liſten to me.

"You muſt endeavour to be happy, my dear Emilius; this is the end which every ſenſible Being propoſes; it is the firſt deſire imprinted in us by nature, and which never abandons us. But where is happineſs? Who enjoys it? Every one is in purſuit of it, yet no one finds it. We ſpend our whole lives in ſearch of it, and yet never attain it. My young friend, when I took you in my arms as ſoon as you was born, and, calling heaven to witneſs the engagement I made,

devoted my days to the happineſs of your's, was I aware of the charge I undertook? No! I only knew that by enſuring your felicity, I ſhould ſecure my own. By making this uſeful ſearch on your account, I rendered the benefit common to both.

"While we are ignorant of our duty, it is the part of wiſdom to remain inactive. This is a maxim which men moſt ſtand in need of, and which they are the leaſt qualified to obſerve. By purſuing happineſs without knowing where it is to be found, we may probably fly from it, and we expoſe ourſelves to as many chances of running wide from it, as there are ways which deviate from the right path. But all the world have not a capacity to know when it is proper for them to act. Our ardent purſuit after happineſs renders us ſo reſtleſs, that we had rather take a wrong road, than not endeavour to attain it; and when we have once ſtarted from the place where we might meet with it, we can never recover it again.

"Though equally ignorant with others, I endeavoured to avoid the common failing. In taking charge of you, I determined not to take an unneceſſary ſtep, and to prevent your doing ſo. I adhered to the path of nature, in hopes of its leading me to that of happineſs. I found they were both the ſame, and that I had followed it, without knowing it.

"Be you my witneſs, my judge; I will never except againſt you. Your early years were not

ſacrificed to thoſe which were to follow; you have enjoyed all the bleſſings which nature has beſtowed on you. Of the evils to which ſhe has made you ſubject, and from which I could not preſerve you, you have yet only experienced ſuch as may inure you to ſuſtain greater. You have never endured any, but to avoid one more grievous. You have neither experienced ſeverity, nor ſlavery. Free and contented, you have hitherto been juſt and good; for miſery and vice are inſeparable: and a man never grows wicked, till he becomes unhappy. May the remembrance of your youth continue when you are old!—I do not fear but your honeſt heart, when it recollects that time, will bleſs the hand which directed you.

"When you arrived at years of maturity, I cautioned you againſt adopting the prepoſſeſſions of mankind; when your he art became ſuſceptible, I preſerved you from the dominion of paſſion. If I could have prolonged that inward ſerenity to the end of your life, I ſhould have completed my work, and you would always have been as happy as man can be: but, my dear Emilius, it were to no purpoſe to have dipped your mind in the river Styx; I could not make it invulnerable throughout! you have a new enemy to encounter, whom you have not yet learned to ſubdue, and from whom I cannot protect you. This enemy, is yourſelf. Nature and fortune had made you free. You could endure diſappointments; you could bear bodily

pain, but you was a ſtranger to uneaſineſs of mind; you was ſubject only to the common lot of human nature, but now you are ſubſervient to all the attachments you have formed; by contracting deſires, you have made yourſelf a ſlave to every object of your wiſhes. Without any change in your condition, without receiving any real injury, without any thing which may effect your being, what misfortunes may befal your mind! What miſery may you experience, without being ſick! How many deaths may you ſuffer, without dying! A falſehood, a miſtake, even a doubt, may throw you into deſpair.

"You behold the heroes at the theatres abandon themſelves to exceſs of grief, make the houſe echo with their abſurd lamentations, bewail their fate like women, weep like children, and by theſe extravagancies gain the applauſe of the audience. Remember how much you diſapproved of theſe bewailings, thoſe cries and lamentations, in men from whom we might expect acts of conſtancy and fortitude. 'What! (ſaid you) are theſe the examples they diſplay for our imitation! are they afraid that man is not mean, wretched, and weak enough, without their flattering his weakneſs, under the fallacious appearance of virtue?' My dear friend, be not ſo ſevere on ſuch ſcenes for the future: behold! you are become one of thoſe heroes, whom you deſpiſed.

"You are not afraid of pain, or death; you can ſubmit to the law of neceſſity, in phyſical evils,

evils, but you have not yet learned to ſubdue your appetites; and it is from them more than from our real wants, that all the miſery of our lives proceeds. Our deſires are unlimited, our power of reſiſtance weak. Man, by means of his deſires, is attached to a thouſand objects; and yet, of himſelf he is not ſure of ſecuring one, not even his own life; the more he enlarges his attachments, the more he increaſes his troubles. Every thing in life is tranſient: every thing we are fond of, we muſt abandon ſooner or later, and yet we attach ourſelves to them, as if we were ſure of poſſeſſing them to eternity. With what horrour was you ſeiſed at the bare idea of Sophia's death? Have you concluded then that ſhe is immortal? Are there none who die at her age? She muſt die, my friend, and perhaps before you. Who can enſure us that ſhe is alive at this moment? Nature made you to die but once, you have ſubjected yourſelf to a ſecond death, and are likely to die twice.

"Thus abandoned to inordinate paſſion, how many ſubjects of uneaſineſs you create yourſelf! Always expoſed to diſappointments, loſſes, and alarms, you will not even enjoy the little comfort you have left. The fear of loſing all, will prevent your enjoying any thing; by reſigning yourſelf entirely to your paſſions, you put it out of your power to gratify them. You will always be in purſuit of happineſs, and it will always fly from you; you will be unhappy, and become wicked; and how ſhould you be other-

wiſe, when you have no law but your own irregular deſires? If you cannot bear involuntary privations, how will you practiſe the virtue of ſelf-denial? How will you be able to ſacrifice inclination to duty, and force your deſires to attend to reaſon? You who have already determined never to ſet eyes on the man who ſhould acquaint you with your miſtreſs's death: how would you look at him who ſhould deprive you of her while ſhe is living? How would you regard him, who ſhould tell you ſhe is dead to you? that virtue obliges you to part? If you muſt live with her at all events, whether Sophia is married or not, whether you are free or not, whether ſhe loves or hates you, whether ſhe grants or withholds her affections?—It is of no conſequence, you muſt and will poſſeſs her on any terms. Tell me where he will ſtop, who has no law but his own appetite, and cannot refrain his deſires?

"My friend, there is no happineſs to be attained without reſolution, nor any virtue without ſtruggle. The word *virtue* implies reſolution; reſolution is the foundation of every virtue. Virtue is only to be attained by a being whom nature has formed weak, but whom reſolution has made powerful; in this conſiſts the merit of a virtuous man; and though we call God juſt, we do not call him virtuous, becauſe he finds no difficulty in acting right. To give you a juſt idea of virtue, a word ſo much abuſed, I waited till you was in a diſpoſition to attend to me.

me. While the practice of virtue coſts us no trouble, it is not ſo neceſſary to be acquainted with its nature. The occaſion riſes as the paſſions are inflamed; and you are now come to this criſis.

"Having educated you in all the ſimplicity of nature, inſtead of inculcating painful duties, I have preſerved you from the vices which render thoſe duties painful; I have rendered falſehood rather unneceſſary, than odious to you; I have been leſs ſollicituous about teaching you to give every one their due, than inſtructing you what belongs to yourſelf. I have made you rather good, than virtuous; but he who is only good, preſerves his goodneſs no longer than he finds a pleaſure in it: goodneſs is broken and deſtroyed by the ſhock of human paſſions; a man who is only good, is only good for his own ſake.

"Who then is the man of virtue? He who can ſubdue his affections. For in ſo doing, he purſues the dictates of reaſon, conſcience, and duty; he adheres to a regular plan, from which nothing can tempt him to deviate. Hitherto you have been free in appearance only; you enjoyed the precarious liberty of a ſlave, who has not yet received his maſter's commands. Be now actually free; learn to be your own maſter; govern your affections, Emilius, and you will be virtuous. Thus you have another apprenticeſhip to ſerve, and a more painful one than you have already experienced: for nature delivers us from the evils ſhe inflicts, and teaches us to endure

them; but ſhe does not aſſiſt us in thoſe which we create ourſelves; ſhe leaves us to our guidance; ſhe abandons us as the victims of our paſſions, to ſink beneath our fantaſtick miſery, and glory in the tears at which we ought to bluſh.

"This is the firſt paſſion you have felt. It is the only one perhaps worthy of you. If you know how to govern it like a man, it will be the laſt; you will ſubdue all others, and be obedient only to virtue.

"Your paſſion is not criminal: I grant it; it is as pure as the minds which entertain it. It was formed by virtues, and nouriſhed by innocence. Happy lovers! The charms of virtue heighten thoſe of love; and the delightful union you expect, is not leſs the reward of your diſcretion, than of your attachment. But, tell me ſincerely, are you leſs a ſlave to this paſſion, pure as it is? Are you leſs devoted to its influence? and if it ſhould ceaſe to be innocent to-morrow, would you ſuppreſs it to-morrow? This is the time to try your fortitude; it will be too late when you have immediate occaſion for it. This dangerous effort ſhould be made before the danger draws near. Soldiers do not exerciſe their arms in ſight of an enemy; they practiſe in time of peace, and preſent themſelves ready prepared.

"It is a miſtake to diſtinguiſh between lawful and forbidden paſſions; to devote ourſelves to the firſt, and to reject the latter. They are all good while they are under ſubjection; they are all bad if they gain the aſcendancy. Nature for-

bids

bids us to extend our attachments beyond our powers; reaſon forbids us to wiſh for that which we cannot attain; and conſcience does not forbid us to be tempted, but it commands us not to yield to temptation. Our paſſions do not depend on ourſelves; but the government of them does abſolutely. Every feeling which we ſubdue is natural: every one which ſubdues us is criminal. A man is not guilty for being fond of his neighbour's wife, if he keeps that unfortunate paſſion within the bounds of innocence; but he is culpable, for being fond of his own wife to ſuch a degree as to ſacrifice every thing to that fondneſs.

"Do not expect tedious leſſons of morality from me. I have but one precept to recommend, and that includes all others—Be a MAN! Confine your affections within the limits of your condition. Study and learn thoſe limits: however narrow they may be, we are never unhappy while we keep within them, but only when we exceed them; we are unhappy, when our inordinate deſires make us aſpire after impoſſibilities; we are unhappy, when we forget the condition of human nature, to form an imaginary exiſtence, from which we always drop into our own. The only pleaſures we are unwilling to quit, are thoſe we think we have a right to enjoy. We are eaſily detached from thoſe which we think it impoſſible to attain; deſires without hope create no uneaſineſs. A beggar is not tormented with the deſire of being a king; a king does not wiſh

to

to be a God, till he has forgotten that he is a man.

"The deluſions of pride, are the ſources of our greateſt misfortunes; but the conſideration of the miſery of human nature, always makes a wiſe man moderate. He preſerves his ſtation, he is not reſtleſs to leave it, he does not endeavour in vain to acquire what he cannot ſecure; and applying his attention to enjoy what he has, he is in fact more rich and powerful, in proportion as his deſires are more moderate than our's. Shall a mortal and periſhable being attempt to form everlaſting attachments on this earth, where every thing fluctuates, where every thing decays, and from which he may be removed to-morrow? O Emilius! O my friend! if I ſhould loſe you, what comfort ſhould I have remaining? And yet I muſt learn to bear the loſs, for who knows how ſoon I may be deprived of you?

"Would you live happily and diſcretely? Attach your mind to thoſe beauties which never decay; let your deſires be limited by your condition; let your duty go hand in hand with your inclinations; extend the law of neceſſity to moral accidents; learn to bear the loſs of every thing which you may be deprived of; learn to renounce every thing at the command of virtue, to raiſe your mind ſuperior to accidents, to detach your heart without breaking it, to be courageous in adverſity; in a word, learn never to be unhappy; to perſevere in your duty; in ſhort, never to be criminal. You will then be happy

in ſpite of fortune, and prudent in ſpite of your paſſions. Then you will find a pleaſure even in the fruition of precarious tranſports, which nothing can interrupt; you will enjoy them without their engroſſing you; and you will perceive that man, who is ſubject to loſe every thing, enjoys that only which he knows how to renounce. It is true, you will not experience the illuſion of imaginary pleaſures; neither will you feel the uneaſineſs which is the reſult of them. You will be a great gainer by the exchange; for theſe pains are real and frequent, the pleaſures are rare and fantaſtick. Having overcome ſo many deluſive notions, you will not be ſubſervient to that which ſets life at ſo high a rate. You will paſs your days without trouble, and end them without terrour; you will quit life with the ſame eaſe that you renounce other enjoyments. Let others, ſeiſed with dread, think their being at an end when they leave this world; you who know the true worth of exiſtence, will think it does but begin Death cloſes the life of the wicked, and gives birth to that of the juſt."

Emilius liſtened to me with a degree of attention, mixed with inquietude. From this preamble, he apprehended ſome fatal concluſion. He foreſaw, that, by urging the neceſſity of exerciſing fortitude of mind, I meant to prepare him for this ſevere trial; and, like a wounded man who trembles at the approach of a ſurgeon, he fancies that he feels the wound preſſed by the heavy,

heavy, but healing hand, which prevents it from mortifying.

Uncertain, perplexed, eager to know whither my diſcourſe tended, inſtead of returning an anſwer, he aſked me a queſtion. "What muſt I do? (ſaid he, almoſt trembling and afraid to look up)."—"You muſt quit Sophia (replied I, with a reſolute tone."—"What do you ſay? (he cried out, with ſome vehemence) quit Sophia! Leave her, deceive her, be a traitor, a villain, a perjured wretch! . . . ." I replied, interrupting him, "Can Emilius ſuppoſe that I ſhall adviſe him to merit theſe appellations?"—"No (he continued with the ſame impetuoſity) neither you nor any other ſhall make me deſerve them; I ſhall know, in ſpite of you, how to preſerve the character you have formed—I ſhall know how to avoid deſerving ſuch imputations."

As I expected that at firſt he would give vent to his paſſion, I let it paſs over without diſcompoſing myſelf. With what grace could I recommend moderation to him, if I was not maſter of it myſelf! Emilius knows me too well to imagine that I would require any thing unbecoming of him; and he is ſenſible likewiſe that it would be unjuſt to quit Sophia, in the ſenſe in which he took the word. He, therefore, deſired an explanation. I then reſumed my diſcourſe.

"Do you imagine, Emilius, that a man in any ſtation whatever, can be happier than you have been for theſe three months paſt? If you

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe it, undeceive yourſelf. Before you have taſted the pleaſures of life, you have exhauſted its felicity. There is nothing ſuperior to what you have felt. Senſual pleaſures are tranſient. The habitual ſtate of the affections always loſe by their gratification. You have enjoyed more in expectation, than ever you will enjoy in reality. The imagination, which decks the object of our deſires, is loſt in the fruition. Except the Supreme Being, who is ſelf-exiſtent, there is nothing beautiful but what is ideal. If this ſtate of expectation could have laſted forever, you would have enjoyed the completeſt happineſs. But every thing incident to human nature partakes of its decay; every thing in this life is finite and tranſitory! and if even the condition which makes us happy was to laſt for ever, habit would deprive us of our taſte for it. If externals remain the ſame, our affections change; happineſs leaves us, or we renounce it.

"The time has ſlipped away inſenſibly during your deluſion. The ſummer is over, winter is coming on. Should we be able to continue our former courſe of life in ſuch a rigorous ſeaſon, it would not be ſuffered. We muſt, againſt our will, change our manner of living; this will laſt no longer. I ſee, by the impatience of your looks, that this difficulty no longer perplexes you: the declaration of Sophia, and your own deſires ſuggeſt an eaſy expedient of avoiding the ſnow, and of ſeeing your miſtreſs as oft as you pleaſe, without the trouble of a journey. This

expedient

expedient is agreeable no doubt: the ſpring will come on, the ſnow will melt away, but your marriage will remain indiſſoluble; we muſt provide for every ſeaſon.

"You would marry Sophia, and you have not been acquainted with her above five months! You would marry her, not becauſe ſuch a match would be prudent, but becauſe you love her; as if love was never deceived; and as if they who were united by affection, were never parted by hatred. She is virtuous; I know ſhe is; but is that enough? Doth probity neceſſarily make perſons agreeable to each other? It is not her virtue I call in queſtion, but her diſpoſition. Is that of a woman to be ſo readily known? Will an attachment of four months aſſure you of the continuance of it during life? Perhaps an abſence for half that time would make her forget you; perhaps ſome other youth waits only for your departure, to efface your impreſſions from her heart; and it is not impoſſible that you may find her at your return, as cold and indifferent as you have hitherto found her tender and ſuſceptible. Our ſentiments depend not on our moral principles; ſhe may continue a very virtuous girl, and yet love you no longer. On the other hand, it is poſſible, indeed, ſhe may remain conſtant and faithful; I flatter myſelf ſhe will; but who can poſitively anſwer either for you or her, when neither of you have been put to the tryal? Would you defer making ſuch a tryal till it could anſwer no purpoſe? Would

you

you defer the knowledge of each other till you could not be ſeparated?

"Sophia is not yet eighteen years of age, and, you are but juſt twenty-two; this is indeed a proper age for love, but not for marriage. What a pretty couple to become the heads of a family! In order to be capable of educating your children, wait at leaſt till you are no longer ſuch yourſelves. You are ignorant how greatly young perſons ſuffer from a too early pregnancy; which not unfrequently enervates their conſtitution, deſtroys their health, and ſhortens their life. You know not how many unfortunate children ſuffer in their conſtitution and health, for want of having been nouriſhed in the womb of an adult mother. If a pregnant wife be not full grown, ſhe muſt divide the growing ſubſtance with her child; and thus each being deprived of the whole ſhare which nature requires, it is impoſſible they ſhould not both be affected. I know but little of Emilius, if he would not much rather have a wife and children of robuſt and vigorous conſtitutions, than gratify his impatience at the expenſe of their health and life.

"In regard to yourſelf in particular, have you maturely conſidered the nature of the obligations you would lay yourſelf under; in becoming a huſband and a father? In aſſuming the character of a maſter of a family, you become an important member of the common-wealth:—Do you know the duties attendant on this character, or what is required of you by the government,

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by the laws, and by your country? Do you know on what condition you are permitted to live, and for whoſe ſake you ought, when called upon to die? You imagine you have already learned every thing; and in fact you know nothing. Before you take your place in the community, learn to know and reſpect the order of ſociety, and to fix on that rank which is the moſt ſuitable to you.

"Emilius, you muſt quit Sophia; not that I mean you ſhould abandon her; if, indeed, you were capable of ſuch behaviour, ſhe would be but too happy in not being actually married to you: you muſt quit her, in order to return worthy of her affections. Be not ſo vain as to imagine you have deſerved her already: you have ſtill much to do. Undertake, then, this noble taſk; learn to ſupport her abſence, and to earn the prize of fidelity; ſo that you may have ſomething to boaſt of on your return, and be entitled to aſk her hand; not as a favour, but as the reward of your merit."

Being as yet unaccuſtomed to combat his inclinations, to deſire ardently one thing, yet reſolve upon another, it is no wonder Emilius does not readily acquieſce in a meaſure ſo full of ſelf-denial. No; he would diſpute the propriety of it to the utmoſt. He can ſee no reaſon why he ſhould reject the happineſs which is in his power; he thinks to delay the acceptance is to diſdain the hand that is offered him. "Where is the neceſſity (ſays he) for me to be parted from Sophia,

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in order to learn what I am ignorant of? Or, were it neceſſary, why ſhould I not previouſly enter into thoſe indiſſoluble engagements, which will be the ſure pledge of my return? Let me but marry her, and I am ready to follow you through the world; let us be once united, and I will part with her without fear."——"What! Emilius! ſhall we unite, only to part you? think what a contradiction. It is noble for a lover to ſupport the abſence of his miſtreſs! but it is imprudent for a huſband ever to quit his wife, unleſs in caſes of neceſſity. To remove, however, all your objections, I am not inſenſible that your delays ſhould be involuntary! it is requiſite you ſhould tell Sophia, that you leave her againſt your inclination. You muſt, nevertheleſs, be content; and as you are to be governed by reaſon in this affair, you muſt obey the dictates of another maſter. You have not forgot the engagements into which you entered with me: in ſhort, Emilius, you muſt leave Sophia; I inſiſt on it."

On this peremptory declaration, he was ſilent! but, after pauſing for a moment, he ſeemed to gather confidence, and aſked me, when we were to ſet out? "Within a week (ſaid I) ſo that it is neceſſary to prepare Sophia for our departure. Women have not the fortitude of men! they require, therefore, to be treated with more addreſs; it being, beſides, no duty incumbent on her to inſiſt on this abſence: it is allowable in her to ſupport your parting with leſs courage.

I am but too much inclined to attend our young lovers, and continue the moment of their amours till the journal of their ſeparation; but I have already to often treſpaſſed on the patience of my readers; for once, therefore, I ſhall check my prolixity, in order to draw toward a concluſion. Do you conceive that Emilius will diſplay as much reſolution in this matter before his miſtreſs, as he hath done before his friend? For my part, I conceive he will; it is from the ſincerity of his love that he will deduce that reſolution. He would be even more confuſed in her preſence, if it would coſt him leſs to part from her; as in ſuch a caſe, he would be ſenſible of his injuſtice, and would be in a ſituation the moſt embarraſſing of all others to an ingenuous mind. But the more ſuch a ſacrifice coſts him, the more honour will he aſſume to himſelf in the eyes of her who makes it ſo ſevere. He is not apprehenſive that ſhe will miſtake the motives for his determination. His every look ſeems to ſay to her, Read in my heart, Sophy, that fidelity on which I preſume to rely on yours.

The proud Sophia endeavours, on her part, to ſupport with equal dignity, the unexpected ſtroke by which ſhe is thus ſurpriſed. She ſtrives to appear unaffected by it; but as ſhe reaps not, like Emilius, the honour of the combat and the victory, her reſolution does not ſo well ſupport her. She burſts into tears, ſhe cannot reſtrain her involuntary ſighs, while the fear of being forgotten embiters

embitters the thoughts of ſeparation. Not that ſhe lets fall a tear before her lover, or betrays to him her anxiety. No; ſhe would rather die than let a ſigh eſcape her in his company; it is to me ſhe pours forth her complaints, it is I who am made the confident of her tears. The women are extremely artful, in diſguiſing their ſentiments; the more ſhe murmurs in ſecret againſt my ſeverity, the more attentive is ſhe to oblige and flatter me; being fully ſenſible that her deſtiny is in my hands.

On this occaſion, I endeavour, therefore, to conſole her: taking upon me to anſwer for the fidelity of her lover, or rather of her huſband. I charge her to preſerve the ſame conſtancy towards him, and aſſure her with a ſolemn proteſtation, that within two years he ſhall be her's. She knows me too well to think I would deceive her; and thus I become the ſecurity for each to the other. Their own hearts, their virtue, the confidence they place in my probity, and in the aſſurance of their parents, all ſerve to confirm theſe young lovers in the certainty of their being deſtined for each other. But what can reaſon do againſt human weakneſs? They part, as if they were never to meet again.

It is now that Sophia recollects the ſorrows of Eucharis, and imagines herſelf to be in the ſame ſituation. We muſt not lay a foundation, however, for the remembrance of theſe fantaſtick amours during their abſence. To prevent this I take an opportunity of ſaying to her; "Sophy,

"Sophy, I would have you make an exchange of books with Emilius. Give him your Telemachus, that he may learn to reſemble ſo accompliſhed a character; and he ſhall give you his Spectator, in which you are ſo fond of reading. There you may ſtudy the duties of a modeſt and virtuous wife, remembring, that, in two year's time, theſe duties will be your's." This exchange is agreeable to both and adds to their confidence in each other. At length comes the ſorrowful hour of parting.

Sophia's father, with whom I had concerted my whole ſcheme, embraced me, as I took my leave; and, taking me aſide, addreſſed me, in a ſerious and firm tone, as follows:—"Knowing that I had to do with a man of honour, I have hitherto conſented to every thing you deſired; I have now, therefore, got but one word to ſay—Remember that your pupil hath ſealed his marriage contract on my daughter's lips."

What a difference was obſervable in the countenance of the two lovers! Emilius glowing, impetuous, and agitated to the moſt violent extremes, gave vent to his exclamations, bedewing the hands of the father, mother, and daughter, with his tears; embracing the whole family, and repeating the ſame things an hundred times over, with a perplexity that would have been ludicrous enough on any other occaſion. On the other hand, the afflicted Sophia was pale, motionleſs, and ſilent; her eyes, though ſhe wept not, had loſt their fire, and a fixed gloom overſpread her coun-

countenance; ſhe heard, ſhe ſaw nobody, not even Emilius himſelf. It was in vain he kiſſed her hand, or preſſed her in his arms; ſhe remained inſenſible to his tears and careſſes:—with regard to her, he was already departed. How much more affecting was this mournful object, than the troubleſome lamentations of her lover! Emilius ſhuddered at the ſight, and it was with the greateſt difficulty I forced him away. Had I permitted him to ſtay a moment longer, he would never have been prevailed on to go. I was charmed, however, at his carrying away with him ſo mournful an impreſſion. If he ſhould ever be tempted to forget what he owes to Sophia, the recollection of her image, at the moment of his departure, will be ſufficient to reclaim him.

ON TRAVELLING.

IT hath been a ſubject of much diſpute, whether it be expedient for young people to travel. If the queſtion were differently put, and it were aſked, whether it be of any uſe for men to have travelled, there would perhaps be no diſpute about it.

The abuſe of reading is deſtructive to knowledge. Imagining ourſelves to know every thing we read, we conceive it unneceſſary to learn it by other means. Too much reading, however, ſerves only to make us preſumptuous blockheads. Of all the ages in which literature hath flouriſh-

ed, reading was never ſo univerſal as in the preſent, nor were men, in general, ever ſo ignorant. Of all the countries in Europe, there is none in which are printed ſo many hiſtories, travels, and voyages, as in France, and yet there are no people in Europe who know leſs of the genius and manners of other nations than the French. So many artificial volumes make us neglect that of nature; or, if we read the book of the world, every one confines himſelf to ſome particular ſheet.

A Pariſian imagines himſelf verſed in the knowledge of mankind, though he knows only Frenchmen: in a city always full of ſtrangers, he looks upon every new comer as an extraordinary phænomenon, whoſe fellow is not to be met with in the world. One muſt have lived among the citizens of this metropolis, and have been intimately acquainted with them, to be able to conceive, how people, with ſo much wit, can be ſo very ſtupid. It is, indeed, whimſically ſtrange, that they ſhall have read, perhaps, a dozen times over, the deſcription of a country, whoſe inhabitants they regard, when they ſee them, as ſo many prodigies.

It is too much trouble to have at once an author's prejudices and our own to remove, in order to come at truth. I have ſpent great part of my life, in reading accounts of voyages and travels, and never yet found two that agreed in giving me the ſame notions of the ſame people. On making a compariſon alſo of the little I have had

had an opportunity of obſerving with what I have read, it hath ended in totally throwing aſide the romances of travellers, and regretting the loſs of that time which I have thrown away, in poring over them for inſtruction; being fully convinced, that, with regard to obſervations of every kind, it is not enough to read thoſe of others: we muſt make obſervations of our own. This would be the caſe, were even travellers always ſincere, and did they tell us only what they ſaw or believed without diſguiſing the truth, by the falſe colours in which they exhibit it; it is more particularly ſo, therefore, when we find a difficulty in diſcovering the truth, through the deceitful appearance they have caſt on it.

Let us give up the boaſted reſource of books, therefore, to ſuch as may content themſelves with it: reading is an art, like that of Raymond Lully, well enough calculated to teach people to talk about what they do not underſtand. It is well enough to qualify young Platos for philoſophiſing in polite aſſemblies, and for inſtructing the company in the cuſtoms of Egypt and India on the credit of Paul Lucas, or Tavernier.

I lay it down, as an inconteſtible maxim, that a man, who is acquainted with the people of one nation only, inſtead of knowing mankind, knows only the people among whom he hath lived. Hence we are led to another method of propoſing the queſtion in hand. Is it ſufficient for a man well-educated to be acquainted only with his own countrymen; or is it neceſſary for

him to be acquainted with mankind in general? There can be no doubt or diſpute, I imagine, concerning a reply to this queſtion. Thus we ſee how much the ſolution of a difficulty ſometimes depends on the method of propoſing it.

In order to ſtudy mankind in general, however, it may be aſked, whether it be neceſſary to make the tour of the world? Can it be requiſite to go as far as Japan to make obſervations on the characters of Europeans? In order to ſtudy the ſpecies, can it be needful to know all its individuals? Not at all. There are men who ſo nearly reſemble each other that it is not worth while to ſtudy them ſeparately. Whoever hath ſeen ten Frenchmen hath ſeen the whole nation; and, though we cannot ſay altogether ſo much of Engliſhmen, and ſome other people, it is nevertheleſs very certain, that every nation hath a ſpecifick character, which is to be deduced from the obſervations made on not one only, but ſeveral of its individuals. Thus, whoever may have compared the people of ten different nations, may be ſaid to know mankind, as he who has ſeen ten Frenchmen, may be ſaid to know the French.

In order to know the character of a people, it is not ſufficient to ride poſt through their country; it is neceſſary to know how to travel. To make obſervations, it is requiſite to have eyes, and to turn them toward the object we are ſolicitous of obſerving. There are many people, who will learn ſtill leſs from travelling than from books;

books; becauſe they are incapable of reflection. In reading they might rely, at leaſt, on the ſenſe of their authour; but in travelling, being unable to judge for themſelves, they would learn nothing. Others again never profit by travelling, becauſe they do not covet inſtruction. The object of their purſuits is ſo different, that it is a chance if this ever ſtrikes them. Of all the people in the world, the French travel the moſt; but, being ſo vain of their native cuſtoms, they confound all the various modes together, which do not reſemble their own. The French are diſperſed through every part of the globe; nor is there any country in the world where ſo many travellers are to be found among the natives as in France: and yet, with all this, there are no people in Europe who have ſeen ſo much and know ſo little.

The Engliſh alſo travel a good deal, but in a very different manner. Nature ſeems to have conſtituted the two nations to contradict each other in every thing. Among the Engliſh, it is their nobility and people of fortune who travel: the French nobility ſtay at home. On the other hand, among the French the common people travel much, and the common people in England never travel at all. The difference is honourable to the latter: the French have always ſome views of intereſt in their travelling; but the Engliſh never go to ſeek their fortune in foreign countries, unleſs in the way of commerce, and with their pockets full of money.

When they travel, they go to ſpend their fortune and not to live by their induſtry; they are too proud to ſtoop to ſervile employments any where but at home. Hence it is that they learn more by travelling than the French, who have generally ſome other object in view. The Engliſh, nevertheleſs, have their prejudices as well as other nations; they have even more than moſt others: but theſe prejudices are leſs the effect of ignorance than of obſtinacy. The Engliſh, carry about them the prepoſſeſſions of an inſolent pride, and the French thoſe of the moſt ridiculous vanity.

As thoſe people, who are the leaſt polite, are generally the moſt prudent, thoſe, who travel the leaſt, uſually profit by it the moſt; becauſe, having made leſs progreſs in frivolous enquiries, and being, therefore, leſs taken up with objects of vain curioſity, their whole attention is directed to ſuch as are of real utility. I hardly know any people, except the Spaniards, who travel in this manner. While a Frenchman buſies himſelf in running about among the artiſts, an Engliſhman laborioufly employs his time in deſigning after the model of ſome antique, and a German ſollicits the literati to favour him with their names in his *Album:* the Spaniard ſtudies in ſilence the government, the manners, and the police of the country, and is the only one of the four, who, on his return home, deduces, from what he hath ſeen, any thing uſeful to his countrymen.

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The ancients travelled but little, read little, and wrote leſs; and yet in the few writings they left us, we may ſee plainly they made much better obſervations on each other, than we do at preſent. Without recurring to Homer, the only poet, who had the art of tranſporting his readers to the ſcene of action he deſcribes, we cannot deny Herodotus the honour of having given us a better deſcription of manners, in his hiſtory, although more in the way of narrative than reflection, than any of our modern hiſtorians; who have taken ſo much pains, nevertheleſs, to interlard their relations with portrait and characters. Tacitus has deſcribed the Germans of his time much better than any modern writer hath deſcribed thoſe of our's. It is indeed inconteſtible that ſuch perſons as are verſed in ancient hiſtory, are better acquainted with the Greeks, the Carthaginians, Romans, Gauls, and Perſians, than any people of theſe times are with their neighbouring nations.

It muſt be allowed, alſo, that the original characteriſticks of nations are daily obliterated, and for that reaſon become more difficult to ſeiſe. In proportion as various tribes, families, and people mingle with each other, we find thoſe national differences diſappear which were formerly ſo perceptibly ſtriking. In ancient times each nation was more confined within itſelf; the reſpective people had leſs communication with foreigners, they travelled but ſeldom, their intereſts were leſs connected: there were then few of

thoſe regal bickerings, now called negociations; no ambaſſadours in ordinary, or conſtant reſidents at foreign courts: long voyages were very rare, and diſtant commerce but little, and even that little was uſually carried on by the prince himſelf, who employed foreigners or ſome deſpicable people, without influence or authority.

There is, at preſent, a much cloſer and more frequent communication between Europe and Aſia, than there was formerly between France and Spain. The parts of Europe itſelf were then leſs connected, than thoſe of the whole earth are preſent.

Add to this, that the ancients, imagining themſelves to have been, from their original, natives of the country they inhabited, had forgotten thoſe diſtant ages when their anceſtors firſt eſtabliſhed themſelves, and had reſided long enough on the ſpot, to admit of thoſe laſting impreſſions, which the climate ever makes on a ſettled people. Whereas, ſince the Roman conqueſts, the frequent emigrations of the Barbarians have mixed and confounded all things. The French are not now ſuch tall, robuſt, fair people, as they were formerly; the Greeks are no longer thoſe graceful figures, which ſerved the purpoſes of art as models of the human form; even the modern Romans themſelves are as remarkably different from the ancient in perſon, as in character: the Perſians, who were originally Tartars, loſe daily their primitive deformity, by their connections with the fair Circaſſians;

caſſians; the Europeans are no longer compounded of Gauls, Germans, and Iberians; they are all Scythians, more or leſs degenerated in perſon and manners.

Hence we ſee the reaſon, why, among the ancients, the ſeveral people inhabiting different countries were more diſtinguiſhable from one another, in their perſons and characters, than they can be at preſent, when their unſettled manner of living doth not give natural cauſes time to make laſting impreſſions; even the country and climate themſelves are deprived of their peculiar influence, by the cutting down foreſts, draining marſhes, and an uniformity of cultivation, which every where prevails.

Theſe reflections will probably make us not ſo ready to turn Herodotus, Cteſias, and Pliny into ridicule, for having given, to the inhabitants of different countries, thoſe original and diſtinguiſhing characteriſticks, which are no longer to be perceived. It is neceſſary that we ſhould ſee the ſame individuals, in order to know them for the ſame people. It cannot be doubted, that, if we could behold at one view all the people who have exiſted in the world, we ſhould find more difference between the ſame nation at different periods, than we find at preſent between any two that are cotemporary.

At the ſame time that ſuch obſervations become daily more difficult to make, they are more ſupeficially and negligently made: this is another reaſon for the little ſucceſs of our re-

ſearches into the natural hiſtory of mankind. The improvement which is deduced from travelling depends on the motives for undertaking it. When the motive is the confirmation of a philoſophical ſyſtem, the traveller never ſees any thing but what makes for his theory: when the motive is intereſt, it engages the whole attention of ſuch as are actuated by it. Commerce, and the arts, which bring people together, hinder them from ſtudying each other's diſpoſition and character. On theſe occaſions, if they know how to make the moſt of one another, it is all they deſire to know.

It is certainly uſeful for a man to be acquainted with all thoſe places where he might chooſe to live, in order to fix on ſuch as are the moſt ſuitable to him. If men were independent of each other, they would require to know no other country than one, in which they might ſubſiſt. The ſavage, who ſtands in need of no one's aſſiſtance, and is a ſtranger both to avarice and ambition, neither knows, nor deſires to know any country but his own. If he be obliged to hunt abroad for ſubſiſtence, he carefully avoids ſuch places as are inhabited by the human ſpecies; he is deſirous only of meeting with brute animals, which afford him ſufficient nouriſhment. But as for us, to whom a ſocial life is become neceſſary, and who cannot live without preying upon our fellow-creatures, it is our intereſt to frequent the moſt populous countries. This is the reaſon why all

the world flock to Rome, Paris, and London. It is in capital cities that human ſacrifices are ſo frequent, and ſo eaſily effected.

It is ſaid, that we have philoſophers, who travel for inſtruction? This is a miſtake, there are no Pythagoras's, no Platos in our times; or, if there be, they are far enough diſtant from us. Our modern philoſophers never travel, but by order of the court; their expenſes are defrayed, they are expedited and paid to viſit ſome particular object, which, we may be certain, is never a moral one. Hence all their time and attention are devoted to the immediate object of their journey; they are too honeſt to beſtow either on any thing elſe. And though in ſome countries there may be found ſome curious perſons, who travel at their own expenſe, they never trouble themſelves about the ſtudy of mankind, but rather take upon themſelves to inſtruct them. They are not fond of ſcience, but of oſtentation. How ſhould they learn to caſt off their prejudices by travelling, when they travel only to diſplay them?

There is a wide difference between travelling to take a view of a country, and that of acquiring a knowledge of the people. The former is the main buſineſs of the curious; the latter is but a ſecondary conſideration. The philoſopher however ſhould judge otherwiſe. Children take notice of things, becauſe they are incapable of making obſervations on men. A man ſhould begin by obſerving his fellow creatures, and

then, if he has time, he may take notice of inanimate objects.

To infer that travelling is uſeleſs, becauſe we know not how to profit by it, is certainly a wrong concluſion. But ſuppoſing its utility in general admitted, does it thence follow, that it is uſeful for all perſons indiſcriminately? So far from it, that, on the contrary, it is expedient but for few: it is proper only for ſuch as have firmneſs enough to hear the maxims of error, without being deluded; and to ſee the examples of vice, without being ſeduced. Travelling ſerves to increaſe the bent of our natural diſpoſitions, and to render us completely good or bad. When a man returns from his travels, he has generally received that form which he will retain as long as he lives; and more perſons return bad than good, becauſe there are fewer ſet out with good diſpoſitions than with bad. Young people ill-taught, and ill-conducted, contract, by travelling, all the vices of the people they viſit, but none of their virtues: while thoſe who poſſeſs a good natural diſpoſition, well cultivated, and who travel with a real deſign of improving themſelves, return much better and wiſer than they ſet out.

Travelling, when looked upon as a branch of education, ought to be ſubjected to ſome rules. To travel merely for the ſake of travelling, and running from one country to another, is to act the part of a vagabond. Again, to travel for improvement in general, is too vague and

indeterminate a ſcheme. Inſtructions which are not calculated to ſome particular end are futile and uſeleſs. I would endeavour to intereſt a young man in the means of his improvement; which intereſt, properly directed, would of itſelf determine the nature of ſuch improvement.

Now, after having taken a view of himſelf, with regard to his phyſical relations to other beings, and thoſe moral connections, which unite him to his own ſpecies, it remains for him to conſider himſelf with regard to the ſocial relations, in which he ſtands to his fellow citizens. To this end he muſt firſt ſtudy the nature of government in general; next, its different forms in various countries, and then the particular form of that government under which he was born, in order to know whether it be agreeable for him to continue to live under its protection; every man, when he comes of age and is maſter of himſelf, having a right, which nothing can abrogate, of renouncing the adventitious contract made at his birth with the community, and of quitting the country in which he is born and educated. It is from the reſidence he makes there, after having arrived at years of diſcretion, that he is ſuppoſed tacitly to confirm the engagements entered into by his anceſtors. In entering on a ſtate of manhood he acquires a right to renounce his native country, as well as to the poſſeſſion of his father's eſtate. According to the ſtricteſt principles of natural right, every man remains free, in whatever country he may

may happen to be be born, unleſs he makes a voluntary ſubmiſſion to the laws, in order to acquire a right to protection.

I ſhould probably addreſs Emilius, therefore, on this ſubject in the following terms:—"Hitherto, my young friend, you have lived altogether under my direction, not being in a ſituation to direct yourſelf: but now you approach that term of life, at which the laws, giving up into your own hands the diſpoſal of your fortune, conſtitute you alſo the maſter of your perſon. You will now find yourſelf dependent on every thing in ſociety; even on your own patrimony. You are deſirous of ſettling yourſelf; this deſire is a laudable one, its object is a duty incumbent on every man: but before you reſolve on marriage, it is requiſite for you to come to a reſolution concerning the rank and ſtation you mean to hold in life, and to provide for the ſupport of yourſelf and family; for although this ought not to be made the chief object of your conſiderations, it ought nevertheleſs to be thought on, previous to your eſtabliſhment. Would you make yourſelf dependent on men you deſpiſe? Would you lay yourſelf under ſuch circumſtances as to be made conſtantly ſubſervient to the will of others, and be obliged, in order to ſecure your ſubſtance from the knavery of others, to become a knave yourſelf?"

Here I would diſplay to him the ſeveral methods in which he might turn his fortune to advantage, by diſpoſing it in the way of commerce, in the purchaſe

purchaſe of a place, or in the funds; repreſenting to him the riſks he muſt in either caſe run, and that his ſituation in all would be precarious and dependent; his manners, ſentiments, and conduct being neceſſarily under the influence of the examples and prepoſſeſſions of others.

I ſhould alſo lay before him the more polite and and faſhionable way of diſpoſing of his perſon and fortune, by entering into the ſervice, or, in other words, of becoming a man of great conſequence, by accepting the place of a hireling mutherer, and arming himſelf for the deſtruction of harmleſs people, who never offended him. I ſhould ſay to him—"There is no profeſſion held in greater eſtimation than that of the ſword; mankind entertaining the higheſt ideas of thoſe military heroes, who are good for nothing but to knock one another on the head. This profeſſion alſo, inſtead of enabling you to diſpenſe with other reſources, will only render them the more neceſſary; it being part of the honour attached to a military life to ruin thoſe who profeſs it. Not that all are actually ruined by it: it is inſenſibly becoming the faſhion for ſoldiers to make fortunes as well as other people: but I have no thoughts of your having any deſire to imitate them in the methods they take to accompliſh that end.

"You are to know alſo, that, even in the army, courage opens not the way to wealth or honours, unleſs, indeed, it be that kind of courage which is diſplayed before the ladies: on the

the contrary, the moſt ſervile and meaneſt wretch in the corps is always in the faireſt road to preferment. If you are a ſoldier in good earneſt, you will be deſpiſed, hated, perhaps diſmiſſed, or at leaſt loaded with the mortification of ſeeing your comrades preferred over your head, for riſking your fortune in the trenches, while they were more ſucceſsfully employed in puſhing their's at the toilette."

It is, indeed, much to be doubted whether any of theſe employments will ſuit the taſte of Emilius. He will probably reply, that he hath not forgotten the amuſements of his youth; that he hath not loſt his arms; that he is ſtill healthy and robuſt and is able to work. "Of what conſequence to me (might he ſay) are all the fine employments you have been ſpeaking of, or the ridiculous prepoſſeſſions of mankind concerning them? I know no greater honour than that of being beneficent and juſt; no other happineſs than that of living independent of the world, with her I love, and of procuring me an appetite, and preſerving my health by daily labour. None of thoſe embarraſſments you have intimated in the leaſt affect me. Settle me with Sophia in ſome little farm, in an obſcure corner of the world, and I ſhall poſſeſs all that I can wiſh for. There ſhall I live contented and happy, nor envy others the riches of Crœſus."

"Yes, my friend, a beloved wife and a few acres to himſelf are ſufficient to conſtitute the

happineſs

happineſs of a philoſopher: but this deſire, however, moderate it may ſeem, is not ſo eaſy to be gratified; nor are ſuch poſſeſſions ſo common as you may imagine. The moſt difficult to be met with indeed you have already found; I ſhall only ſpeak, therefore, of the other.

"You would have the poſſeſſion of a few acres to yourſelf, my dear Emilius! Where will you obtain ſuch a grant? In what corner of the world will you be retired enough to ſay,—'Here am I maſter; the lands around me are mine.' It is well known there are many places where men may acquire fortunes; but who knows the place in which he may live without one? Who can tell a man where he may live free and independent, without being under the neceſſity of injuring others, or of ſubmitting to be injured himſelf? Do you imagine the country in which it is permittted a man to be truely honeſt is ſo eaſy to find? If there be any virtuous and certain method of ſubſiſting without intrigue or dependency, I own it is that of living by one's labour, and cultivating one's own eſtate: but where is that eſtate on which a man may truely ſay—'The land I cultivate is my own?' Be ſure, Emilius, before you make choice of this happy ſpot, to find there that peace and felicity you ſeek. Take care that no arbitrary government, no perſecuting religion, no libertiniſm of manners, are likely to diſturb your repoſe. Take care to ſecure yourſelf from the impoſition of thoſe exorbitant taxes, which will deprive you of

of the fruits of your labour; and from being expoſed to thoſe endleſs law-ſuits, which muſt in time rob you of your ſubſtance. Take ſuch precautions that probity in your own behaviour may be ſufficient to prevent your being ever under the mortifying neceſſity of paying court to governors or their ſubſtitutes, judges, prieſts, powerful neighbours, and knaves of every kind, ever ready to harraſs thoſe who neglect to pay them reſpect. Above all, take care to ſecure yourſelf from having any altercation with the rich and great, always remembering that wherever you are, their poſſeſſions may happen to border on the vineyard of Naboth. If you ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to have a courtier purchaſe or build an houſe near your cottage, take care to be aſſured he will not, under ſome pretext, find means to ſtrip you of your patrimony, to add to his own conveniences; or that you may not ſee, perhaps the next day, half your farm converted into ſpacious highways.

" I have, my dear Emilius, more experience than you, and therefore ſee farther into the difficulty attending your project. It is nevertheleſs a commendable, a virtuous one, and will in effect make you happy: let us, therefore, ſee about putting it into execution. To this end, I have one propoſal to make. Let us devote the two years we are to employ in travelling, to the ſearch of an aſylum, in ſome part of Europe, where you may live happy with your family, ſecure from thoſe dangers and inconveniencies I have

have mentioned. If we ſhould ſucceed in our ſearch, you will have found that abode of happineſs ſo vainly ſought after by others, and will have no reaſon to regret the time and pains you have taken. On the other hand, if we ſhould fail of making ſo deſireable a diſcovery, you will be cured of hunting after a chimera; and will conſole yourſelf under an inevitable misfortune, by ſubmitting to the law of neceſſity."

I know not whether any of my readers perceive how far the propoſed ſearch may carry us; this, however, I am certain of, that, if Emilius does not return from his travels, begun and continued with this view, well verſed in the nature of government, in manners, and in political maxims of every kind, either he muſt have a very ſmall ſhare of underſtanding, or I of judgement.

The ſcience of politicks is as yet in its infancy, or rather it is ſtill in its birth, and, it may be preſumed, will never make its way into the world. Grotius, the greateſt maſter among all thoſe who have treated of the rights of civil polity, is but a mere child; and, what is ſtill worſe, a diſingenuous one. When I hear this writer extolled to the ſkies, and Hobbes loaded with execrations, I ſee in what manner even ſenſible men read and comprehend theſe two authors. The truth is, the principles of both are exactly alike; and they differ only in the manner in which they are expreſſed. Theſe writers, indeed, differ alſo in their method of diſcuſſion; Hobbes founding his arguments on the ſophiſms of philoſophers,

loſophers, and Grotius on the chimeras of the poets: in every thing elſe they are exactly alike.

The only modern writer, capable of reducing politics to a ſcience, was the celebrated Monteſquieu: but he was far from treating ſtrictly of the principles of civil polity; contenting himſelf with ſubſtituting in the room of them, thoſe poſitive laws which government hath already eſtabliſhed. Nothing, however, can be more different than the ſtudy of one and of the other.

Whoever would form a right judgement, nevertheleſs, of the preſent ſtate of government, is obliged to unite both: it is requiſite to know what ought to be, to judge of what is. But the greateſt difficulty attending the diſcuſſion of theſe important matters, is to intereſt private perſons in the ſtudy of them, and to give a ſatisfactory anſwer to theſe queſtions;—"What is it to me?" or, "What ſignifies what I think of them?" We have provided Emilius, however, with an anſwer to both theſe queſtions.

The ſecond difficulty ariſes from the prejudices of infancy, the maxims in which we are educated, and, above all, from the partiality of authors; who, while they are conſtantly expatiating on the truth, about which they give themſelves little real concern, are intent only on their own intereſt, of which they ſay nothing. Now the people have it not in their power to beſtow profeſſorſhips, places, and penſions; judge, then, if the learned are very aſſiduous to defend the rights of mankind in general. I have taken

ſuch

ſuch meaſures, however, that this difficulty alſo hath no force with Emilius. At preſent he hardly knows what government is; the only point of conſequence to him is to diſcover that which may be beſt for himſelf. He hath no intention to become an author; and though he ſhould, he would not employ his talents to pay court to ſovereigns, but to eſtabliſh the rights and privileges of humanity.

There remains yet are a third difficulty, which, as it is more ſpecious than ſolid, I ſhall neither obviate nor propoſe: let it ſuffice to ſay, if does not check my zeal; as I am well aſſured that, in reſearches of this kind, great talents are not ſo neceſſary as a ſincere regard for juſtice, and a real love for truth. If matters of government, then, are in any caſe likely to be treated with ſincerity, it is in the preſent.

Before we begin, however, to make our obſervations, it is neceſſary to lay down thoſe rules by which they are made; it is neceſſary to fix on a ſcale, by which to eſtimate the ſeveral meaſures we take. Our firſt principles of government, or politic law, conſtitute this ſcale; and the eſtabliſhed laws of different countries are the admeaſurements to which it is applied.

The elements we ſhall make choice of will be clear, ſimple, and immediately deducible from the nature of things. They will conſiſt of queſtions to be diſcuſſed between us, and will be converted into principles, only when they are ſatisfactorily reſolved.

Thus,

Thus, for example, ſetting out from a ſtate of nature, we ſhall firſt examine whether men are born ſlaves or free, ſocial or independent; whether they are united by conſent or compulſion; or whether that force which unites them can form any permanent obligation by which that prior force is binding, even when it is ſupplanted by a former one: in other words, whether, ſince the empire of Nimrod, who, it is ſaid, was the firſt ruler, the power of ſucceeding ſovereigns hath nor been the effect of injuſtice and uſurpation, there being no legitimate kings but the deſcendants of the ſaid Nimrod, his heirs and aſſigns? or whether, the authority of the firſt ruler ceaſing, the ſucceeding power did not become binding in its turn, and annul the obligations of the former; ſo that it is the duty of mankind to obey the laws when compelled to it, and that it is no longer a duty, when they can make head againſt the power impoſing them? If the latter be the caſe, the obligations we are under to reſpect the laws had but little influence to the power enforcing their obſervance, and is little better than a play upon words.

We ſhall examine whether it may not be ſaid, that every diſeaſe comes from God, and whether, taking this for granted, it be a crime to call in the phyſician?

We ſhall, in the ſame manner, enquire alſo whether a man is obliged in conſcience to give a highwayman his purſe, when he might conceal

ceal it from him; for, after all, the piſtol which the robber preſents to his heart, lays him under the obligation exacted by ſuperior force.

It will be worth enquiry farther, whether power, made uſe of in a political ſenſe, means any more than a legal authority, ſubſervient of courſe to the laws on which it depends?

Again, ſuppoſing the obligations enjoined by ſuch ſuperior force invalid, and that we admit the right of nature, or paternal authority, as the firſt principle of ſociety, we muſt, in this caſe, inveſtigate the bounds of that authority, as preſcribed by nature; and enquire whether it has any other foundation than the good of the child, its weakneſs, and that natural affection which a parent entertains for his offspring? whether this being the caſe, when the child grows up, and acquires ſtrength and diſcretion, he does not become the natural judge of what is conducive to his own preſervation; and, of courſe, his own maſter, independent of every other man, and even of his own father? For it is to be remarked, that we may be the more certain of a child's loving himſelf, than of a father's love for his child.

We ſhall next proceed to examine, whether when a father dies, his younger children are bound to obey the elder, or any other perſon who may not have for them the natural attachment of a parent; and whether there be, from generation to generation, a head of a family, to which every other perſon in it owes obedience?

In

In which caſe, we ſhall enquire how the authority of this head came to be divided, and by what right there came to be any morethan one ſovereign over the whole race of mankind?

On the ſuppoſition, that ſocieties were formed by, choice we ſhall diſtinguiſh between matter of right and of fact; and ſhall aſk, whether, by mankind having thus at firſt ſubmitted themſelves to their brothers, uncles, or other relations, not becauſe they were compelled to it, but out of choice, their ſubmiſſion does not ſtill remain free and voluntary?

Paſſing hence to the right aſſumed over ſlaves, we ſhall enquire, whether it be in the power of any man legally to alienate himſelf to another, without condition or reſerve? That is to ſay, whether he can renounce his natural right to his own perſon, life, and underſtanding, ceaſing, as it were, to exiſt even before his death; when nature hath ſo directly charged him with the care of his own preſervation, and both reaſon and conſcience dictate what he ought to do, and from what he ought to abſtain?

Again, ſuppoſing there be any reſtriction or reſerve in the term of ſlavery, we ſhall enter into a diſcuſſion, whether thoſe terms do not form a real contract, in regard to which the contracting parties, having no common umpire, remain their own judges reſpecting the conditions of the contract, and of courſe are at liberty to break them, whenever they think themſelves aggrieved? And, if a ſlave cannot give himſelf up

up without reſerve to his maſter, how can a whole people do the like with reſpect to their chief? If a ſlave, alſo, remains the judge of his maſter's fulfilling his contract, ſurely a nation muſt be equally ſo, with regard to the behaviour of their king

Being thus reduced to return to our firſt principles, and to conſider the meaning of that collective term, a people, we are led to enquire, whether, in order to eſtabliſh its propriety, there muſt not have been ſome contract, a tacit one at leaſt, prior to that here ſuppoſed?

As a people muſt have exiſted as ſuch, before they made choice of a king, by what means were they conſtituted a people, unleſs by ſocial contract? A ſocial contract is, therefore, the baſis of civil ſociety; and it is in the very nature of this act we muſt ſeek that of the ſociety it conſtitutes.

We ſhall now enquire into the tenour of this contract, and ſee if it does not run nearly in the following terms:—"The contracting parties do "mutually agree to put their lives and for-"tunes, as well as their perſons and intereſt, "under the ſupreme direction of the general "voice; receiving each member into their body, "as a part inſeparable from the whole."

This ſuppoſed: in order to define the terms we ſhall ſtand in need of to our farther enquiry, we ſhall remark, that this act of aſſociation produces a moral and collective body, compoſed of as many members as there are voices in the aſſembly. This publick body takes, in general,

the name of the *body politick:* it is called alſo by the members of which it is compoſed, a *ſtate*, when it is paſſive; a *ſovereignty*, when it is active; and ſimply a *power*, when it is compared with other ſtates; with regard to the members themſelves, they take the name of *people* collectively, and are called *citizens* ſeverally, as being members of the *city*, or partakers of the ſovereign authority; and *ſubjects*, as being ſubjected alſo to the ſame authority.

We ſhall remark, that this act of aſſociation includes a reciprocal engagement between the publick body and its particular members; and that each individual, by thus making a contract, if I may ſo ſay, with himſelf, is laid under a two-fold engagement; viz. as a member of the ſovereignty, towards his fellow-citizens, and as a member of the ſtate, towards the ſupreme head. We ſhall obſerve further, that the parties being bound by no other engagements than thoſe they have entered into with themſelves, thoſe publick reſolutions which are obligatory on the ſubject reſpecting the ſovereign authority, becauſe of the two-fold engagement he has formed, are not equally obligatory on the ſtate, with reſpect to itſelf. Hence we ſee there is not, nor can there be any other fundamental law of ſociety, properly ſpeaking, than ſocial compact. Not that it muſt be here inferred, that the body politick cannot enter into engagements towards other bodies of the ſame kind: for,

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with regard to theſe, it is a ſimple and individual object.

The two contracting parties, however, to wit, the individual and the publick, having no common arbiter of their differences, we muſt enquire whether they are therefore at liberty to break the contract when they pleaſe; that is, to renounce the obligation of it as ſoon as they think themſelves aggrieved? To reſolve this queſtion, it is to be obſerved, that, according to the ſocial compact, as the ſovereign power cannot act otherwiſe than agreeably to the general voice, its actions are directed to general and publick objects: whence it follows, that particular perſons cannot be directly aggrieved by that power, unleſs they are all ſo; which is impoſſible, becauſe in this the community would be deſirous of its own deſtruction. Thus the ſocial contract requires no other guarantee than the publick; becauſe individuals only can be guilty of violating it; in which caſe they are not ſet free from their engagements, but are puniſhed for ſuch violation of them.

To determine all ſuch queſtions as theſe, we ſhall take care to remember, that the ſocial compact is of a very peculiar nature; in that the people enter thereby into a contract only with themſelves; that is to ſay, the people collectively, in quality of ſovereign, with the people ſeverally and individually, as ſubjects. It is in this circumſtance of the compact, that conſiſts all the artifice of the great political machine of government: it is this which renders thoſe en-

gagements rational, ſafe and legal, which would otherwiſe be abſurd, tyrannical, and ſubject to the moſt enormous abuſes.

Individuals being ſubject only to the ſovereign authority, and this being nothing more than the general voice, we may ſee hence how every man, in paying obedience to it, is obedient only to himſelf, and by what means he enjoys a greater liberty under the influence of a ſocial compact than he would have done in a ſtate of nature.

After having thus made the compariſon between natural and civil liberty, in regard to perſons, we ſhall make the like compariſon, in regard to things, between the right of property and that of ſovereignty, between the eſtates of particulars and the territory of the ſtate. If the ſovereign authority be founded on a right of property, ſuch right ſhould certainly be held in the higheſt reſpect: it is inviolable and ſacred ſo long as it remains that of the individual; but when private property comes to be conſidered as only a part of the publick, it is ſubjected to the diſpoſal of the general voice, which may alienate, or even annihilate it. Thus the ſupreme authority hath no right to touch the property of any partial number of individuals; but it may legally poſſeſs itſelf of the property of all; as was done at Sparta in the time of Lycurgus; whereas the abolition of debts, as practiſed by Solon, was contrary to the principles of natural juſtice.

As the publick voice only is obligatory on the ſubject, we ſhall endeavour to trace the means whereby it may with certainty be known; we ſhall enquire into the nature and characteriſtics of what is termed law. This ſubject is quite new; the term, law, having as yet never been properly defined.

No ſooner do a people give power and preference to one or more individuals among them, than they become divided; there ariſes, between the party thus formed and the whole, a diſtinction, which makes them two ſeparate objects; the one a part of the whole, and the other that whole, wanting the ſubſtracted part. But the whole wanting a part, is not the whole. While this diſtinction therefore ſubſiſts, there exiſts no longer a whole, but only two unequal parts.

On the contrary, when the whole body of a people decree concerning the whole, they prefer only themſelves; and if any diſtinction is thus formed at all, it is only ſuch a one as ariſes from an entire object beheld in one point of view, and the ſame entire object beheld in another, without any partial diviſion. In ſuch a caſe, therefore, the object ſubjected to the decree is general, as well as the object iſſuing ſuch decrees. We ſhall examine whether there be any other kind of act in community which may bear the name of law.

If the decrees of the ſupreme power are laws, and laws can have no object but what is general and relative equally to all the members of a ſtate,

it follows that ſuch ſupreme power can decree nothing concerning individuals; as it is neceſſary, however, to the preſervation of the ſtate, that it ſhould decide in particular caſes, we ſhall ſee by what means this is affected.

The acts of the ſupreme power being no other than general acts, or laws; to theſe muſt ſucceed particular acts, framed to put ſuch laws in execution, and muſt accordingly be directed to particular objects. Thus the act by which the ſupreme power directs a chief to be choſen, is a law; but the act by which that chief is choſen in obedience to that law, is only an act of government. And hence ariſes a third relation, under which the people collectively may be conſidered; to wit, as the magiſtracy, deſtined to execute thoſe laws which they made in quality of ſovereign.

We ſhall enquire whether it be poſſible for the people to deprive themſelves of that right of ſovereignty, which they collectively poſſeſs, in order to inveſt one man or more with that prerogative? For the act of election not being a law, and the people themſelves not poſſeſſing that right in performing ſuch act, it is not to be conceived they can transfer a right which they do not themſelves poſſeſs.

The eſſence of ſovereignty conſiſting in the general voice of the people, it is alſo as difficult to be conceived, that the diſpoſition of an individual ſhould always be conformable to that of the publick. On the contrary, it is rather to

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be preſumed it will be often contradictory; for private intereſt tends always to partiality, and the publick good to the reverſe: and though it were even poſſible to reconcile theſe, its not being abſolutely neceſſary and permanent as the nature of things, is ſufficient to ſhow that no right of ſovereignty can be founded thereon.

We ſhall endeavour to determine whether the chiefs of a people, under whatever title they paſs, can, without violating the ſocial compact, be ever any thing more than ſervants appointed to execute the laws? Whether thoſe chiefs ought not to give an account of their adminiſtration, and whether they are not themſelves ſubject to thoſe laws which they are charged to ſee duly obſerved?

If the people cannot, however, entirely alienate their ſupreme prerogative, may they not diſpoſe of it for a ſeaſon? If they cannot give themſelves a maſter, may they not make choice of a repreſentative? Theſe queſtions are important, and merit a ſerious diſcuſſion.

If the people can neither make choice of a ſovereign nor repreſentative, we ſhall then enquire in what manner they can ſupport the legiſlative authority in themſeves; whether their laws ſhould be numerous; whether they ſhould be frequently altered; and whether it be eaſy for a great nation to be its own legiſlator? Whether the Romans were not a great people; and whether it be good for mankind in general, that a great people ſhould exiſt?

It follows, from the preceding conſiderations, that in every ſtate there exiſts an intermediate body between the ſubject and the ſovereign; which body being compoſed of one or more members, is charged with the publick adminiſtration, the execution of the laws, and the conſervation of civil and political liberty.

The members of this body are called *magiſtrates* or *kings*, that is to ſay, governours. Now, if we conſider the action of the whole body of ſociety, as operating on itſelf, in the relation of the whole to the whole, or as the *ſovereign* to the *ſtate*, this relation may be ſaid to extend between two extremes, of which the *government* is the mean proportional. The magiſtrate receives from the ſovereign thoſe orders which he delegates to the people; the intereſt and authority of his office being proportional to the intereſt and authority of the citizens as ſubjects, on one ſide, and as ſovereigns on the other. It is impoſſible to vary theſe three terms, without deſtroying their due influence and proportion. If, for inſtance, the ſupreme power would govern, or the magiſtracy make laws, or the ſubject refuſe to obey them, diſorder and confuſion would always enſue, the ſtate would be diſſolved, and deſpotiſm or anarchy ſucceed.

Let us ſuppoſe a ſtate compoſed of ten thouſand citizens. Thoſe, as ſovereign, compoſing a ſtate, muſt be conſidered collectively, and in a body: but every individual, as a ſubject, hath a ſeparate and independent exiſtence. Thus the

ſovereign

ſovereign is to the ſubject as ten thouſand to one; that it is to ſay, every member of that ſtate poſſeſſes only the ten thouſandth part of that ſupreme authority, to which he is altogether and entirely ſubjected. Again, if the ſtate conſiſted of an hundred thouſand people, the ſubmiſſion of the ſubject would be ſtill the ſame to the laws, though his intereſt or ſuffrage in the legiſlature would be reduced to an hundred-thouſandth part, viz. a tenth part leſs than before. Thus the ſubject, always remaining an integer, the relation between him and the ſupreme power increaſes, in proportion to the number of citizens: and hence it follows, that as the ſtate is augmented, liberty is diminiſhed.

Now, the leſs proportion the will of individuals bears to the general will of the ſtate; that is to ſay, the leſs the influence of manners, in proportion to that of the laws, the more ought the executive force to be augmented. On the other hand, the greatneſs of a ſtate giving to thoſe, in whom the publick authority repoſed, more temptations and opportunies of abuſing it, the more power a government is poſſeſſed of to reſtrain the people, the more ought the legiſlature to have it in its power to reſtrain the government.

It follows from this two-fold relation, that the proportion ſubſiſting between the legiſlature, the magiſtracy, and the people, is not a chimerical idea, but the natural conſequence of ſocial eſtabliſhment. It follows, alſo, that one

of theſe extremes, that is, the people, being a fixed term, every time this two fold ratio is increaſed or diminiſhed, the ſimple one increaſes and diminiſhes in its turn; which could not happen, unleſs the mean term alſo changed likewiſe. Hence we may deduce further the following concluſion, that there is no ſuch thing in the world as a ſimple and abſolute conſtitution of government; but that there muſt be as many different governments as there are ſtates of different magnitudes.

If the more numerous a people are, the leſs proportion the influence of their manners bears to the laws, we ſhall go on to examine whether, by an obvious analogy, we may not affirm alſo that the more numerous the magiſtracy, the more feeble is the government?

To illuſtrate this maxim, we ſhall diſtinguiſh between three intereſts eſſentially different, in the perſon of each magiſtrate. In the firſt place, there is the private intereſt of the individual, always tending to his own particular advantage; in the ſecond, there is the common intereſt of the magiſtracy, tending entirely to the advantage of the government: this may be called the intereſt of the whole body of governors, and is general with reſpect to the government itſelf, and particular with regard to the ſtate, of which the government is a part. Again, in the third place, there is the intereſt of the people collectively, or of the ſupreme power of the legiſlature; which, is general, as well with regard to the ſtate, conſidered

ſidered as a whole, as with reſpect to the government, conſidered as a part of that whole. In a perfect ſyſtem of polity, the intereſt of the individual ſhould be almoſt null, that of the magiſtracy very confined, and of courſe the general intereſt will govern above all others. Whereas it is obſerveable, on the contrary, that, according to the order of nature, theſe different intereſts become more active, in proportion as they are blended together. The general intereſt is leaſt affecting; that of the governours bears the ſecond rank, and that of the individual is the moſt powerful of all: ſo that each conſiders, firſt his own private advantage, next that of the magiſtrate, and thirdly, that of the ſtate: a gradation directly oppoſite to that which the order of ſociety requires.

This being granted, let us ſuppoſe the adminiſtration of government placed in the hands of one man. Here we ſhould ſee the intereſts of the magiſtracy, and of the individual completely united, and of courſe as perfect as poſſible. Now, as it is on this perfection that the exertion of power depends; and as the abſolute force of the government being that of the people, never varies, it follows, that the moſt active of all governments is the deſpotick or monarchical.

On the contrary, unite the executive to the legiſlative power; make the magiſtracy the ſupreme head, and the citizens magiſtrates; in this caſe, the intereſts of the governours being confounded with the general one of the ſtate, hath

no more activity than the latter, and leaves that of the individual to exert itſelf in all its force. Thus the adminiſtration, though ſtill poſſeſſed of the ſame abſolute force, will poſſeſs the ſmalleſt poſſible degree of activity.

Theſe maxims are inconteſtible, and are confirmed by other conſiderations. It is obſervable, for example, that the magiſtrates are more active in their functions than the private citizen in his; ſo that it is clear the intereſt of the individual is more concerned. A magiſtrate is almoſt always charged with the execution of ſome particular part of government; whereas a citizen, conſidered as an individual, is employed in no act of ſovereignty. Add to this, that the more a ſtate increaſes, the more is its real force augmented, although it is augmented in the exact proportion of that increaſe; but while the ſtate remains the ſame, it is in vain to increaſe the number of magiſtrates: the government will acquire no additional power by ſuch increaſe, as government is only the repoſitory of the power of the ſtate, which is ſuppoſed the ſame. Thus by a plurality of magiſtrates, the activity of government is diminiſhed, without its force being augmented.

After having diſcovered that government grows remiſs and unwieldy, in proportion as the number of magiſtrates is increaſed; and that the more numerous a people grow, the more powerful ſhould be the hands of government to reſtrain them, we ſhould conclude, that the relation in which the magiſtrates

giſtrates ſtand to government, ſhould bear an inverſe proportion to that of the ſubjects to the legiſlature; that is to ſay, the more extenſive a ſtate grows, the more limited ſhould be its government; ſo that the number of its magiſtrates ſhould diminiſh in proportion to the augmentation of its people.

In order to diſtinguiſh this variety of forms under more preciſe denominations, we ſhall remark, in the firſt place, that the ſupreme power may commit the charge of government to the whole body of the people, or to the majority of them; ſo that there may be more magiſtrates than private citizens. Such a form of government is called a democracy. Again, it may confine that charge to fewer hands; ſo that there may be more citizens than magiſtrates: this form bears the name of an ariſtocracy: and, laſtly, it may lodge the whole adminiſtration of government in the hands of a ſole magiſtrate. This third form is the moſt common, and is called the monarchical or regal form of government.

We ſhall readily obſerve that all theſe forms, and particularly the two firſt, are capable of being more or leſs perfect, being ſuſceptible, in this reſpect, of great latitude. For a democracy may go ſo far as to include a whole people, or may reſtrain itſelf only to the half. An ariſtocracy, alſo, may be limited from half the people indeterminately, to any leſs number! and even monarchy itſelf is ſometimes divided, either between father and ſon, between brothers, or otherwiſe.

Sparta

Sparta had conſtantly two kings, and the Romans had once eight emperours at a time, without the Roman empire being in itſelf divided. There is a certain point between each form of government, at which it begins to be confounded with that on which it borders: thus, under three ſpecifick denominations, government is capable of aſſuming as many forms as there are citizens in the ſtate.

Again, each of theſe governments being capable of ſub-diviſion, and of admitting in different parts different modes of adminiſtration, there may reſult from the combination of theſe three, a multiplicity of mixed forms, even to an endleſs variety.

The world have long diſputed about the beſt form of government, without having conſidered that each form may be the beſt in ſome circumſtances, and the worſt in others. For our part, we muſt conclude, that in all ſtates the number of magiſtrates * ought to be inverſely, as that of citizens, the democratick form of government is, generally ſpeaking, beſt for ſmall ſtates; the ariſtocratick for thoſe of moderate extent, and the monarchical for ſuch as are very populous and extenſive.

It is by the clue of theſe reſearches that we ſhall at length arrive at the knowledge of the duties and prerogatives of citizens; and whether it be poſſible to ſeparate the one from the other; to know

* It will be remembered, that I ſpeak here only of ſupreme magiſtrates, or the rulers of a people; others being only local ſubſtitutes.

know what is the preciſe meaning of the term *our country*, and by what means a man may know whether he can boaſt a country or no?

After having thus taken a view of the ſeveral ſpecies of civil ſociety a-part, we ſhall proceed to compare them with each other in order to obſerve their difference and relations: the great with the little; the ſtrong with the weak; reciprocally attacking, defending, and deſtroying each other; while, amidſt the conflict of this continual action and re-action, they involve mankind in greater miſery than they would have experienced in preſerving their original liberty. We ſhall examine, therefore, whether ſocial inſtitutions have done too much or too little; whether individuals, in being ſubjected to laws of ſociety, while ſuch ſocieties preſerve their natural independence among each other, are not thereby expoſed to the evils both of nature and ſociety, without reaping the advantages of either; and whether it would not be better that there were no civil ſociety in the world, than that there ſhould be ſeveral? Is not this that mixed ſtate of nature and ſociety which partakes of both, and is really neither; *per quem neutrum licet, nec tanquam in bello paratum eſſe, nec tanquam in pace ſecurum?* Is not this that partial and imperfect aſſociation, which is productive of tyranny at home, and war from abroad? and are not war and tyranny the greateſt evils to which humanity is ſubject?

We ſhall come, laſtly, to take a view of thoſe remedies, which are provided againſt theſe evils; ſuch

ſuch are thoſe of alliances and confederacies; which, leaving every ſtate its own maſter at home, arms it againſt every unjuſt aggreſſor from abroad. We ſhall enquire by what means national confederacies may be formed; by what means they may be rendered durable, and how far the prerogative of entering into ſuch confederacies may be extended without encroaching on that of ſovereignty?

The Abbé de St. Pierre formed a ſcheme for uniting all the ſtates of Europe in a general and perpetual peace. It is yet to be doubted, ſuppoſing ſuch a ſcheme practicable, and actually entered into, whether the peace would be of long duration. Theſe enquiries lead us, however to diſcuſs all thoſe principal queſtions, which remain to complete our reſearches into the nature and principles of politick law. The tranſition to thoſe of war and peace is hence readily effected, and we ſhall enquire, accordingly, why Grotius and others have only laid down thoſe which are falſe.

In the midſt of theſe arguments, however, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed if the good ſenſe of Emilius ſhould induce him to interrupt me with the following remark:—"One would think, Sir, you was bu lding an edifice with materials of timber and ſtone, and not with the inconſtant diſpoſitions of mankind, you are ſo exact in modelling every part by rule."—"That is true, my friend; but you are to remember, that natural right does not give way to the paſſions of mankind, and that we are firſt of all to ſettle the true

true principles of politick law. Now our foundation is laid, we will examine, if you pleaſe, what a ſuperſtructure men have built on it, and you will find they have made fine work indeed!"

I make Emilius now read his Telemachus, ſtill purſuing our travels: we go in ſearch of the happy Salentum and the good Idomeneus, made wiſe by misfortune. In our way, we find many a Proteſilaus, and not one Philocles. But we ſhall leave the various incidents of our travels to the reader's imagination. As Emilius is no monarch, and I have no pretenſions to divinity, we do not reproach ourſelves that we cannot pretend to rival Telemachus and Mentor in the good they do to mankind: nobody knows better than we how to maintain our characters and ſtation, and nobody is leſs anxious after thoſe which are ſuperior. We know that the ſame injunctions are laid on all mankind; whoever is ſincerely in love with virtue, and does all the good in his power, hath diſcharged his duty. We know that the characters of Mentor and Telemachus are fabulous.

Emilius doth not travel like a gentleman that hath nothing to do; but does more good than if he were a prince. If we were kings, we could not be more benevolent than we are; and were we even benevolent kings, we might be undeſignedly the cauſe of a thouſand real evils for one apparent good. If we were kings and philoſophers the firſt good action we ſhould perform, both for ourſelves and others, would be to abdi-

cate

cate our throne, and to become private men as we are.

I have already given the reaſons why travelling is in general ſo uſeleſs. It is rendered, however, ſtill more ſo, to young perſons, by the manner in which it is proſecuted. Governours, uſually more deſirous of amuſing than inſtructing their pupils, lead them about from city to city, from palace to palace, and from one aſſembly to another: or, if they are ſcholars or virtuoſi, they employ their diſciples in running about to viſit libraries, galleries, and cabinets, in collecting antiquities, and copying inſcriptions. In every place they come to, they trouble themſelves only about the manner of preceding ages, as different from the preſent as if they were thoſe of another country; ſo that after having, at a great expenſe, made the tour of Europe, they return without having made any obſervations that are intereſting, or having learned any thing that may be uſeful.

All capital cities bear a great reſemblance to each other, the people herding together, and forming a ſtrange confuſion of manners: ſuch are not the places, therefore, in which to ſtudy the characteriſticks of nations. Paris and London are, in my eye, but as one city; their inhatants, indeed, differ a little in their prejudices, but the citizens of one have as many as thoſe of the other; and all their practicable maxims are the ſame. It is well known what kind of perſons are ever about a court; what kind of manners

ners the concourſe of people, and the inequality of fortunes, muſt every where produce. You need but tell me of a city that contains two hundred thouſand ſouls, and I can form an exact idea how they live there. As for any thing I could gain the knowledge of farther, by being on the ſpot, it is not worth the pains of travelling for it.

To ſtudy the genius and manners of a nation, we ſhould have reſource to the ſeveral provinces at a diſtance from the metropolis, where there is leſs buſtle, fewer ſtrangers, and where the inhabitants do not ſhift about or experience ſuch frequent changes of fortune. Take a curſory view of the capital, as you paſs through it; but to make your obſervations on the nation, you muſt traverſe the different parts of the country. The Pariſians are not Frenchmen; theſe are to be met with in Touraine: the inhabitants of the ſeveral counties in England are more truely Engliſhmen than the citizens of London; and the Spaniards more characteriſtically brave and proud in Galicia than at Madrid. It is at a diſtance from the metropolis, that the inhabitants bear the diſtinguiſhing marks of the national character, and diſplay themſelves without mixture: it is there the good or ill effects of government are beſt ſeen; as at the end of the greateſt radius the admeaſurement of the angle is the moſt exact.

The neceſſary influence of manners on government, is ſo well diſplayed in Monteſquieu's treatiſe on the Spirit of Laws, that we cannot do better than to recur to that work, for a juſt knowledge

ledge of this ſubject. There are, however, two rules, very ſimple and obvious; by which we may form a judgement of the relative merit of government in general. The one is population. In every country, where the number of people decreaſes, the ſtate is tending to ruin: on the contrary, where a nation grows populous, notwithſtanding it may be ſtill poor, it is inconteſtibly the beſt governed. That is, however, on the ſuppoſition that this population is a natural effect of government and manners; for if it be only the conſequence of the introduction of foreigners, or by other temporary and adventitious means, the remedy is only a proof of the diſeaſe. Thus, when Auguſtus made laws againſt celibacy, thoſe very laws plainly ſhowed the Roman empire to be already on its decline. It is neceſſary that the good order of government ſhould induce the citizens to marry, and not that the law ſhould compel them: we muſt not take into conſideration ſuch things as are effected by force and reſtraint; for the laws that act againſt the conſtitution are impotent and vain; but ſuch as follow from the natural influence of manners and the ſyſtem of government.

The good Abbé de St. Pierre had this narrow method of reaſoning in politicks; he was always for applying ſome temporary remedy to particular evils, inſtead of recurring at once to their common ſource, to ſee if they could not be rooted up all together. The buſineſs is, not to treat ſeparately every particular eruption of a diſeaſed body,

body, but to correct the whole maſs of blood and humours, producing ſuch effects. We are told that premiums are offered in England for the encouragement of agriculture; I need no further information: this ſufficiently proves to me, it will not flouriſh long in that kingdom.

The ſecond proof of the relative merit of a government is deduced alſo from population, but in a different manner; that is, from the diſtribution of the people, and not merely from their multiplicity.

Two ſtates, equal in extent and number of inhabitants, may yet be unequal in force; the moſt powerful being always that in which the people are moſt equally diſperſed throughout its territory: thoſe which have the feweſt great cities, and the greateſt number of towns and villages, being ſtronger, though leſs ſplendid than the others. Great cities enervate and impoveriſh the ſtate; the riches they produce are merely apparent; they abound in money, but are poor in ſubſtance. It is ſaid that the city of Paris alone is worth to the king a whole province: it is my opinion, however, that it rather coſts him ſeveral, that Paris is ſupported by the provinces in more ſenſes than one, and that the revenues of the latter are ſunk in the metropolis, without returning either to the king or the people. It is inconceivable, that in this age of political arithmetic, not one of our calculators would be able to ſee that France would be a more powerful nation if Paris was annihilated. The unequal diſtribution

ſtribution of the people is, moreover, not only ſimply diſadvantageous to the ſtate; it is even more ruinous than depopulation itſelf, in that depopulation produces nothing, or no poſitive good; whereas an unequal and deſtructive conſumption is productive of a negative quantity, or poſitive evil. When I hear an Engliſh and a French man give themſelves airs about the grandeur of their reſpective capitals, diſputing which is the moſt populous, London or Paris? they appear to me to be diſputing which of the two people have the honour to live under the worſt government.

To know the real characteriſtick of a people, you muſt obſerve them, therefore, in the country. You will learn nothing by ſeeing the apparent form of government, dreſſed up in the ſplendour of adminiſtration, and ſet forth in the jargon of miniſters, unleſs you ſtudy alſo the nature of it in the effects it produces on the people, and in every part of the adminiſtration. The difference between the form and ſubſtance being divided among all the branches of government, it is only by acquiring the knowledge of them all, that ſuch difference is to be aſcertained.

In one country, it is from the governors and intendants of the provinces, that one may diſcern the temper of the miniſtry: in another, it is neceſſary to be preſent at a borough election for members of parliament, to judge whether the people are really free; and, indeed, in every country, it is impoſſible that ſuch as are acquainted only with its great cities can know any thing

of its government; the ſpirit and effect of it being ever different in the metropolis and in the provinces. Now, it is the provinces that conſtitute a country, and it is the country people who conſtitute the nation.

By thus ſtudying the characters and genius of different people, living in the provinces diſtant from the metropolis, in their primitive ſimplicity, we deduce a general obſervation, very favourable to my notions, and conſolatory to the human mind: that is, that all nations, when thus obſerved, appear much better than otherwiſe; the nearer they approach to the ſimplicity of nature, the more goodneſs is obſervable in their character. It is only, by herding together in great cities, and by diverſifying themſelves by dint of cultivation, that they grow depraved, and change into pernicious and agreeable vices thoſe failings, which were rather diſguſting than deſtructive.

From this obſervation there appears a new advantage in the method of travelling I propoſe; viz. that young people, making a ſhort ſtay in great cities, where horrible corruption prevails, are leſs expoſed to the corruption of vice; and that they are likely to preſerve, among men of ſimpler manners, and in ſocieties leſs numerous, a clearer judgement, a more juſt taſte, and more virtuous manners. But, as to Emilius, he is in no danger of ſuffering by ſuch contagion, being in every reſpect provided againſt it. Among the ſeveral precautions I have taken on this head, I build

build much on the tender attachment which is rooted in his heart.

We are in general ſtrangers to the effect of true love on the inclinations of young people. It is, however, neceſſary that a young man ſhould be a lover, or he will be a debauchee. We are eaſily impoſed on by appearances. You may bring inſtances of a thouſand young people, who are ſaid to live very chaſte, without any particular paſſion: but ſhow me a man poſſeſſed of all his natural faculties, and ſuſceptible of paſſion, who can truely aſſert that he hath paſſed his youth in ſuch a manner. The world, in general, aim at nothing more than the appearance of virtue: for my part, I am in ſearch of the reality; and am very much miſtaken if there be any other means of arriving at it than thoſe I have taken.

The ſcheme of engaging the affections of Emilius, before he ſets out on his travels, is not of my own contrivance. The following incident ſuggeſted it:

Being at Venice, on a viſit to the governour of a young Engliſh nobleman, as we were ſitting by the fire, it being winter time, the preceptor received ſome letters by the poſt; he read them, and in particular repeated one of them aloud to his pupil. As it was in Engliſh, I underſtood nothing of it; but, while it was reading, perceived the young gentleman tear away his ruffles, and throw them by ſtealth into the fire. Surpriſed at the oddity of the action, I looked at him attentively, and conceived I ſaw the marks of

ſtrong

ſtrong emotion in his countenance; but the exterior ſigns of the paſſions, although nearly alike in all perſons, have ſome national difference that makes it eaſy for us to be deceived. Different people expreſs themſelves differently by the countenance as well as by their lips. I waited till the governour had done reading, and then ſhowing him the naked wriſts of his pupil, who ſtrove to hide them, however, as well as he could, I ſaid to him, "Pray, may one know the meaning of all this?"

The preceptor, ſeeing what had paſſed, laughed heartily, and embracing his pupil with an air of ſatisfaction, obtained his conſent to explain what I deſired.

"The fine pair of worked ruffles (ſaid he) which my Lord John hath been throwing into the fire, where lately preſented to him by a lady of this city. Now, you are to know that his lordſhip is engaged to a young lady in England, for whom he hath an ardent paſſion, and who is every way worthy of it. This letter is from the mother of the young lady: I will read to you that part of it which occaſioned the little extravagance you have been witneſs to.

"LUCY is conſtantly employed on the "ruffles deſigned for Lord John. Miſs Betty "Oldham was here yeſterday to ſpend the after-"noon, and inſiſted on working a flower in "them. Underſtanding that Lucy got up "earlier to-day than uſual, I had a mind to "know how ſhe had employed herſelf, and

" found ſhe had been picking out all that Miſs " Oldham had done, being reſolved that there " ſhould not be a ſtitch of any body's work but " her own, in her intended preſent."

Lord John going ſoon after out of the room, to look for another pair of ruffles, I ſaid to his governour, " You have a pupil of a moſt excellent diſpoſition; but, tell me, ſincerely, is not that letter from the mother of Miſs Lucy, a contrivance of your's, to ſet him againſt the Venetian lady who gave him the ruffles he hath burnt?"—" No (ſaid he) the letter is genuine: I have not made uſe of ſo much art; I have employed only ſimplicity and zeal for his welfare, and Providence hath bleſſed my endeavours.

This incident hath not eſcaped my memory, being well calculated for the production of ſomething in ſuch a brain as mine.

But it is time to draw near a concluſion. Let us bring back Lord John to Miſs Lucy; that is, Emilius to his Sophia.

My Emilius returns with a heart no leſs ſuſceptible and tender than before his departure, and with an underſtanding much more enlightened: he returns to his own country, with the advantage of having acquired the knowledge of governments from their defects, and of people from their virtues. I have even taken care that he ſhould form an intimacy, after the hoſpitable manner of the ancients, with ſome perſon of merit in every country through which he hath paſſed, and ſhall not be diſpleaſed at his cultivating

vating it by an epiſtolary correſpondence. For, beſides that it may be uſeful to have a friendly acquaintance in foreign countries, ſuch a correſpondence is an excellent remedy againſt national prepoſſeſſions. Nothing is more ſalutary to this end, than a diſintereſted intercourſe with ſenſible foreigners whom we eſteem; for theſe, not having the ſame prejudices as ourſelves, afford us an opportunity of deducing from oppoſite prepoſſeſſions a ſecurity againſt both. It is a very different thing to converſe with foreigners in our own country, to what it is when they have left it. In the firſt caſe, they have always ſome reſpect to the country in which they reſide, which makes them diſguiſe their real ſentiments, or give them the moſt favourable turn: whereas, after their return home, they do not ſtand upon ſuch ceremony, and are more impartial. I ſhould always chooſe that a foreigner, whoſe opinion I aſked, ſhould have ſeen my country; but I ſhould never aſk him his thoughts about it till he returned back to his own.

AFTER having employed almoſt two years in viſiting the principal parts of Europe; having learned two or three of the moſt uſeful languages and ſeen every thing really curious in natural hiſtory, government, and the arts, Emilius grows quite impatient, and reminds me that our time is near expired. "Well, my friend (ſaid I) you doubtleſs remember the principal cauſe of our

travels: you have ſeen the world, and, I ſuppoſe, made your obſervations on it. Pray, what is the reſult of them? On what have you determined?" Either I am much miſtaken in the methods I have uſed, or he will anſwer me nearly in the following terms:

"On what have I determined!—To remain ſuch as you have made me, and to lay myſelf willingly under no other reſtraint than that which the laws of nature and of natural ſociety impoſe. The more I examine into political inſtitutions, the more I ſee that, by endeavouring to render themſelves independent, mankind become ſlaves; and that they even waſte their liberty in vain efforts to maintain it.

"To prevent their being obliged to ſubmit to the neceſſity of things, they form a thouſand different attachments, which lay them under a ſtill greater reſtraint; ſo that they can hardly move, without finding themſelves dependent on every thing around them. It appears to me, that, in order to render themſelves free, it is ſufficient for men to perſevere in their reſolutions to be ſo. It is you, my dear preceptor, who have made me free, by teaching me always to yield to neceſſity. Let it come when it will, I ſhall ſubmit to it without reluctance; and as I never deſire to oppoſe it, ſo ſhall I form no connexions to elude it. I have been looking out, during our travels, for ſome corner of the world, in which I might be abſolutely my own maſter; but in what part of the world are not men dependent

dent on their paſſions? On a full examination I have found that even my wiſhes, in this reſpect, were contradictory to themſelves; for, though I ſhould be dependent on nothing elſe, I ſhould be attached to the ſpot on which I had fixed my reſidence, like the dryads to their reſpective trees: I have found that liberty and dominion are incompatible, and that I cannot even be maſter of a cottage, without ceaſing to be maſter of myſelf.

Hoc erat in votis modus agri non ita magnus.

"I remember, that my eſtate and poſſeſſions were the cauſe of our making theſe reſearches; you gave me ſufficient reaſons to prove, that I could not preſerve both my wealth and liberty; but when you wiſhed me to be at once at liberty, and free from wants, you required two things totally incompatible; for I cannot entirely ſhake off my dependence on mankind, unleſs by recurring again to a ſtate of nature. What ſhall I do, then, with the fortune my parents bequeathed me? I will begin, by making no dependence on it; by throwing off all thoſe attachments which bind me to it: if it then be taken from me, it will not drag me after it; and if it be left me, it is well; I ſhall have it in poſſeſſion. I ſhall never give myſelf the trouble to preſerve it, but remain indifferent concerning it. Rich or poor, I will be free; and that not only in this or that particular country, but in every part of the world. I have broken through all the reſtraint of prejudice, and acknowledge no other ties than thoſe of neceſſity. I have learned to ſubmit to theſe, from my birth,

and ſhall continue to do ſo, as long as I live. Being a man, why ſhould I not freely wear ſuch chains, when, if I were a ſlave, I muſt ſtill wear them, and thoſe of my bondage too?

"Of what conſequence to me is my ſituation and rank in life? What ſignifies where I live? Wherever there are men, I ſhall be among my brethren; and where there are none, I ſhall be always at home. So long as I can preſerve myſelf rich and independent, as I have the means of life in my power, I will enjoy them. But when I find my riches tend to enſlave me, I ſhall give them up without regret. I have hands to work, and my labour ſhall maintain me. When theſe fail, I will live on the humanity of the world, if it will ſupport my neceſſities; if not, I will die. Nay, I muſt die, whether I am thus abandoned or not; for death is not a curſe entailed upon poverty; it is one of the unalterable laws of nature. Whenever death comes, therefore, he will find me ready; he will not find me making preparations to live; nor ſhall he prevent my enjoying every ſingle moment of my life.

"Such, my dear governor, is my reſolution. Were I free from paſſions; I would be, even in my preſent ſituation, as independent as Omnipotence itſelf; for, deſiring to be nothing more than I am, I ſhould never repine at my deſtiny. At leaſt I know of but one attachment that is binding on my heart; and this I ſhall always glory in. Give me then my Sophia, and you will make me as free as I can deſire."

"I am

"I am glad, my dear Emilius (anſwered I) to hear this manly diſcourſe from you, and to find ſuch noble ſentiments cheriſhed in your heart. Your diſintereſtedneſs, though a little extravagant, doth not diſpleaſe me when I conſider your age. It will be corrected when you come to have children, and then I doubt not to ſee you ſuch as a prudent father and a good man ought to be. I even knew, before we ſet out on our travels, what would be the effect of them. I foreſaw that your obſervations on the ſocial inſtitutions of life, would be far from inducing you to place that confidence in them, which they by no means deſerve. It is in vain that mankind aſpire after liberty, while under the government of laws. Laws! do I ſay? May I not aſk where the true ſpirit of laws is to be found, and where they are reſpected? Do we not every where ſee private intereſt and paſſions prevail under that ſacred name? The fixed and eternal laws of nature and order, however, ſtill exiſt. Theſe are the ſtatutes of the wiſe; theſe are written in the heart by reaſon and conſcience; it is to theſe we ſhould be ſubſervient, in order to be truly free: the vicious man only being a ſlave, as he is always vicious in ſpite of his better reaſon, and in condemnation of himſelf. Liberty does not exiſt in any certain form of government, but in the heart of man. The wicked bear the chains of their bondage every where about them; and it is poſſible for one man to be a ſlave at Geneva, and for another to be free even in Paris.

"If I ſhould ſpeak to you of the duties of a citizen, you would aſk me, perhaps, where is your country, and might think you had puzzled me. In this, however, my dear Emilius, you are miſtaken; for though a man may renounce his native country, he muſt bear ſome relation to that in which he reſides, and owe ſome obligations to that form of government, and thoſe phantoms of laws under which he lives with ſecurity. It is nothing to him, whether the ſocial contract be obſerved or not, in the model of ſuch government, if his particular perſon and property are but protected, if the publick oppreſſion be a ſufficient check on the violence of individuals, if the evil he ſees committed influences him to the love of good, and if the laws themſelves do but ſerve to make us deteſt the injuſtice of them. O, my Emilius, you will find no man who is not in ſome degree under obligations to the community. Whatever be his condition, he owes to it the moſt reſpectable efforts of humanity, *viz.* juſtice, and the love of virtue. Born and bred in the midſt of a foreſt, he might have lived, indeed, more happy and free; but, being a ſtranger to motives of ſelf-denial, he would have indulged his appetite, without merit, and have lived and died without virtue. In his ſocial ſtate he is capable of being virtuous, even in ſpite of his paſſions: the mere appearance of order leads him to ſtudy and to admire it. The publick good, which is ſo often made a pretence of by others, is to him a real motive. He learns to check, to overcome, himſelf;

and

and to ſacrifice his private intereſt to that of the publick. It is not true, that we reap no profit by the laws; on the contrary, they encourage us to be juſt, even among the wicked. It is not true that they have not made him free; they have taught him to have the command over himſelf.

"Say not, therefore, What is it to me where I live? It is of conſequence that you ſhould live in that place, where you may diſcharge every duty that is incumbent on you; and one of theſe duties is an attachment to the place of your birth. Your countrymen afforded you protection in your infancy; in return you ought to reſpect them, now you are grown up. You ought to reſide in the midſt of them, or, at leaſt, ſo near, as to be as uſeful to them as poſſible; and within their reach, if at any time they ſhould ſtand in need of your aſſiſtance. Again, in ſome caſes, a man may be more uſeful to his fellow-countrymen by reſiding abroad than at home. In ſuch circumſtances he ſhould attend only to the dictates of patriotiſm, and ſupport his exile with chearfulneſs; ſuch exile is then his duty. But you, my good Emilius, on whom no ſuch rigorous obligations are impoſed, go you, and live happy in the midſt of your compatriots; cultivate their friendſhip, be their benefactor and guide; your example will inſtruct them better than books, and the good they ſee you perform, will affect them more than whole volumes of morality.

"I do not adviſe you, however, to take up your reſidence in a populous city; on the contrary, one of the firſt examples which the virtuous ought to ſet the reſt of mankind, is to prefer a country life. This patriarchal ſtate is the moſt natural, the moſt peaceful, and the moſt agreeable of all others to an undepraved mind. Happy, my friend, is that country, where peace is to be found, without burying ourſelves in a deſert. But where ſhall we find ſuch a country? A benevolent mind can ill gratify its diſpoſition in the midſt of large cities, where it finds hardly any other objects of compaſſion than knaves and cheats. The reception which is there given to thoſe numerous adventurers, who come thither to ſeek their fortunes, depopulates the provinces; whereas the provinces ought, on the contrary, to be peopled at the expence of the towns. Thoſe who retire, therefore, from great cities, are even uſeful in the circumſtance of their retreat; becauſe all the vices of ſociety ariſe from its being too numerous. They are further uſeful alſo, when they carry back into the country the ſame turn for their former ſtate, the ſame taſte for a country life. With what pleaſure do I anticipate the ſcenes of benevolence that will ſurround the ſimple retreat of Emilius and Sophia! with what joy will they inſpire the indigent peaſants, ſpreading chearfulneſs and plenty around! I ſee the people already increaſe, their fields bear more plenteous harveſts, and their meadows are covered with new verdure.

The

The multitude of hands, and the plenty with which they are provided, convert their labour into amuſement; while amidſt their rejoicings they ſend forth the loudeſt acclamations in praiſe of the amiable pair, to whom they are indebted for the cauſe of their happineſs. The golden age is uſually treated as a chimera, and will always continue ſuch to thoſe whoſe taſte is vitiated, and whoſe hearts are corrupt. It is not even true that men regret its loſs, their pretended regret being always vain and inſincere. What method then can be taken to renew it? One only, and that I deſpair of; mankind muſt love and wiſh for it. Something indeed appears like it, round the preſent habitation of Sophia; you will only have the honour of completing what her worthy parents have begun. But let not ſo happy a life give you a diſguſt to the leſs pleaſing duties of ſociety, when they are impoſed on you: remember that the Romans left the plough to aſſume the conſulſhip. When the prince or ſtate call you forth to the ſervice of your country, leave every thing elſe behind, to fill the poſt that is aſſigned you, and diſcharge the honourable functions of a good citizen. If ſuch a poſt ſhould prove too burthenſome, you have a ſure and honourable method of getting rid of it; this is to diſcharge your office with too much integrity for it to be left long in your hands. You have little reaſon, however, to apprehend any ſuch embarraſſment; there are ſo many

buſy people in the world, ready to accept of ſuch employments, that the ſtate will ſtand in little need of you."

What an affecting deſcription might I not give of the return of Emilius to his Sophia, and the happy completion of their loves, or rather the beginning of that conjugal affection which is hereafter to unite them? an affection founded on eſteem, and as durable as life; on virtues which are not tranſitory like beauty, and on that conformity of diſpoſition and character, which will prolong the charms of union to old age. Such a deſcription, however, would probably be more entertaining than uſeful, and hitherto I have not indulged myſelf in expatiating on matters of mere amuſement. Shall I break through this rule ſo near the end of my work? Not ſo: I perceive, beſides, that I begin to grow weary of my taſk. Incapacitated for an undertaking of ſo conſiderable an extent, I ſhould even now throw up that which I have been ſo long engaged in, if it were not near a concluſion. Not to leave it imperfect, therefore, I ſhall haſten to cloſe it.

In a word, then: I behold, at length, my Emilius happy in the poſſeſſion of his Sophia; and begin myſelf to reap the fruit of my labours. This amiable couple are united by indiſſoluble ties; their lips pronounce the terms of the ſacred engagement, and their hearts confirm their truth. In returning from the church, they hardly know where they are, what they ſee, or what is doing around

around them. They hardly underſtand any thing that is ſaid to them, but make confuſed replies, and appear to be wrapped in the moſt delightful delirium. Such is human weakneſs! we are unable even to ſupport the weight of our own happineſs.

There are very few perſons who know how to behave properly to a new-married couple. The formal ſolemnity of ſome, and the pleaſant raillery of others are equally unſeaſonable. I had much rather leave their young hearts to unfold themſelves, and give them up to that pleaſing agitation of mind, which is natural on ſuch an occaſion, than ſo cruelly to diſtreſs them by the gloom of a falſe decorum, or to embarraſs them by impertinent pleaſantries; which, however agreeable they might prove at any other time, are ſure to be diſpleaſing on their wedding-day. I, who am deſirous they ſhould be happy every hour of their lives, can I think of interrupting them in the enjoyment of ſuch precious moments as theſe? No! I would have them experience all that felicity ſo intereſting a ſituation is capable of beſtowing. To this end, I take an opportunity of detaching them from the company of indiſcreet people, and taking a walk with them apart, induce them to recollect themſelves, by talking of their own affairs. It is not to their ears only I addreſs myſelf, but to their hearts; for I am not ignorant of the only ſubject they can attend to at this criſis.

"My dear children (ſaid I, taking each by the hand) it is now three years ſince I firſt be-

held that kindling paſſion, whoſe flame hath continued to burn with the utmoſt purity, and which conſtitutes your preſent happineſs. I ſee it now blaze with the utmoſt ardour of affection; it is arrived to that height which it cannot exceed, but muſt ever after be on the decline."—Imagine, reader, the extaſy, the tranſport, the vows of Emilius; the diſdainful air of Sophia, diſengaging her hand from mine, and the tender proteſtations which their eyes reciprocally made each other, to love till death! I took no notice, however, but proceeded.

"I have often thought, that if two perſons could prolong the happineſs of love after marriage, ſuch a ſtate would reſemble a heaven upon earth. This, however, hath been never yet effected: but if the thing be not abſolutely impoſſible, you are both worthy to ſet an example which you have not taken from others, and which few will be able to copy from you. Shall I tell you, my children, what method I think you might take to accompliſh this end, and that alone by which I think it poſſible to be done?"

They looked at each other; and, ſmiling at my ſimplicity, Emilius politely thanked me for my recipe, but told me he believed Sophia had a much better; and that as for his part he needed no other. Sophia aſſented, and ſeemed equally confident. I imagined, however, that I ſaw, beneath the air of raillery ſhe affected, ſome tokens of curioſity. I looked at Emilius, but he was ſo taken up in contemplating the charms

of

of his amiable bride, that he gave little heed to my diſcourſe. I ſmiled in my turn, and thought to myſelf, I ſhould ſoon render him more attentive.

The almoſt imperceptible difference between their ſecret emotions on this occaſion clearly diſplayed the diſtinct characters of the two ſexes, and that in a manner directly contrary to common opinion: *viz.* that, generally ſpeaking, the men are leſs conſtant than women, and are ſooner diſguſted in a ſucceſsful amour. The woman foreſees the inconſtancy of man, and is fearful of it: and this alſo renders her more jealous. When his paſſion begins to cool, ſhe finds herſelf under the neceſſity of taking the ſame pains to keep him conſtant as he before took to engage her affections: hence ſhe weeps, and is as humble in her turn, but very rarely with the ſame ſucceſs. Love and aſſiduity may win a heart, but it ſeldom or ever regains one. I return, however, to my recipe to prevent indifference in love, after marriage.

"It is very eaſy and ſimple (ſaid I:) only continue to be lovers when you are huſband and wife."—"We ſhall find great difficulty in that truely!" returned Emilius, with a ſmile.

"More difficult, at leaſt, on your part (ſaid I) than perhaps you imagine; but give me leave to explain myſelf a little.

"The knot which is drawn too tight is ever in danger of breaking. This is preciſely the thing that happens in matrimony, when we lay a greater ſtreſs on its engagements than they will

bear. That fidelity, which is hereby impoſed on both parties, is certainly the moſt ſacred of obligations; but the power which it gives to each party over the other is too great. Love and reſtraint never go well together, nor ſhould its pleaſures be ſubject to command. Nay, bluſh not, Sophia, nor think of running away from me; God forbid that I ſhould ſay any thing to offend your modeſty: but what I am going to ſay concerns the future happineſs of your life. When ſuch an object is at ſtake you may be permitted to attend to ſuch diſcourſe between a bride and her father, as might be improper on any other occaſion.

"It is not ſo much the poſſeſſion as the ſubjection in marriage, which gives riſe to diſguſt, men frequently preſerving a more durable affection for a kept miſtreſs than for a wife.

"How can we reconcile the tenderneſs of love, with the notion of duty, or the exquiſite gratifications of that delightful paſſion with the ideas of right and obligation? It is natural deſire only that conſtitutes right in love; nature knows no other obligation. The laws may reſtrain this right, but they cannot annihilate it.

"No, my dear children, in marriage your hearts only are united, your perſons are not enſlaved. You owe fidelity to each other, but not ſervility. Your mutual attachment is indeed excluſive, with regard to every other perſon in the world; but your command over each other depends on your reciprocal concurrence.

"If

"If then, Emilius, you would continue to be really Sophia's lover, permit her to be always her own miſtreſs as well as your's; be happy, but reſpectful. Owe every thing to love, without exacting any thing of duty, nor charge even the ſlighteſt favours to the ſcore of obligation. I know that modeſty avoids formal conceſſions, and expects ſollicitation and gentle compulſion; but can a lover of the leaſt delicacy, be miſtaken in interpreting the language of the eyes? Can he be ignorant when the heart conſents to what the lips but faintly deny? Each, therefore, ſhould be at perfect liberty to diſpenſe their careſſes, or meet thoſe of the other, at pleaſure. Forget not that, even in marriage, it is mutual deſire only that gives ſanction to delight. Fear not, however, that this injunction ſhould keep you at a diſtance or eſtrange you from each other; on the contrary, it will make you both more intent to pleaſe, and will prevent ſatiety. While faithful to each other, both love and nature will ſufficiently unite you."

At theſe and ſome other ſimilar expreſſions, Emilius began to grow angry; while the bluſhing Sophia held her fan before her face, and was ſilent. Without pitying them, however, I proceeded; I upbraided Emilius with his want of delicacy, and undertook to anſwer for Sophia, that ſhe would aſſent to what I had declared. The impatient young bridegroom watched, in the mean time, the looks of his lovely bride; reading in her eyes that innate ſenſibility which aſſured him, he would run no riſk by confiding

in

in her generoſity. Throwing himſelf at her feet, he then kiſſed her hand in the utmoſt tranſport, proteſting that he renounced every prerogative over her. "Be thou (ſaid he) my dear Sophia, the arbiter of my pleaſures, as thou art of my life and fortune. Should thy cruelty coſt me ever ſo dear, I would yet reſign myſelf ſolely to thy will and pleaſure. I will be indebted for nothing to thy complacency, but for every thing to thy heart."

"Come, come (ſaid I) aſſure yourſelf, my dear Emilius, that Sophia has too much generoſity herſelf to let you ſuffer by your's."

Juſt before I took my leave of them in the evening, I reminded them, in a very grave and ſerious manner, that, though married, they were ſtill free, and that neither ſhould pay a falſe deference to the other: after which I took Emilius by the arm, and aſked him if he would go along with me? "Come (ſaid I) Sophia will permit you." At this he turned from me in a rage. "Nay (ſaid I) are not you willing, Sophia? ſhall I not take him with me?"—"Ay, do," ſaid the bluſhing little deceiver; uttering a falſehood, infinitely more amiable than the truth.

The next day—But pictures of true felicity no longer give pleaſure to mankind; a corruption of manners hath no leſs depraved their taſte than their hearts. They can no longer ſee what is amiable, or feel what is truely affecting. How imperfect are the pictures of thoſe, who, in deſcribing the pleaſures of love, can only paint the happy pair diſſolving in mutual tranſports of delight.

delight. Theſe are only the groſſer touches of their ſublime felicity; the moſt delicate, the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes are wanting. Who hath not, at ſome time or other, beheld an happy young couple, come forth from the nuptial bed, with all that languiſhing tenderneſs in their looks, which is ever conſequent on the chaſte delirium of ſuch genuine delight; a tenderneſs, which is the amiable ſecurity of their innocence, and the pledge of their future felicity?

Such a ſight is the moſt affectingly delightful that can poſſibly offer itſelf to our regard. Such is the true picture of real pleaſure! But the having ſeen it, is not enough; the hearts of mankind are no longer formed for love; they are no longer capable of ſympathiſing with thoſe whom it makes happy. The amiable Sophia paſſed the day in the peaceful arms of her mother; a moſt agreeable place of repoſe, after having ſpent the night in the fond arms of her huſband.

On the following day, I perceived ſome change in the ſcene. Emilius affected to appear a little diſcontented; I remarked, through this affectation, however, ſuch tender ſollicitude, and ſo much ſubmiſſion, that I gueſſed nothing of conſequence was the matter. As to Sophia, ſhe was more chearful than ſhe had been the day before; an air of pleaſing ſatisfaction appearing in her looks. Her behaviour to Emilius was charming; and even mixed with ſome agreeable provocations that only irritated his impatience.

Theſe incidents, indeed, were not very perceptible to every one, but they did not eſcape me.

I began

I began to be ſomewhat uneaſy, therefore, and queſtioned Emilius apart; of whom I learned, that, to his great regret, and in ſpite of his moſt preſſing remonſtrances, he was obliged to ſleep in a ſeparate bed the preceding night. The little imperious fair was in haſte to claim her privileges. I choſe to clear up this matter in the preſence of both; when Emilius complained moſt heavily, while Sophia only treated him with raillery. At length, however, ſeeing him juſt ready to grow angry in good earneſt, ſhe caſt a look on him, full of love and ſweetneſs; at the ſame time taking hold of my hand, and exclaiming in the moſt pathetick tone and manner. *Oh! the ungrateful creature!* Emilius was ſo dull as not to comprehend the meaning of this exclamation. For my part, I underſtood it in its full extent; I ſent Emilius away, therefore, and took Sophia to taſk alone.

"I ſee (ſaid I) my dear Sophia, the reaſon of this caprice. It is impoſſible for any one to have more delicacy, or to diſplay it more unſeaſonably. But be aſſured your motives are vain and groundleſs; Emilius has not laviſhed the ſtrength of his youth on others, but has preſerved its firſt-fruits for the lawful object of his affections; you need not ſpare him, Sophia, or be under any apprehenſion on account of his conſtitution.

"I muſt explain to you, my dear child, my deſign in the converſation, which I held with you three days ago. You ſeem to have drawn no other leſſon from it than that of managing your

your pleaſures, in order to render them durable. I had a worthier end in view. Emilius, in becoming your huſband, is become your maſter; and claims your obedience. Such is the order of nature. When a man is married, however, to ſuch a wife as Sophia, it is proper he ſhould be directed by her: this is alſo agreeable to the order of nature: it is, therefore, to give you as much authority over his heart as his ſex gives him over your perſon, that I have made you the arbiter of his pleaſures. It may coſt you, perhaps, ſome diſagreeable ſelf-denial; but you will be certain of maintaining your empire over him, if you can preſerve it over yourſelf—what I have already obſerved, alſo, ſhows me, that this difficult attempt does not ſurpaſs your courage.

"Would you have your huſband conſtantly at your feet? keep him at ſome diſtance from your perſon. You will long maintain the authority in love, if you know but how to render your favours rare and valuable: But, let modeſty and not caprice influence your ſeverity; let him ſee you are reſerved, but not fantaſtical; and above all things, take care, that, in the management of his love, you give him no reaſon to doubt of your's. Take care that he may have reaſon to love you for your complacence; and to reſpect you for your ſeverity; that he may honour the chaſtity of his wife, without having cauſe to complain of her indifference.

"It is thus, my dear Sophia, that you may induce him to truſt with confidence on your love, to hearken to your advice, to conſult you in all his

his affairs, and to reſolve on nothing without your concurrence. It is thus that you may awaken in him the ſuggeſtions of prudence; when he goes aſtray, recall him by gentle perſuaſion, and render yourſelf at once amiable and uſeful. It is thus you may employ even the arts of coquetry in the ſervice of virtue, and thoſe of love in that of reaſon.

"And yet you muſt not imagine, that even ſuch management will always ſuffice. Whatever precaution be taken, enjoyment will, by degrees, take off the edge of paſſion. But when love hath laſted as long as poſſible, a pleaſing habitude ſupplies its place, and the attachment of a mutual confidence ſucceeds to the tranſports of paſſion. Children often form a more agreeable and permanent connection between married people than even love itſelf. When you ceaſe to be the miſtreſs of Emilius, you will continue to be his wife and friend, you will be the mother of his children. Inſtead of keeping him, then, at his former diſtance, proceed to confirm the moſt eſtabliſhed intimacy between you; uſe no longer ſeparate beds, nor ſtand on reſerve. On the contrary, endeavour to unite yourſelf ſo cloſely to his perſon, that he may not be able to live without you; let the ſame charms, which you have diffuſed thoughout the domeſtick œconomy of your father's houſe, prevail alſo throughout your own. Every man who takes delight in home, muſt of courſe have a regard for his wife: Remember alſo, that if your huſband be happy in his family, you muſt be an happy woman.

"At

"At preſent, I would not have you be too ſevere on your lover; he deſerves more complaiſance; he may alſo be offended at your apprehenſions for him; be not ſo careful of his health at the expence of his happineſs and your own. You ſhould not refuſe merely for the ſake of refuſing, but only to enhance the merit of your favours."

Then, leading her to Emilius, I told him, in her preſence, that he ought to ſupport, without murmuring, the ſeverity ſhe had impoſed. "You have only (ſaid I) to endeavour by your behaviour, to ſhorten it. Sacrifice, in particular, to the graces and think not to render yourſelf amiable by appearing gloomy and diſcontented." It was by no means difficult to reconcile them; the treaty of peace being ſoon completed, ſigned, and ſealed with a kiſs. After this, addreſſing myſelf to my pupil, "My dear Emilius (ſaid I) the taſk I undertook in your education being completed I now reſign my authority over you into the hands of another: as you will always find the advantage of a friend and adviſer, the gentle Sophia will be your beſt preceptor."

The firſt tranſports of our young lovers ſubſiding, they were left at liberty to the peaceful enjoyment of their new ſituation. Happy lovers! amiable pair! To do ſufficient honour to their virtues, or to deſcribe their felicity, were to write the hiſtory of their lives. How often, in contemplating the happy effects of my labours, have I been ſeiſed with ſenſations of inexpreſſible delight! How often have I joined their hands in

mine

mine, and poured forth my grateful tranſport, to ſee them thus united! How often have I kiſſed thoſe united hands and bathed them with tears of joy; while equally effected in their turn, this virtuous couple mixed their tears with mine. Their reſpectable parents, alſo, ſhare their joys, and grow young again in their children, exclaiming againſt their former wealth, that prevented their taſting equal delights, at the ſame age. In a word, if there be a ſituation in life truely happy, is to be found in the aſylum we now inhabit.

At the end of ſome months, Emilius entered my apartment, one morning, and, embracing me, bid me wiſh him joy, on the happy occaſion of becoming a father. "O, my friend (ſaid he) what new obligations ſhall we now be ſoon laid under! How greatly ſhall we ſtand in need of your aſſiſtance! yet God forbid I ſhould trouble you too much with the education of the ſon, who have taken ſo much pains in educating the father! God forbid that ſo pleaſing, ſo ſacred a duty ſhould be diſcharged by any other man than myſelf, were I but as well capacitated for it as you! Remain, however, the preceptor of your young preceptors. Adviſe, direct us; we will be ever docile and tractable. I ſhall require your aſſiſtance as long as I live; and have even more need of it now than ever; now that I am called upon to diſcharge the more important duties of man. You have diſcharged your's; aſſiſt me therefore, to imitate my faithful governour, while he indulges himſelf in that repoſe he hath ſo amply deſerved."

THE

EMILIUS and SOPHIA;

OR,

THE SOLITARIES.

BY J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BEING

A SEQUEL TO EMILIUS.

FOUND AMONGST THE AUTHOR'S PAPERS AFTER HIS DECEASE.

THE

EDITOR's PREFACE.

IT muſt be acknowledged that the only treaſures to be confided in, with ſafety, are thoſe which we lay up within our own minds; and the only method, perhaps, of enſuring our happineſs, is ſo to arm us againſt the attacks of adverſity, as to be able either to repel them by our talents, or withſtand them by our virtues. This was the great end which Rouſſeau propoſed to himſelf in his *Treatiſe on Education*; the following work was deſigned to prove that he had attained it. By ſetting Emilius to combat with fortune, by placing him in a variety of ſituations, which the moſt intrepid mortal could not behold without horrour, he meant to ſhow that the principles, inſtilled into him from his infancy, were alone capable of carrying him through ſuch tryals. Nothing could be more noble than this plan; nothing more intereſting

or more uſeful than its execution would have been: it was reducing the moral of Emilius to practice, and, by juſtifying, rendering it the object of our eſteem; but death prevented Rouſſeau from raiſing this new monument to his glory; and this work, which he had interrupted for *his Confeſſions*, was never reſumed.

All he wrote of it is here given to the publick, and given, we own it candidly, with a degree of repugnance. The impreſſions it is calculated to raiſe are of the moſt painful kind, and the genius of its ſublime authour only ſerves to make them more ſo. Sophia diſhonoured! Emilius in deſpair! Who could ſupport theſe horrid images! When I ſee virtue weep, it is a conſolation to weep with her; but what intereſt can I take in the ſufferings of guilt? Beſides, what confidence is to be put in precepts that lead to adultery? Yet if it be true that the more rigid modes of education can give at beſt but an appearance of virtue, Sophia's education alone could beſtow the reality; but is virtue in the maid followed by infidelity in the wife? We muſt by no means impute theſe contradictions to Rouſſeau; they appertained not to his plan, and would not have appeared in its execution. Could he conſent to diſfigure his own faireſt work?

work? Sophia was guilty, but not depraved; to imprudent connexions ſhe owed her faults and her misfortunes—A vile woman, jealous of her virtues, triumphed over her ſimplicity without altering the purity of her ſoul: the drugs, which took from her the command of her ſenſes, had firſt deprived her of the uſe of her reaſon; ſhe admitted an odious ſeducer to the privileges of the huſband, whom in her delirium ſhe imagined him to be; and if ſhe reſembled Clariſſa in her fall, ſhe diſplayed ſtill greater magnanimity in her riſe. But to render Emilius unhappy, was it not neceſſary that Sophia ſhould be unfaithful? With her he could never be wretched: and what had power to ſeparate them? The world—Death—No!—Sophia's infidelity.

Why did not Rouſſeau complete the hiſtory of theſe ſad events? Why can we not trace the long ſucceſſion of melancholy objects, of diſappointments, calamities, faults, remorſe, deſpair, repentance, till we reach thoſe days of peace and glory, when Emilius and Sophia, triumphant over fortune, the world, and themſelves, radiant with virtues, and intoxicated with love, recovered, at a diſtance from mankind and in the calm of innocence, the happineſs of their early days. Then would the ſoft accents of their felicity drop like balm into the heart, that bled at the ſtory of their ſufferings,

while Emilius thus improves his preſent bliſs by the recollection of paſt misfortunes.

Yes, my Sophia, let us recall the memory of our happy days; after filling our hearts with ſenſations ſo delicious, never ſhall we ſuffer them to eſcape our rememberance. Let us recollect the tranſports they gave birth to—the raptures that attended them: above all let us not forget the misfortunes that interrupted them, and the time ſo fatally diſtinguiſhed by your fault and my deſpair. Time of ineffable torments, which love, virtue, and happineſs, have ſo richly repaid! Who on theſe conditions would not have ſuffered, have deſpaired, have curſed his exiſtence, and retained while he curſed it!

Tears of grief and rage, ſwallowed up now in torrents of joy, how little do you appear!

Painful yet delicious ideas, remain for ever with us, and be as laſting as our happineſs!

Be to us all we have loſt, now that confined for ever to each other, we are alone in the univerſe, and that mankind exiſts no longer for us.

Sophia! dear, dear Sophia! why can I not, every day I paſs with you, recommence my exiſtence! though extended to ages it would ſtill be too ſhort for my happineſs.

EMILIUS

EMILIUS AND SOPHIA;

OR,

THE SOLITARIES.

LETTER I.

I WAS free, I was happy. O guide of my youth! protector of my infancy! you made me ſuſceptible of happineſs—and you gave me Sophia. To the ſweets of love, to the overflowings of friendſhip—a growing family added the charms of paternal tenderneſs: every thing promiſed me a life of content, a happy old age, and a tranquil death in the arms of my children. Alas! what is become of that happy time of enjoyment and hope, when the future gladdened the preſent; when my heart, in the intoxication of its joy, exhauſted every day the felicity of ages? All is vaniſhed like a dream: as yet in the vigour of manhood, I have loſt all that was dear to me—wife—children—friends, every thing, in ſhort, even the intercourſe of men.

The ties, by which my heart was united to every thing that rendered exiſtence valuable, are diſſolved for ever, and the faint love of a life, without pleaſure, but without remorſe, is all that binds me to exiſtence. If I long ſurvive my loſſes, my lot is to grow old and die without ever ſeeing the face of man, and Providence alone will cloſe my eyes.

Thus circumſtanced, what delight can I have in the care of a miſerable life, which I have ſo little reaſon to love? Thoughts of the paſt, and the conſolation of acting rightly the part aſſigned me, in ſubmitting without murmur to the decrees of Heaven. I am dead to every thing that was dear to me. I wait without impatience and without fear till that which remains of me be re-united to that which I have loſt.

But, my dear friend, do you exiſt? Are you ſtill mortal? Are you yet on this land of baniſhment with your Emilius? or are you with Sophia in the regions of bliſs? Alas! wherever you are you are dead to me; theſe eyes will never behold you; but you will be ever preſent to my mind. I never knew ſo well the value of your inſtructions, as ſince hard fate ſo cruelly oppreſſed me, and robbed me of every thing but *myſelf*. I am forſaken, I have loſt all, but I yet remain, and deſpair has not been able to annihilate me. Theſe letters will never reach you; at leaſt, I cannot hope it. No doubt they will be loſt without having been ſeen by any one; no matter, they are written, I collect them, I bind

bind them together, I continue to write, and it is to you I addreſs them. I wiſh to picture to you thoſe dear ideas which nouriſh and wound my heart. I wiſh to give you an account of myſelf, of my ſentiments, of my conduct, of this heart which you have given me. I will diſcloſe every thing to you—the good—the bad—my ſorrows—my pleaſures—my faults; but I believe, I have nothing to ſay that can diſhonour your work.

My happineſs was premature; it began with my birth, and was to end before my death. All my infant days were days of bliſs, ſpent in freedom, in joy, and in innocence. I never was taught to perceive any difference between my inſtructions and my amuſements. All remember with delight the ſports of their childhood, but I am perhaps the only one whoſe infant days were unclouded by ſorrow or reſtraint. O! that I had died when a child, I ſhould then have enjoyed life, and not have known its calamities.

I grew up and continued to be happy: at an age when the paſſions are moſt violent, I formed my reaſon by my ſenſes. What leads others into errour, led me into the path of truth. I learned to form a true judgement of all objects that ſurrounded me, and of their relation to myſelf. I judged of them on true and ſimple principles; authority, opinion did not change my deciſions. In order to diſcover the relation of things to one another, I ſtudied the relation of each to myſelf. By two known terms, I learned

to find the third. To know every thing in the univerſe that could intereſt me, it was ſufficient that I knew myſelf; my place being aſſigned, every thing elſe was found.

I was thus taught that the greateſt wiſdom is to like that which is, and to regulate our wiſhes by our condition. This, you told me, is all that is in our power—the reſt depends on Heaven. He, that ſtruggles moſt againſt fate, is leaſt wiſe, and always the moſt unhappy; the greateſt change he can effect in his ſituation is always leſs than the torment it coſts him. He ſeldom ſucceeds, and gains nothing by ſucceſs. But what feeling being can live always without deſires, without attachments? It cannot be man, it muſt be a brute or a god. Not being able to guard againſt all the affections which bind us to things, you taught me however to chooſe among them, not to open my mind but to the moſt noble, not to attach it but to the moſt worthy object, to man; to multiply myſelf, as it were, in each of my fellow-beings, and thus to guard againſt thoſe degrading paſſions which would confine *me* to my own perſon.

When my ſenſes, awakened by age, rendered a companion neceſſary, you tempered their violence by the delicacy of ſentiment; imagination, which inflames them in others, taught me to ſubdue them. I loved Sophia even before I knew her: this love preſerved my mind from the ſnares of vice, gave it a taſte for the beautiful and becoming, and engraved on it, in indelible

delible characters, the holy laws of virtue. When I afterwards beheld this dear object of my worſhip, when I felt the power of her charms, all the pleaſing, all the raviſhing ideas that can enter into a mind inflamed mine with ſenſations, not to be expreſſed. Happy days of my youthful loves, delicious days, why cannot you be for ever recommencing, and fill the whole meaſure of my exiſtence! I would aſk no other eternity.

Vain ſorrows! idle wiſhes! All is gone, gone without hope of return .... I obtained at laſt the reward of ſo many ardent ſighs; all my wiſhes were crowned. Though a huſband, ſtill a lover, I found in the poſſeſſion of Sophia's charms, happineſs of another kind, but not leſs real than in the delirium of deſire. My friend you think you knew this enchanting girl. O how you have been miſtaken! You knew my miſtreſs, my wife; but you knew not Sophia. Her charms of every kind were inexhauſtible, they ſeemed to increaſe every inſtant, and the laſt day of her exiſtence diſcloſed many of which I was ignorant before.

Already father of two children, I divided my time between an adored wife, and the dear fruits of her tenderneſs: you aſſiſted me in preparing for my ſon an education like my own, and my daughter under the care of her mother would have learnt to reſemble her. All my buſineſs conſiſted in the care of Sophia's patrimony; I neglected my fortune to enjoy happineſs. De-

ceitful happineſs! thrice have I experienced thy inconſtancy. Thy zenith is but a point, and when our happineſs is at the higheſt, then begins its declenſion. Cruel father! was it through you that this fatal declenſion was to begin? By what fatality could you quit the peaceable life we led together? was my eagerneſs to pleaſe you diſagreeable? You were pleaſed with your work; I ſaw it, I perceived it, I was certain of it. You ſeemed to enjoy my happineſs; the tender careſſes of Sophia ſeemed to ſolace your paternal heart; you loved us, you were happy in us, and yet you forſook us! Had you not quitted us, I ſhould ſtill have been happy; my ſon perhaps would have lived, or other hands would not have cloſed his eyes. His virtuous and beloved mother would alſo have lived in the arms of her huſband. Fatal ſeparation which has abandoned me without hope to all the rigours of fate! No, were you with us, guilt and its puniſhments had never approached my family; in this dreadful inſtance your abſence was more fatal to us than your preſence had ever been ſalutary.

Heaven ſoon ceaſed to bleſs a houſe in which you no longer reſided. Calamities and afflictions ſucceeded each other without intermiſſion. We loſt, in a few months, the father, the mother of Sophia, and at length her daughter, her charming daughter whom ſhe ſo ardently longed for, whom ſhe idolized, and whom ſhe wiſhed to follow. Her conſtancy, unequal

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to ſo many ſhocks, left her at this laſt ſtroke. Till now, content and quiet in ſolitude, ſhe had been ignorant of the ſorrows of life, ſhe had not armed againſt the attacks of fortune that heart which was ſo ſenſible, and eaſily affected. She felt theſe loſſes, as firſt misfortunes are felt; nor were they, indeed, any other than the beginning of our's. Nothing could dry up her tears: the loſs of her daughter made her feel more ſenſibly that of her mother; calling continually on one or the other, ſhe made every place, where formerly ſhe enjoyed their innocent careſſes, reſound with their names and her own afflictions: whatever objects recalled them to her mind increaſed her grief. I reſolved to remove her from this ſorrowful retreat. I had buſineſs in the capital, but which till then had never been ſuch to me. I propoſed to her to follow a female friend whom ſhe knew in the neighbourhood, and who was obliged to go thither with her huſband. As ſhe did not ſee my motive, ſhe conſented rather than be ſeparated from me. Her affliction was too dear to her to endeavour to aſſuage it. The only conſolation that could be given her, was to ſympathiſe—to weep with her.

On drawing near to the capital, my mind was filled with fatal impreſſions which I never experienced before. The moſt gloomy prepoſſeſſions aroſe in my boſom. All I had ſeen, all you had told me of great cities, made me tremble for my abode here. I was frightened at expoſing ſo pure

pure an union to ſo many ſurrounding dangers. I trembled to think, on beholding the melancholy Sophia, that I was precipitating ſo much virtue, and ſo many charms, into that gulf of prejudice and vices, where innocence and happineſs are ſure to be ſhipwrecked.

Certain, however, of her and of myſelf, I deſpiſed, contemned the remonſtrances of prudence, and looked on my fears as groundleſs: while I ſuffered them to torment me, I conſidered them as illuſions. Alas! I did not expect to ſee them ſo ſoon and ſo cruelly verified. I little imagined, that, inſtead of finding danger in the capital, it followed me thither.

How ſhall I tell you of the two years we remained in that fatal city, and the cruel effect which that infectious reſidence had on my mind, and on my fortunes? You know too well thoſe ſad calamities, rememberance of which, effaced by happier days, now doubles my ſorrows, by bringing me back to their ſource. What a change was wrough in me, through my weakneſs for two agreeable connexions, which habit began to change into friendſhip! How did example and imitation, againſt which you had ſo ſtrongly armed my mind, give it inſenſibly a taſte for thoſe frivolous pleaſures, which, when younger, I had deſpiſed? How different is it to ſee things by themſelves, and when our minds are diſtracted by other objects? The time was now paſt, when my glowing imagination only deſired Sophia, and ſpurned every thing elſe. I

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was no longer ſollicitous about her; I poſſeſſed her, and the power of her charms caſt a luſtre on thoſe objects, which, in my youth, it had obſcured. But theſe objects ſoon weakened my deſires by dividing them. My heart, gradually relaxed by theſe frivolous amuſements, inſenſibly loſt its firſt ſpring, and became incapable of warmth or ſtrength; I roved reſtleſsly from pleaſure to pleaſure; I ſought after every thing, and grew tired of every thing; I liked only thoſe places where I was not, and endeavoured to forget myſelf in diſſipation. I experienced a revolution, of which I wiſhed not to convince myſelf; I did not give myſelf time to return to myſelf, through a dread of not finding myſelf. All my attachments were leſſened, all my affections were cooled. I had ſubſtituted a jargon of morality and ſentiment in the place of truth. I was a gallant without paſſion, a ſtoick without virtue, a philoſopher buſied about trifles.—I had nothing of your Emilius but the name, and ſome profeſſions. The freedom of my diſcourſe, the independence of my ſpirit, my pleaſures, my duties—you—my ſon, even Sophia herſelf; all that before animated, that elevated my ſoul, and conſtituted the plenitude of my exiſtence, quitting me by degrees, ſeemed to make me quit myſelf, and left in my depraved mind only a troubleſome ſenſation of vacancy and abjection. In a word, I no longer loved, or at leaſt thought ſo. This violent flame, which ſeemed almoſt extinct, lay hid

hid under the embers only to blaze forth ſhortly with more fury than ever.

But what is infinitely more inconceivable: how came it that ſhe, who was the pride and happineſs of my life, now formed its ſhame and deſperation? How ſhall I deſcribe ſo deplorable a change? No! the dreadful ſtory ſhall never come from my mouth nor my pen; it is too injurious to the memory of the beſt of wives, too grievous, too horrible for my recollection, too diſcouraging to virtue; I ſhould die a hundred times over before I could finiſh it. Morality of the world, ye ſnares of vice and example, treachery of falſe friendſhip, inconſtancy and weakneſs of humanity, which of us is proof againſt you? Oh! if Sophia has ſullied her nature; what woman dare rely upon her's? But what a ſoul muſt that have been, which, having ſuch a heighth to fall, was able to recover herſelf.

It is of your regenerated children that I am about to ſpeak to you: all their errours have been known to you: I ſhall only ſpeak of what regards their return to virtue, and is neceſſary to throw light on the ſtory of their repentance.

Sophia conſoled, or rather diſſipated by her female friend, and by the ſocieties into which ſhe led her, had no longer that decided taſte for private life and retirement; ſhe forgot all ſhe had loſt, and almoſt all that was left her. Her ſon, as he grew up, became leſs dependent on her, and ſhe by degrees learnt to be happy without him. I was myſelf no longer her Emi-

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lius: I was but her huſband, and the huſband of a faſhionable woman in great cities is a man whom ſhe treats in publick with all poſſible reſpect and attention, but whom ſhe ſees not in private. Our ſocieties were for a conſiderable time the ſame. They changed inſenſibly. Each of us hoped to be more at eaſe when at a diſtance from the other's inſpection. We were no longer one, we were two diſtinct perſons; the tyranny of faſhion had divided us, and our hearts ſought no re-union. We never ſaw each other, but when our country neighbours, or town friends brought us together. The wife, after ſeveral advances, which I had ſometimes no ſmall difficulty to reſiſt, was at length diſguſted, and attaching herſelf entirely to Sophia, they became inſeparable. The huſband paſſed much of his time in company with his wife, and of conſequence with mine. Their exterior deportment was regular and decent, but their maxims ſhould have alarmed me. Their harmony proceeded leſs from a real attachment, than from a mutual indifference to the duties of their ſtate. Little jealous of their reciprocal rights, they pretended their love was the greater, as they impoſed leſs reſtraint on each other; and neither was offended in not being the object of the other's attention. "Above all (ſaid the wife) let my huſband live happy."—"Provided my wife be my friend (I am contented ſaid the huſband). Our ſentiments, continued he, do not depend on ourſelves, but our actions do; each contributes

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as much as poſſible to the happineſs of the other. Can we better ſhow our love for thoſe who are dear to us, than by agreeing to all they deſire? We avoid the cruel neceſſity of flying from each other."

This ſyſtem, abruptly laid open, ſhould have ſhocked us. But it is not eaſy to imagine, what power the overflowings of friendſhip have in reconciling us to things which otherwiſe would diſguſt us; nor how much a philoſophy, ſo well adapted to the vices of human nature—a philoſophy which, inſtead of thoſe affections we are no longer capable of entertaining—inſtead of that inward duty which torments and benefits no one, preſents—Nothing but politeneſs, reſpect, complaiſance, attention—Nothing but freedom, liberty, ſincerity, confidence: it is not eaſy, I ſay, to imagine what charms every thing that maintains an union between the perſons, when the hearts are no longer united, has for the beſt diſpoſitions, and how attractive it becomes under the maſk of propriety. Reaſon would with difficulty defend herſelf, if conſcience did not come to her aid. It was this that made Sophia and me aſhamed to ſhow a fondneſs which we had not. Our two friends, who had ſubjugated us, quarrelled without reſtraint, and thought they loved one another. But an habitual, reſpect which we could not lay aſide, made it impoſſible for us to give mutual pain without ſhunning each other. Though we appeared to be a burthen to each other, we were nearer

nearer a reconciliation than thoſe who were always together. Not to quit one another when in anger is a ſure ſymptom of eternal diſunion.

But when our diſunion was moſt evident, every thing changed in the moſt extraordinary manner poſſible. Sophia, on a ſudden, became as ſedentary and retired as ſhe was before diſſipated. Her temper, naturally unequal, became continually ſad and gloomy. Shut up from morning to night in her chamber, without ſpeaking, without weeping, without regarding any one, ſhe could not bear to be interrupted. Even her female friend became inſupportable to her: ſhe told her ſo, and gave her an ill reception without preventing her return: ſhe beſought me more than once to deliver her from her. I quarrelled with her for this caprice, which I attributed to jealouſy. I even told her of it one day in jeſt. "No, Sir, I am not jealous (anſwered ſhe, with a cold and decided air) but I deteſt that woman, and all I aſk of you is, that I may never ſee her." Struck with theſe words, I deſired to know the cauſe of her hatred: ſhe refuſed to anſwer me. She had already denied admittance to the huſband; I was obliged to treat the wife in the ſame manner, and we ſaw them no more.

Her melancholy, however, continued and became alarming. I began to be diſturbed by it; but how ſhould I find out the cauſe which ſhe perſiſted in concealing? I could not pretend to dictate to ſo haughty a ſoul: we had ceaſed for

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ſo long a time to be the confidents of each other, that I was little ſurpriſed ſhe diſdained to unboſom herſelf to me. It was neceſſary to merit that confidence; and whether her afflicting melancholy had re-kindled an extinguiſhed paſſion, or that the flame only waited an opportunity of blazing out afreſh, I perceived no great effort was neceſſary on my part, to ſhow her all the attentions by which I hoped to conquer her ſilence.

I quitted her no more: but it was in vain that I returned to her, and marked my return with the moſt tender anxiety; I ſaw with ſorrow that I made no advances. I attempted to reſume the privileges of a huſband, which I had too long renounced: I experienced the moſt invincible reſiſtance. It was no longer thoſe ſtimulating denials given to enhance the value of what is granted, nor yet thoſe tender and modeſt, but abſolute refuſals which intoxicated me with love while I was forced to reſpect them. They were the ſerious repulſes of a decided mind which conſiders doubt as an inſult. She reminded me with vehemence of thoſe engagements formerly entered into in your preſence. "However it may be (ſaid ſhe) with regard to me, you ſhould ſet a proper value upon yourſelf, and reſpect for ever the promiſe of Emilius. My faults do not authoriſe you to violate your own promiſes. You may puniſh me, but you cannot force me, and be aſſured I ſhall never admit your embraces." What could I anſwer, what could I do,

I do, but try to move her, to ſoften her, to conquer her obſtinacy by perſeverance? Theſe vain efforts at once excited my love and my pride. Difficulties inflamed my heart, and I made it a point of honour to ſurmount them. Never, perhaps, after ten years of marriage, and after ſo long an eſtrangement, did the paſſion of a huſband blaze forth with more violence. I never, during the firſt ardour of my paſſion, ſhed ſo many tears at her feet: yet all was in vain—ſhe remained inexorable.

I was as much ſurpriſed as afflicted, knowing well that this inflexibility of heart was not natural to her. I was not diſheartened; and, if I did not overcome her obſtinacy, I imagined I ſaw in it leſs averſion. Some ſigns of ſorrow and pity tempered the bitterneſs of her refuſals; I ſometimes thought it was with pain ſhe denied me—her languid eyes let fall on me ſome looks not leſs ſorrowful, but leſs wild, and which ſeemed to indicate compaſſion. I ſuppoſed that the ſhame of ſuch exceſſive caprice rendered her ſo obdurate, that ſhe perſevered as not being able to excuſe herſelf, and that perhaps ſhe waited only for a little compulſion, that ſhe might ſeem to give to force what ſhe dared not now beſtow of herſelf. Struck with an idea which flattered my deſires, I gave myſelf up to it with tranſport; I wiſhed to pay this additional attention to her that I might ſpare her the embarraſſment of yielding after ſo long a reſiſtance.

One day, when carried away by deſire, I joined to the moſt tender ſupplications the moſt ardent careſſes; I ſaw ſhe was moved, I endeavoured to complete my victory. Oppreſſed and palpitating, ſhe was near yielding; when on a ſudden, changing her air and whole deportment, ſhe puſhed me back with inexpreſſible violence and agitation, and beholding me with an eye which fury and deſpair rendered dreadful—"Hold Emilius (ſaid ſhe) and know that I am no longer your's; another has defiled your bed—I am with child—our perſons ſhall never be united—" and, ruſhing with impetuoſity into her cloſet, ſhe ſhut the door.

I remain confounded.——

My friend, this is not the hiſtory of the events of my life; they are little worthy to be related; it is the hiſtory of my paſſions, of my feelings, of my ideas. Suffer me to ſpeak at large of the moſt terrible revolution that ever my heart experienced.

The greater wounds of the mind, as well as of the body, do not bleed the moment they are given, nor is the pain they occaſion immediately felt. Nature collects all her force to ſuſtain its violence, and the mortal wound is often given before it is felt. At this unexpected ſcene, at theſe words which my ears ſeemed to ſhut out, I remain motionleſs, annihilated; my eyes cloſe, a deadly cold runs through my veins; without fainting, I feel all my ſenſes benumbed, all my faculties ſuſpended; an univerſal anarchy reigns

in my mind, like the chaotick appearance of a changing theatre, when the preſent ſcene diſappears to give place to a new creation.

I am ignorant how long I remained in this ſituation, on my knees, and without daring to move, leſt I ſhould diſcover that all which had happened was not a dream. I wiſh that this ſtate of ſtupefaction had laſted for ever. Being rouſed at length, my firſt ſenſation was an inexplicable horror for every thing that ſurrounded me. I riſe immediately, I ruſh out of the room and down ſtairs, without ſeeing any thing, without ſpeaking to any one; I get out into the ſtreet, and, with haſty ſtrides, fly away with the rapidity of a ſtag, which thinks to avoid, by his velocity, the dart he carries buried in his ſide.

Thus I ran without ſtopping, without moderating my flight, into a publick garden. The ſight of day, and of the heavens, was a burthen to me; I ſought for darkneſs under the trees: at length, being out of breath, I let myſelf fall, half dead, upon the graſs—Where am I? What is become of me? What have I heard? What a cataſtrophe? Madman! what a chimera have you followed? Love, honour, faith, virtue, what is become of you? The elevated, the noble Sophia, is nothing but a proſtitute! This exclamation, extorted by deſpair, was followed by ſuch agonies of mind, that, choaked with my ſobs, my breath and utterance remained ſuſpended. Had it not been for the ſtorm of paſſion

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that followed, this agony would have ſtrangled me. O who could expreſs that conflict of different ſenſations, which ſhame, love, rage, ſorrow, pity, jealouſy, raiſed all at once in my mind. No, ſuch a ſituation, ſuch a war of paſſions, cannot be deſcribed. The intoxications of extreme joy, which by an uniform progreſſion ſeems to dilate, and, as it were, rarefy our whole being, we eaſily conceive. But when exceſſive anguiſh aſſembles in the breaſt of a ſingle wretch all the furies of hell; when, wounded on every ſide by a thouſand different ſtings, he feels all without being able to diſtinguiſh any; when torn a hundred different ways, by a hundred different cords—multiplied in his ſufferings, he ſeems to loſe the unity of his being, and every ſingle torment takes up his whole exiſtence. Such was my ſituation, and ſuch it remained during ſeveral hours—How ſhall I picture it to you? Volumes would be neceſſary to deſcribe the ſufferings of every ſingle inſtant. Happy mortals! you, whoſe narrow and frozen minds are inſenſible to every thing but the viciſſitudes of fortune, undiſturbed by every paſſion but the deſire of gain, may you always conſider this dreadful ſtate as a fiction, and never experience the cruel torments, which the diſunion of more worthy attachments occaſions, in hearts capable of feeling them.

Our powers are bounded, and all violent emotions have their intervals. In one of thoſe moments of ſuſpenſion, when nature prepares herſelf

ſelf for new ſufferings, I happened to think on a ſudden of my youth—of you, my friend—of your inſtructions. I recollected that I was a man, and I aſked myſelf immediately, What injury have I ſuffered in my perſon? What crime have I committed? What part of myſelf have I loſt? If at this moment I were to fall, ſuch as I am, from the clouds to commence my exiſtence, could I conſider myſelf as an unhappy being? This reflexion, quicker than lightening, illumined my mind for an inſtant: I ſoon loſt this light, but it was ſufficient to diſcover me to myſelf. I ſaw myſelf clearly in my place: the uſe I made of this moment of reaſon was to learn that I was incapable of reaſoning. The dreadful agitation that reigned in my mind prevented me from taking notice of any object: I was not in a condition to ſee any thing, to compare, to deliberate, to reſolve, to judge. All attempts, therefore, to diſcover by deliberation what was beſt to be done, would have been but an uſeleſs torment; they would have aggravated my ſufferings to no purpoſe, and my only care was to gain time, that I might compoſe my ſenſes and ſettle my imagination. I believe this is the only thing you could have done yourſelf had you been preſent to inſtruct me. Determined to let the fury of thoſe paſſions ſubſide which I could not overcome, I ſet about this reſolution with a kind of voluptuous deſperation, as having removed all the obſtacles to my grief. I riſe with precipitation, I proceed to walk as

before without following any determinate path: I run, I wander different ways; I give up my body to all the agitation of my mind; I follow its ſuggeſtion without reſtraint; I put myſelf out of breath, and, increaſing the difficulty of reſpiration by the frequency of my ſighs, I feel myſelf at times on the point of ſuffocation.

The violence of this exerciſe diverted my pain, by ſuſpending my feelings. Inſtinct, in violent paſſions, ſuggeſts certain exclamations, motions, and geſtures, which give vent to the ſpirits, and turn the tide of paſſion another way. Agitation is but a ſymptom of rage. A gloomy ſilence is more to be dreaded; it is the neighbour of deſpair. That very night, I experienced this difference in a manner almoſt to be laughed at; if any thing, that ſhows the folly and miſery of mankind, could appear ſo to man.

After innumerable wanderings, of which I was altogether unconſcious, I found myſelf in the middle of the city, ſurrounded by carriages, in the neighbourhood of a theatre, and about the hour of its opening. I ſhould have been trampled upon by the crowd, if ſomebody, who pulled me by the arm, had not told me of my danger: I throw myſelf into a door that was open; it was a coffee-houſe. I was there accoſted by people of my acquaintance, who, after telling me I know not what, carry me I know not where. Struck with the ſound of muſick and the ſplendour of the lights, I come to myſelf, I open my eyes and look about me: I find myſelf

ſelf in the pit, on the night of a firſt repreſentation, preſſed by the crowd, and unable to get out.

I trembled; but I reſigned myſelf to my ſituation; I ſaid nothing; I preſerved an air of apparent tranquillity however dear it coſt me. The noiſe was great, and of the perſons ſpeaking on all ſides of me, ſome addreſſed themſelves to me; underſtanding nothing, what anſwer could I give? But one of thoſe who had brought me there, having accidentally mentioned my wife, at this fatal name, I ſent forth a piercing cry which was heard by all the aſſembly, and occaſioned much noiſe. I quickly compoſed myſelf, and every thing was quiet. However, having by this cry attracted the attention of thoſe who ſtood round me, I ſought the moment of eſcape, and, drawing near the door by degrees, I at length got out before they had finiſhed.

On entering the ſtreet, happening to look at my hand, which I had kept in my boſom during the whole repreſentation, I ſaw that my fingers were ſtained with blood, and I thought I felt ſome trickling down my breaſt. I open my boſom, I look, I find it bloody and lacerated like the heart it encloſed. You may eaſily imagine that a ſpectator, undiſturbed, in ſuch circumſtances, was no very good judge of the piece he had ſeen performed.

I quickened my pace, trembling leſt I ſhould be again met with; night favouring my wanderings, I ſet about walking the ſtreets a ſecond

time, as if to make amends for the reſtraint I had juſt experienced. I wandered for ſeveral hours without reſting one moment; at length, being hardly able to ſupport myſelf, and finding that I was near home, I enter, not without a dreadful palpitation of the heart. I aſk where my ſon is, I am told he is aſleep; I remain ſilent and ſigh; my ſervants wiſh to ſpeak to me; I command them to be ſilent; I throw myſelf on my bed, and deſire them all to go to reſt. After a few hours repoſe, worſe than the agitation of the preceding day, I riſe before it is light, and croſſing the apartments without noiſe, come to Sophia's chamber, there, unable to reſtrain myſelf, with the moſt deſpicable meanneſs, I cover with a thouſand kiſſes, and bathe with a torrent of tears, the threſhold of her door; retreating then with the fear and precaution of a guilty perſon, I walk quietly out of the houſe, reſolved never to re-enter it.

Here ended my violent but ſhort-lived folly, and I again recover my ſenſes. I even believe that I did right in yielding in the beginning to a paſſion which I could not conquer, that I might govern it afterwards when its firſt violence ſhould be ſpent. The impulſe, by which I was now governed, diſpoſing me to compaſſion, rage was ſucceeded by melancholy, and I ſaw too plainly the profoundeſt affliction engraven in indelible characters in the bottom of my heart. I advanced, however, and removed from the dreadful place, leſs rapidly than the day before, but more

more directly. I got out of the city, and following the firſt high road journeyed on with ſlow and faultering ſteps, which ſhowed weakneſs and dejection. As the day began to diſcover the objects around me, I thought I ſaw another ſky, another earth, another world; to me every thing was changed. I was no longer the ſame perſon as the day before—or rather I was now no more; it was my own death I had to lament. O! how many delicious recollections beſieged my afflicted heart, and forcing it to give place to their delightful images, ended in all the bitterneſs of unavailing regret! All my paſt enjoyments aggravated the ſenſation of my preſent loſſes, and tormented me more now than they had ever given me pleaſure. Ah! how dreadful the change experienced by him who falls in an inſtant from the height of bliſs to the deepeſt abyſs of mercy, and paſſes that immenſe interval without a moment's preparation! Yeſterday, even yeſterday, at the feet of an adored wife, I was the happieſt of mortals; it was love that ſubjected me to her laws—that kept me in her dependence: her tyrannick power was the effect of my paſſion, and I was even happy in her cruelties.

Why was it not given me to paſs the courſe of ages in this too charming ſtate—to eſteem—to reſpect—to cheriſh her—to deplore her tyranny—to endeavour to move her, without ever ſucceeding—to demand, implore, ſupplicate—to aſk without end, and never to obtain any thing.

Thoſe times, thoſe delicious times of expected kindneſs, of deceitful hope, were equal to the days of certainty and enjoyment, Now, hated, betrayed, diſhonoured, without hope, without reſource, I have not even the conſolation of daring to wiſh that . . . . . I ſtopped, ſeiſed with horrour at the object to be ſubſtituted in the place of her whoſe charms had filled my ſoul. To behold Sophia diſhonoured and deſpicable! What eyes could bear ſuch a profanation? My moſt cruel torment was not the contemplation of my own miſery, but the neceſſity of aſſociating with it, the infamy of her who had cauſed it: this diſtreſſing idea was the only one I could not ſupport.

The wild inſenſibility of my ſorrows had ſecured me the day before from this dreadful image; I thought of nothing but of ſuffering. But in proportion as the reflexions that tormented me arranged themſelves in my mind, compelled to trace them to their ſource, I pictured to myſelf, againſt my will, this fatal object. The weakneſs I diſcovered in departing, too well ſhowed the unworthy deſire I had to return. The hatred ſhe merited required not ſo great an effort, as the diſdain which muſt accompany it; to renounce her would have been eaſy, had I not been obliged to deſpiſe her.

My firſt reflexions on her were ſevere: if the infidelity of an ordinary woman be a crime, what name ſhall we give it in her? Low minds are not debaſed by vile actions, they remain the

ſame; they cannot be diſgraced, becauſe they cannot ſink lower than they are. The adulteries of the women of the world are no more than gallantries; but Sophia an adultereſs is the moſt odious of all monſters; the diſtance between what ſhe was, and what ſhe is, is immenſe. No! there is no diſgrace, no crime equal to her's.

"But I who accuſe her (reſumed I) and that but too juſtly, as it is me ſhe has offended; as it is to me ſhe has ungratefully given a mortal ſtab, what right have I to judge her ſo ſeverely, before I am judged myſelf, before I know what ſhare of her faults I ſhould reproach myſelf with? You accuſe her of being no more the ſame! O, Emilius! and are you not changed? How different from your former was your late behaviour to her! Ah! her inconſtancy has been occaſioned by your's. She ſwore to be faithful to you; and did not you ſwear to adore her for ever? You abandon her, and you expect that ſhe will be faithful; you deſpiſe her, and you wiſh to be always honoured by her. It is your coldneſs, your forgetfulneſs, your indifference that have torn you from her heart; to be always loved it is neceſſary to be always amiable. She only violated her engagements by your example; you ſhould not have neglected her, and ſhe would never have betrayed you.

What cauſe of complaint did ſhe give you, in that retreat, where you found her, and where you ſhould always have left her? What coolneſs did you remark in her affections? Was it

at her requeſt you removed her from that happy ſpot? She quitted it, you know, with mortal regret. The tears ſhe ſhed there were more pleaſing to her than the idle amuſements of the city. She there paſſed her innocent life in making your's happy: but ſhe loved you better than her own tranquillity; after having endeavoured to keep you, ſhe quitted every thing to follow you. It is you, who, from the boſom of peace and virtue, drew her into that abyſs of vice and miſery, into which you plunged yourſelf. Alas! her fidelity and your happineſs depended on yourſelf alone.

O, Emilius! you have ruined her; you ſhould hate yourſelf and pity her; but what right have you to deſpiſe her? Are you yourſelf without reproach? Has the world made no change in your mind? You have not ſhared her infidelity, but have you not prepared an excuſe for it by ceaſing to honour her virtue? Did you not occaſion it by living in a place where virtue is held in deriſion, where women would bluſh to be chaſte, where the only reward of female honour is to be laughed at and diſbelieved? Was the fidelity, which you have not violated, expoſed to the ſame dangers? Have you, like her, that conſtitution of fire, which gives birth to the greateſt weakneſſes as well as to the greateſt virtues? Have you the excuſe of a frame, the workmanſhip of love, expoſed to dangers by its charms, and to temptations by its feelings? O how the ſituation of ſuch a woman is to be pitied!

tied! How muſt not ſhe combat, without breathing, without ceaſing, againſt others, againſt herſelf! What invincible courage, what obſtinate reſiſtance, what heroick firmneſs are neceſſary to her! What dangerous victories has not ſhe to gain every day, without any other witneſs of her triumphs than Heaven and her own heart! And after ſo many glorious years thus paſſed in ſufferings, in ſtruggles, in inceſſant victories—one moment of weakneſs—one ſingle inſtant of remiſſneſs and inadvertency—ſullies for ever that ſpotleſs life, and diſhonours ſo many virtues. Hapleſs woman! Alas! one moment of errour is the cauſe of your misfortunes and mine. Yes, her heart remained undefiled, every thing convinces me of it. I know it too well to be miſtaken. Ah! who knows into what ſnares the perfidious artifices of a vicious woman, jealous of her virtues, may have drawn her innocent ſimplicity? Did I not perceive her regret, her repentance in her eyes? Was it not her melancholy that brought me to her feet? Was it not her moving ſorrows that reſtored me all my tenderneſs? Ah! this is not the artful conduct of an unfaithful woman, that deceives her huſband, and triumphs in her treachery!

Reflecting afterwards on all the particular circumſtances of her conduct and her aſtoniſhing declaration, what were my ſenſations to ſee the moſt timid and modeſt of her ſex overcome ſhame by candour—reject an eſteem which her heart belied—diſdain to preſerve my confidence

and her reputation by hiding a fault which nothing obliged her to diſcloſe—or by covering it with careſſes which ſhe rejected, and afraid to uſurp my paternal tenderneſs for a child that was not mine? How I admired the invincible haughtineſs of courage, which, at the price of honour and life, could not deſcend to a falſehood, and preſerved, even in guilt, the intrepid audacity of virtue! Yes (ſaid I to myſelf with ſecret approbation) though covered with infamy, this exalted ſoul preſerves all her vigour, ſhe is guilty without being vile; ſhe has committed a fault, but could never deſcend to meanneſs.

Thus, by degrees, the inclination of my heart brought me to paſs a judgement in her favour, more mild and more ſupportable. Without juſtifying, I excuſed her; without pardoning her faults, I applauded her good conduct. I pleaſed myſelf with theſe ſentiments; I could not get rid of all my love, and to retain it without eſteem would have been cruel. As ſoon as I thought I owed her any, I felt an unexpected relief. Man is too weak to ſupport emotions of extreme violence for any conſiderable time. In the height of deſpair Providence prepares for us ſome particle of conſolation. Notwithſtanding the horrour of my ſituation, I felt a kind of joy in conſidering Sophia as eſtimable and unhappy; unable to conſider her with indifference, I embraced with pleaſure every reaſon that ſeemed to juſtify my partiality. Inſtead of the gloomy ſorrow which before preyed on me, I had the

pleaſure

pleaſure of melting into tears. She is loſt to me for ever: I know it (ſaid I;) but at leaſt I ſhall dare to think again of her, I ſhall dare to mourn for her, I ſhall dare, at times, to lament, and ſigh without bluſhing.

However, I had continued my journey, and, diſtracted with theſe ideas, I had walked all day without being conſciouus of it; till coming at length to myſelf, and not being ſupported by the reſentment of the preceding day, I perceived myſelf ſo weak and ſpent, as to require nouriſhment and reſt. Thanks to the exerciſes of my youth, I was robuſt and ſtrong. I dreaded, neither hunger nor fatigue; but my afflicted mind had tormented my body, and you had guarded me better againſt violent paſſions than you had taught me, to ſupport them. It was with difficulty I reached a village, which was yet a league off. As it was near thirty ſix hours ſince I had taſted any thing, I ſupped, and with appetite; I went to reſt, delivered from thoſe horrours which had tormented me, conſtant in daring to think of Sophia, and almoſt joyful in imagining her leſs disfigured, and more worthy of my regret than I had hoped.

My fatigues gave way to a ſound ſleep, which laſted without interruption till morning. The pangs of ſorrow, the attacks of misfortune, reſpect the hours of repoſe; remorſe alone forbids, or poiſons that neceſſary relaxation. When I aroſe, I felt myſelf in a ſtate of mind ſufficiently calm for deliberation, and haſtened

to conſider what reſolution I ſhould take. This was the moſt memorable, as well as the moſt cruel period of my life. Every tie broken, every duty transferred, every relation altered, nothing remained, with regard to me, of what it was before, and I became in a manner a new being. That a determination of ſo much importance might not want ſufficient time for reflection, I continued my journey to the next town, and finding out a maſter carpenter began to work at my trade, till the fermentation of my ſpirits ſhould totally ſubſide, and the medium be removed through which I at preſent ſaw every object.

Never did I more ſtrongly feel the power of Education than at this dreadful moment. Born with a ſenſibility yielding to the ſlighteſt attack, with a mind open to every alarm, and irreſolute under every preſſure, I became, after the firſt ſhock was over, fully maſter of myſelf, and capable of conſidering my own ſituation with as much tranquillity as that of any other perſon. Docile to the law of neceſſity, I forbore all unavailing murmurs; I bowed my will beneath the inevitable yoke; I renounced all relation to every thing that was paſt, I conſidered my preſent ſituation as the commencement of a new life, and looking up to it for the rules of my future conduct, in hopes that a little time would make me acquainted with them, I betook myſelf quietly to work, as if I had been the happieſt of men.

To give up myſelf entirely to whatever object I am employed upon; never to do one thing and let my thoughts wander to another, which indeed is no better than doing nothing and being now here; this, of all your ſalutary leſſons, made the greateſt impreſſion on me even from my infancy. All the day therefore I attended to nothing but my work; at night I reſumed my reflexions, and by this alternation of mental and corporeal exerciſe, I employed all the ſources of both, without exhauſting the vigour of either.

The firſt night, purſuing the thread of my ideas of the evening before, I examined whether I might not lay too great a ſtreſs on the crime of a woman, and whether what I conceived to be an irremediable calamity was not an accident too common to call forth emotions ſo violent. "It is certain (ſaid I) that wherever any attention is paid to the morals of the people, the wife's infidelity reflects diſhonour on the huſband: but it is no leſs certain, that in great cities, and wherever elſe men think themſelves more enlightened, only becauſe they are more depraved, ſuch a puniſhment appears ridiculous and unjuſt." Is the huſband's honour, ſay they, in the poſſeſſion of his wife? Can his misfortune render him criminal, or the vices of another perſon involve his diſgrace? The contrary opinion may boaſt ſuperior ſtrictneſs; this is more conformable to reaſon.

Beſides,

Beſides, what judgement ſoever may be paſſed upon my actions, was I not, ſyſtematically and by principle, above publick opinion? what ſignified to me the approbation of others, ſo long as by juſtice, honour, humanity, I merited my own? Was it a crime to be merciful? a diſgrace to pardon an offenſe? What new rule of action was I going to adopt? Had I ſo long deſpiſed the prejudices of the world, to make a ſacrifice to it at laſt of my happineſs.

And though theſe prejudices were never ſo well founded, how could they take effect in a caſe ſo different from all others? What reſemblance between the ſelf-devoted victim of deſpair in one, from whom remorſe alone extorts an avowal of her crime, and thoſe unprincipled females, who cover their guilt with hypocriſy and fraud; or, exchanging candour for effrontery, make a boaſt of their diſhonour? The woman who is depraved in principle, and who deſpiſes her duty at the ſame time that ſhe violates it, is unworthy of the ſlighteſt indulgence, and to tolerate her infamy is to ſhare in it. But ſhe who, though ſullied with the *crime*, is not degraded by the *habit*, and whoſe fault is exceeded by her repentance, is an object rather of compaſſion than of hatred: we may both pity and pardon her without reproach: nay, her tranſgreſſion in one inſtance will be her ſecurity in all others. Sophia, reſpectable in ſpite of her crime, will be venerable in her repentance; the pangs a heart like her's muſt have felt, in its departure

departure from virtue, will inſure her future fidelity; to the firmneſs which preſerves female honour, ſhe will add the modeſty that makes it amiable; the bitterneſs of repentance will humble that proud heart, and lighten the weight of that authority, which love gave her over me; ſhe will be at once more gentle in its exerciſe, and more ſtudious of its maintenance: in a word, the commiſſion of a ſingle fault will ſerve to cure her of an habitual defect.

When the heart is barred againſt the paſſions, while they preſent themſelves in their own form, they put on the maſk of wiſdom, and attack us by ſurpriſe; they borrow the language of reaſon to ſeduce us from her maxims. Their ſophiſtry in the preſent caſe impoſed on me, only becauſe it flattered my inclination. I wiſhed to find or make a return to Sophia poſſible, guilty as ſhe was; and whatever ſeemed to authoriſe the degenerate wiſh was heard with complacency; ſtill my reaſon, leſs tractable than my heart, refuſed to adopt theſe illuſions. I was conſcious that I ſought ſuch arguments to cloud my underſtanding, not to enlighten it. Reſuming my fortitude, though with many painful efforts, I recollected that the maxims of the world have no authority over the man who conſtitutes himſelf the judge of his own actions, and that if a choice muſt be made between contradictory prejudices, thoſe which favour virtue have an additional prejudice on their ſide: that the wife's irregularities are juſtly imputable

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to the huſband, either for having made an ill choice of his partner, or an ill uſe of his authority; that the juſtice of ſuch an imputation was confirmed by my own example, and that if Emilius had never erred, Sophia had never fallen; that it is juſtly to be preſumed that the woman who reſpects not herſelf will reſpect her huſband if he merits it, and knows how to preſerve his authority; that his fault in not preventing the diſorderly conduct of his wife is aggravated by the infamy of tolerating it; that impunity in ſuch inſtances draws after it conſequences the moſt fatal, and betrays in the perſon who allows it a ſtupid diſregard of all that is valuable, and a meanneſs of ſpirit deſerving univerſal contempt.

Above all, when I brought theſe conſiderations home to my own caſe, I perceived that what rendered it deſperate, was not ſo much what Sophia had loſt of her worth, as what ſhe retained of it: ſhe whom weakneſs betrays, or forgetfulneſs leads aſtray, may acquire force from her huſband's ſupport, or recover her reaſon by his remonſtrances; but how reclaim her, whoſe ſpirit is unbroken by her crime, who is conſcious of the merit ſhe retains, as well as of the virtue ſhe violates, and who errs only in ſuch manner and meaſure as ſhe pleaſes. Yes, Sophia is guilty, becauſe ſhe wiſhed to be ſo. Since that proud heart has triumphed over ſhame, it might have conquered any other paſſion: it would not have required a greater effort to

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perſevere in fidelity, than to confeſs the violation of it.

In vain ſhould I return to my wife; ſhe can never return to me. If the woman who loved me, and whom I loved ſo ardently, ſo fondly, has been capable of injuring me in this point—if my Sophy has torn aſunder the firſt attachments of her heart—if ſhe has made the firſt breach in the nuptial faith till then whole and unviolated—if the fervour of love unoffended, the pride of virtue unreproached, have not been able to prevent her firſt fault, what will prevent her relapſe? In the path of vice the firſt ſtep is the only painful one; the reſt are not only without remorſe, but almoſt without reflexion. She has nothing now to preſerve; neither love, nor virtue, nor eſteem; nothing to loſe by offending me, not even the regret that accompanies a firſt offenſe. She knows my heart; ſhe knows ſhe has already made me as wretched as I can ever be; what matters it then to her how often ſhe repeats the blow.

Ah! I know *her's* too: No! never will Sophia love the man whom ſhe has furniſhed with a right of deſpiſing her——She loves me, then, no longer—No! ſhe ſaid ſo herſelf.—Ah falſe one! there, there is the worſt and greateſt of all your crimes! All the reſt I could have forgiven you; but *that* I never can.

Alas! reſumed I, in all the bitterneſs of recollection, I talk of forgiving, and reflect not that the offender never can forgive, though the

the offended may. If her hatred is proportioned to the miſery ſhe hath brought on me—heavens! what muſt the extent of that hatred be!

Ah, Emilius! you judge of the future by the paſt; but how much are you miſtaken! Every thing is changed: in vain would you take her again to your boſom; the happy days you gave each other are fled for ever. You can no more find your Sophia, nor your Sophia her Emilius. Our ſituations are what the mind makes them; or, if things remain the ſame, the eyes with which we ſee them are different.

Her heart is not corrupted; I know it: ſhe may yet merit my eſteem, poſſeſs all my tenderneſs, and reſtore me her whole affections; but ſhe cannot undo what ſhe has already done, nor blot out her crime from my memory and her own. Fidelity, virtue, love, every thing may return except that unbounded confidence without which regret, diſguſt, and deſpair are the inſeparable attendants of the marriage ſtate. The charm of innocence is fled; it is over; whether with me or without me happineſs is for ever fled from Sophia, from me who can be happy only while ſhe is ſo. This ſingle conſideration determines me; better be wretched at a diſtance than ſuffer in her preſence; better lament her abſence than be the cauſe of her miſery. Yes, every tie that united us is broken, and broken by her. When ſhe violated her own engagements ſhe cancelled mine; ſhe is no longer mine; did ſhe not ſay this, too, herſelf? She is no longer

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my wife; and can I bear to ſee her any thing elſe? No! never will I again behold her. I am free; at leaſt ſhould be ſo: why is not my heart as much diſengaged as my faith?

And yet ſhall my wrongs go unrevenged? If the faithleſs woman loves another, can I gratify her more than by ridding her of myſelf? It is myſelf I puniſh, not her: I fulfill her wiſhes at my own expence. Is this the reſentment of injured honour? Is this juſtice? Is this vengeance?

Vengeance! Ah, wretch! on whom? On her whoſe unhappineſs alone forms your deſpair. Be not the victim of your own reſentment. Inflict on her, if you can, any puniſhment that will not reach yourſelf. There are crimes for which no penalty is ſevere enough, except the remorſe that attends them; to puniſh is in ſome ſort to authoriſe them. Would not the cruelty of the huſband abſolve the fidelity of the wife? Beſides, by what right, or what title, could you puniſh her? No longer her huſband, how can you be her judge? When ſhe violated the duties, ſhe renounced the privileges, of a wife. By forming new connexions, ſhe has diſſolved your's: nor did ſhe in this deſcend to any diſguiſe; ſhe ſcorned to affect a virtue ſhe no longer poſſeſſed: you can neither accuſe her of hypocriſy nor deceit; when ſhe ceaſed to be wholly your's, ſhe avowed a total ſeparation from you; what further authority can you have over her? If you had any, you ſhould renounce it

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for your own ſake. No! be kind through policy, and merciful out of vengeance: guard againſt your reſentment, or it will lay you in chains at her feet.

Thus goaded at once by vengeance, and ſoothed by love, what ſtruggles had I to engage with, before I could form any reſolution; and when I thought myſelf firmly and finally determined, a new reflection overturned all. The idea of my ſon awoke all my tenderneſs for his mother, and wound it up to a pitch it had never reached before. I perceived that this common centre of both our affections would for ever make a ſeparation between us impoſſible, that children form an indiſſoluble tie between the authors of their being, and conſtitute a natural and invincible barrier againſt divorce. When both remain for ever bound to the ſame dear object, how can either be detached from the other? United, then, in one common intereſt, they are ſociety ſufficient to each other, if they have no ſociety beſides. But, ſince this conſideration pleads ſo powerfully for the mother of my ſon, let me apply it to the mother of an infant in whom I have no ſhare. What! ſhall nature herſelf lend a ſanction to guilt, and ſhall my wife, by dividing her tenderneſs between her two ſons, be forced to divide her attachment between their two fathers! This reflection, more dreadful than all the reſt, raiſed a new flame in my boſom; the furies again took poſſeſſion of my heart, and tortured me with the idea

idea of this horrible partition. Yes! puniſh my ſon, rather than ſhare Sophia's tenderneſs with the child of another! Stung by this conſideration, and at laſt entirely alienated from her, I formed a reſolution never to be recalled, and, to preclude all doubt, put an end to all deliberation.

This determination extinguiſhed totally my reſentment. Conſidering her as dead to me, I forgot her guilt, to think only of her ſufferings and her worth: I overlooked her crime, to contemplate with a melancholy ſatisfaction the happineſs I had loſt. Confirming myſelf in theſe diſpoſitions, I reſolved to ſoften my treatment of her with every circumſtance that could conſole a forſaken wife; for let my thoughts, under the impulſe of paſſion, or her declarations in the moment of deſpair, be what they might, I knew I ſtill poſſeſſed a place in heart, and that my loſs would be her greateſt affliction. The firſt effect of our ſeparation ſhould be the removal of my ſon. I ſhuddered at the thought, and, after having ſearched in vain for a puniſhment ſufficiently ſevere, the very thought of this one overpowered me. In vain did I inſiſt that my child would ſoon be replaced by another, in vain turn the whole current of jealouſy on the odious intruder; all this was nothing when oppoſed to the deſpair of Sophia torn from her darling. I triumphed however over my compaſſion; I formed, after many a heart-rending ſtruggle, the cruel reſolution, and

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dering it as a neceſſary conſequence of my firſt determination, of the propriety of which I was convinced, would have carried it, in ſpite of my own repugnance, into execution, had not an unforeſeen incident forced me to examine it anew.

One thing more remained to be conſidered, but that I looked upon as nothing, after the diſcuſſion I had gone through. Fixed, with regard to Sophia, I had only to determine with regard to myſelf, thus caſt out to ſolitude, and ſtanding ſingle in the univerſe: I had long ceaſed to be a ſolitary being: my heart, bound, as you foretold me, in the chains it forged for itſelf, was accuſtomed to compoſe along with my family but one individual whole. I found it now neceſſary to burſt thoſe bonds aſunder; in part at leaſt, and that was worſe than a total deſtruction. What a deſert in the boſom, when the heart, after reſting ſo long on ſo many different objects, finds nothing at laſt to repoſe upon but itſelf; or, what is worſe, when ſomewhat remains which inceſſantly reminds us of what we have loſt. This was the time to ſhow whether I could ſtill fill as I ought my place in the world, now when no one was intereſted in my being but myſelf.

But, connected no longer by any relation, how could I have any place? What ſhould I do, whither ſhould I go, how employ a life that could no longer be a ſource of happineſs to myſelf or aught dear to me; a life curſed by fate

with the incapacity of contributing, even in hope, to the advantage of any one? For if the means of happineſs with which I was furniſhed had only worked my ruin, could I expect to ſucceed better for another, than you had for me? I loved my duty ſtill, but I knew not yet what that duty was. To collect its rules, determine its principles, and to apply them to my new exiſtence, was not the buſineſs of a moment, and after ſo much fatigue my mind required ſome little repoſe, before it launched out into new meditations.

I had made no inconſiderable advance towards tranquillity. Relieved from the anxiety of hope, and ſure ſoon to be ſo from that of deſire, conſidering the paſt as having no relation to me, I endeavoured to put myſelf entirely in the ſituation of a man who begins to live. I reminded myſelf that in reality we never do more than begin, and that our exiſtence is nothing more than a ſucceſſion of preſent moments, each of which, while it paſſes, is the firſt. We die and are born every moment of our lives, and what connexion can death leave behind it. If nothing exiſts for us but that which has not yet exiſted, we can be happy or unhappy only by the future, and to be wretched for what is paſt, is to call forth occaſions of miſery from the abyſs of non-exiſtence. Re-commence your exiſtence, Emilius, and you ſhall have as little to reproach fortune with, as nature. Your misfortunes are annihilated; they ceaſe to exiſt; but what exiſts, what ſurvives, what

what acquires new vigour, if you will, is, your life, your health, your youth, your talents, your knowledge, your virtues, and of conſequence your happineſs.

I reſumed my work, till my ideas ſhould be ſo far ſettled, as to point out to me the path I had to purſue; yet, to compare my preſent condition with that which preceded it, I was in perfect tranquillity; an advantage which, independent of external circumſtances, the man who conforms his actions to the dictates of reaſon muſt always enjoy. When you ſubmit your heart to this ſalutary reſtraint, if you are not happy in ſpite of fortune, you will at leaſt be compoſed. But, alas! how ſlight the foundation of that compoſure, in a heart ſo little maſter of its feelings as mine! To reach it is eaſy; the difficulty is to keep it. I had like to have ſeen all my reſolutions overturned, the moment I thought them ſettled moſt firmly.

I had excited little notice at my enterance into the family of my new maſter. I always preſerved in my dreſs that ſimplicity of which you had taught me the value: my manners were not leſs plain; and the unembarreſſed air of a man, who, fitted for every ſituation, finds every ſituation his own, was leſs ſtrange to a carpenter than it would have been to a nobleman. Still it was eaſy to ſee, by my appearance, that I was not a common hireling; but from the manner in which I ſet about my work, they concluded I had formerly been one, and that, after being

raiſed to ſome little place, I had fallen from it to reſume my trade. When the petty favourites of fortune return to their primitive obſcurity, they ſeldom meet with much compaſſion; ſo I was without difficulty admitted to the terms of equality I demanded. On a ſudden, I obſerved the behaviour of the whole family change. Their familiarity was checked by reſerve; at work they gazed on me with a kind of aſtoniſhment; all I did in the work-ſhop (and I did every thing better than the maſter himſelf) excited admiration; every motion, every geſture had its obſervers. They ſtrove to reſume their uſual behaviour, but it had no longer the ſame eaſe as before, and one might have ſaid it was their increaſing reſpect that hindered them from being more reſpectful. My whole mind being occupied with my own ideas, I did not ſo ſoon perceive the change as I ſhould otherwiſe have done; but the habit of confining my attention to whatever I am employed upon, bringing me quickly back to the objects around me, ſoon gave me to underſtand that I was become to theſe good folks an object of curioſity not a little intereſting.

I obſerved in particular, that the woman of the houſe never took her eyes off me. An adventurer, being in ſome ſort the property of the other ſex, has a ſuperiour claim to their attention. At every motion of my chiſel ſhe ſeemed affrighted, and was not a little ſurpriſed to ſee that I eſcaped without hurt. "Miſtreſs (ſaid I to her once) I ſee you have an ill opinion of my

dexterity; are you afraid I am not maſter of my trade?"—"You are a complete maſter (ſaid ſhe) of our's; one would ſwear you had done nothing elſe all your life." Finding myſelf detected, I wiſhed to know what gave birth to the diſcovery. After numberleſs evaſions, I learned that two days before, a young lady, alighting at the door, deſired to ſee me, but charged them by no means to inform me of her arrival; that, placing herſelf behind a glaſs door, through which ſhe had a view of me at the other end of the work-ſhop, ſhe fell on her knees, with a little boy by her ſide, whom ſhe claſped from time to time in her arms in all the agonies of deſpair; ſobs, which ſhe ſtruggled in vain to repreſs, and tears that burſt from her in torrents, were accompanied with other violent expreſſions of grief, which melted all who ſaw her; ſeveral times they ſaw her on the point of burſting into the work-ſhop, and reſtraining herſelf merely with the utmoſt violence; at laſt, after gazing on me ſome time with greater recollection, ſhe got up ſuddenly, and, preſſing the child to her boſom, "No; never (whiſpered ſhe, in a broken voice) he will never conſent to rob you of your mother. Come, we have no further buſineſs here." At theſe words ſhe retired with precipitation; then, after obtaining their promiſe to ſay nothing to me, ſhe got into her coach, and was out of ſight in an inſtant.

They added, that the compaſſion with which, in ſpite of themſelves, the amiable ſtranger had

inſpired them, kept them faithful to their promiſe; that ſhe had urged them ſo earneſtly to an obſervance of it, they could not depart from it but with regret; that they ſaw eaſily by her equipage, and ſtill more by her manner, that ſhe was a perſon of diſtinction; from her appearance and diſcourſe they could form no other concluſion but that ſhe was my wife: "It was impoſſible (ſaid they) ſhe could be the mother of my child in any other way."

Judge of what paſſed within me during this recital! How much did all this expreſs? How much more did it imply? What anxieties to ſuffer, what reſearches to make, in thus tracing out my retreat! Is this the proof of indifference or hatred? Her arrival how unaccountable, and the motive of her journey how much more ſo! In what a ſituation did ſhe find me! Alas! this was not the firſt time ſhe caught me at the ſame employment; but then her knees did not preſs the hard earth, then ſhe was not drowned in tears! Oh! happy, happy time! Whither is the angel that made it ſo fled?—What brought the woman who robbed me of it here?—Her ſon too—alas! *my* ſon!—and why?—Did ſhe come to ſee me, to ſpeak with me?—Why then that abrupt departure?—Did ſhe come to brave me?—Why thoſe tears?—What is her purpoſe?—Does ſhe come to inſult my miſery? Has ſhe forgot that ſhe and I are no more one? I ſtrove to find fault with her journey, dreading the force of the tender emotions it raiſed, dreading the

violence of the temptation I felt, which in ſpite of my reſentment, urged me to return to my forſaken Sophia. I continued there, however. I ſaw that her preſent conduct proved nothing elſe but that ſhe ſtill loved me, and this conſideration, added to thoſe I had entertained before, could make no change in my deciſion.

Examining then more at leiſure all the circumſtances of this journey, dwelling above all on her laſt words at parting, I thought I diſcovered in them the motive of her coming, and the reaſon of her abrupt departure without being ſeen. Sophia's language was plain and unſtudied; yet every word that fell from her was a ray of light to my ſoul: now in particular I found it ſo: "he will never rob you of your mother," were her laſt words. It was therefore the fear of that ſeparation which brought her, and the removal of that fear which made her return. How then were her apprehenſions removed? What had ſhe ſeen? Emilius undiſturbed—Emilius at work. What concluſion could ſhe draw from ſuch a ſight, except that Emilius, in that frame of mind, was not maſtered by his paſſions, nor capable of forming any other than a reaſonable determination. To ſeparate the infant and his mother was then unreaſonable and unjuſt in her judgement, though not ſo in mine; which of us was wrong? Sophia's laſt words decided this doubt too; and indeed could it ever have been one, if the child's advantage alone was attended to? I had only conſidered the ſeparation of the child

child from his mother, and I ſhould have conſidered the ſeparation of the mother from her child. I then was wrong. To deprive a child of his mother, at that age eſpecially, is to take from him more than you can ever give him; it is ſacrificing the infant to your hatred of the mother: it is an act of paſſion, never of reaſon, unleſs the mother is an ideot or unnatural. But Sophia is ſuch a mother as my ſon might adopt, though he had another. Either ſhe or I muſt educate him ſeparately, ſince we cannot together, or elſe, to ſatisfy my vindictive rage, I muſt rob him of both. But what could I do with him in my preſent ſituation? My reaſon is ſufficient only to ſhow me what I can or cannot do, not to enable me to do what I ought. Shall I drag an infant at that age after me to other climates; or, ſhall I keep him here to inſult, by a diſtant ſight of him, a wife whom I ought to avoid? Alas! for my own ſafety, I can never be far enough from her! Let me leave her the child, or he will bring her back the father. Let him ſtay to avenge me of her; let him recall for ever to the falſe one's memory the happineſs of which he was the pledge, and the huſband ſhe has loſt.

The reſolution of taking away my ſon from his mother was evidently the effect of reſentment. In this point only had paſſion blinded me, and it was therefore the only point of my determination from which I receded. If my family had thought like me, Sophia ſhould have educated the boy, and perhaps would be ſtill

living; perhaps too ſhe would thence forward be dead to me; conſoled thus in the dear half of her huſband, ſhe might loſe all deſire of rejoining the other, and I ſhould thus have loſt the happieſt hours of my life. By what a ſucceſſion of ſufferings were we to expiate our faults, before our re-union ſhould make us forget them!

We knew each other ſo well, that in order to gueſs the motive of her ſudden retreat, it was neceſſary for me only to reflect, that ſhe had foreſeen what the conſequence would be had we met. She knew the propriety of my intentions, but doubted my firmneſs; on the other hand, I knew equally well the ſtubborn inflexibility of that haughty and ſublime ſoul; an inflexibility which ſhe maintained even in her faults. The image of Sophia received back into favour was unſupportable to her. Her crime, ſhe knew, was of a nature never to be forgotten; ſhe would rather be puniſhed than pardoned: ſuch a pardon was no pardon to her; puniſhment itſelf debaſed her leſs in her own eyes. She thought ſhe could no otherwiſe efface her crime than by a full expiation of it, nor diſcharge what ſhe owed to juſtice but by ſuffering all ſhe had merited. Hence it was, that with an intrepid but barbarous diſregard of her ſex's decorum, ſhe declared her crime to you, to all my relations; concealing at the ſame time the circumſtances which excuſed, which juſtified it, perhaps; concealing this, I ſay, with

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ſuch unrelenting obſtinacy, that ſhe never mentioned it even to me, and that I was acquainted with it for the firſt time after her death.

Beſides, her fears of the loſs of her ſon being removed, ſhe had nothing to aſk for herſelf. Our reconciliation would be my diſhonour; and ſhe was the more careful of my honour, becauſe ſhe had now none but what ſhe derived from it. Sophia might be guilty, but the huſband of her choice ſhould be above all meanneſs. Theſe refinements of ſelf-love were peculiar to herſelf, as to trace them through all their windings was perhaps peculiar to me.

Another obligation I had to her, even after our ſeparation; and that was, her inducing me to give up an improper reſolution, which revenge had ſuggeſted. She thought more favourably of me in this reſpect than I deſerved; but I juſtified her good opinion (however erroneous at firſt) as ſoon as I reflected a little. To conſider the intereſt of my child only, I ſaw it was neceſſary to leave him with his mother, and I determined to do ſo. Confirmed as to every other point in my former ſentiments, I reſolved to remove his wretched father from the danger he had ſo lately eſcaped. As we were to ſeparate, could I make the terms of that ſeparation ſufficiently diſtant?

This ſalutary leſſon too I owed to her; I derived it from her journey; to make any advantage of it, it was neceſſary I ſhould not run the hazard of receiving it twice.

Fly then I muſt; this was the end of all my deliberation, the conſequence of all my arguments. But whither? This was the conſideration that ſtopped me; nor did I ſee that nothing could be more indifferent than the place of my exile, ſo that it was ſufficiently remote. Why deliberate ſo long on the choice of a retreat, ſeeing I could every where find the means of living or of dying, to which two points all my future views were confined? Is it not the very ideotiſm of ſelf-love to paint to us the fate of all nature hanging on every petty incident of our futile lives? To obſerve the ſuſpenſe in which I ſo long wavered, would not one be tempted to think all mankind intereſted in the choice of my retirement, and that my ſingle weight thrown into the ſcale of the univerſe, would be ſufficient to deſtroy its equilibrium. If I eſtimated my exiſtence only by its utility to my fellow-beings, I ſhould have no doubt of finding every where duties to fulfil. For whither can we fly where our obligations will not purſue us? Where is the man who loves his duty, that is at a loſs for objects of its exerciſe? I ſhould rather remind myſelf, that in all places and ſituations, the taſk of humanity awaited me, and that no perſon would have need of another, if every one lived as he ought for himſelf.

The wiſe man, attached to his preſent duties, with a noble improvidence ſcorns to look farther. Let us not anticipate our exiſtence, nor attempt any thing beyond our powers. My duties

duties of to day are my only taſk; thoſe of to-morrow are not yet come. My preſent buſineſs is to fly from Sophia, and the road by which I can do that moſt effectually is the road to be preferred. With this then I cloſe my deliberations.

Having taken this final reſolution, I ſettled in the beſt manner I could the affairs I left behind me; I wrote to you, I wrote to my family, I wrote to Sophia herſelf. I regulated every thing, and forgot only the preparations for my intended journey; but I wanted no preparations; and without ſervant, without money, and without equipage, but alſo without deſires and without care, I ſet out alone and on foot. During an exile of ſo many years, among the nations I viſited, on the ſeas I croſſed, in the deſerts I traverſed, I regretted but one thing and that was, her whom I had undertaken to fly from. If my mind had ſuffered me to be at eaſe, my body had wanted nothing.

LETTER II.

I HAVE drunk of the waters of oblivion, the paſſed is effaced from my memory, and a new world opens to my view. Theſe were my words on quitting the country of my birth, a country I bluſhed to acknowledge, and to which I owed no other return than contempt and hatred, becauſe, though entitled of myſelf to happineſs and reſpect, I derived from her and her vile inhabitants nothing but the anguiſh which devoured me, and the ignominy that accompanied it. By renouncing my attachments to a ſingle ſpot, I extended them to the whole earth, and, while I ceaſed to be a citizen, became truely a man.

In all my long travels, I have obſerved, that the difficulty of a journey conſiſts only in the diſtance of its termination. We think nothing of going a day's journey from the place where we at any time are; and why need we look forward to any thing more, ſince, by repeating our diurnal expeditions, we can get to the world's end? But while we compare both extremities, we are affrighted at the ſpace between; the parts of which it is compoſed are formidable only by accumulation; ſeparate them, and the longeſt expedition conſiſts not of journeys, but jaunts. The generality of travellers enveloped

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for ever in cuſtoms, habits, prejudices, and wants peculiar to themſelves, move, as it were, in an atmoſphere of their own, which divides them from the places through which they paſs, as from ſo many different worlds.

A Frenchman would fain carry all France along with him; as ſoon as he miſſes the ſmalleſt of his accuſtomed conveniences, he overlooks its equivalent, and believes himſelf loſt. Comparing continually what he ſees with what he has quitted, he thinks it worſe only becauſe it is not the ſame, and cannot ſleep in the Indies if his bed is not made as it was at Paris.

As to myſelf, making the ſame uſe of the object I had to ſhun, as formerly of the ſhadow in the foreſt of Montmorency, I purſued the oppoſite direction. I advanced ſlowly; but the ſmalleſt advance is conſiderable in a perſon determined not to go back. The diſtance I had reached in two days travelling precluded my return, becauſe it gave me time to reflect on my way back, in caſe I ſhould be tempted to take ſuch a reſolution. I felt my mind more at liberty, and my body more at eaſe, the farther I removed from the danger I had eſcaped. Having but one object to purſue, and one direction to follow, I continued my firſt courſe, ſometimes ſlowly, ſometimes with greater expedition, according to my convenience, my health, my inclination, my ſtrength. Carrying not about me, but within me, greater reſources than

were neceſſary for my ſubſiſtance, I was under no anxiety either for the means of travelling or the neceſſaries of life. I had no fear of robbers; my purſe as well as my paſſport was in the ſtrength of my arms. The clothes I wore, decent and ſuited to a working man, formed my whole wardrobe. As faſt as they were worn out, I replaced them without difficulty. As I carried along with me none of the uſual incumberances of travelling, and had none of that uneaſy impatience which diſtinguiſhes travellers, I attracted no attention: I paſſed every where for an inhabitant. On my arrival at the frontiers of any ſtate, I was ſeldom refuſed a paſſage, and when that happened it made but little difference to me: I ſhowed no marks of impatience, but ſet me to work as I would have done any where elſe; they might have kept me my whole life without any unwillingneſs on my part; and the little deſire I expreſſed of going never failed at laſt of procuring me a permiſſion. Nothing is ſo ſuſpicious as an air of buſineſs and ſollicitude; an unconcerned appearance inſpires confidence; I paſſed unqueſtioned becauſe every one ſaw that it made no difference to me whether I was queſtioned or not.

Whenever I found no employment at my own trade, which ſeldom happened, I turned my hand to ſomething elſe. You made me in ſome meaſure jack of all trades. At one time huſbandman, at another handicraftsman, here practiſing ſome ingenious art, there exerciſing

ciſing ſome liberal profeſſion, I had always a talent to ſerve the preſent turn, and becauſe I never preſſed myſelf on any one I wanted no other recommendation. One of the advantages of my education was, to be always taken at my word for what I profeſſed to be, and nothing more; becauſe I was unaffected in every thing, and becauſe while I occupied one place I aſked for no other. Thus I was envied in no ſituation, and acquitted myſelf well in all. If I fell ſick, an accident ſeldom to be dreaded by a perſon of my conſtitution, who avoided exceſs in every thing, in food, in anxiety, in work, in repoſe, I lay ſtill, and waited for my recovery without impatience, or my diſſolution without fear. The brute, when ſick, faſts, remains quiet, and recovers or dies; I followed the example, and had no reaſon to repent it. Had I given vent to loud lamentations, had I diſturbed all around me with my complaints, inſtead of the commiſeration I met with, I ſhould have excited nothing perhaps but impatience or diſguſt. My wants were prevented, becauſe I avoided expreſſing them, and that attention was given to my ſilence which would perhaps have been refuſed to my ſollicitations.

I have a thouſand times remarked, that the more earneſt any perſon is in his requeſts, the leſs likely is he to obtain them: we diſlike every thing that reſembles compulſion, and when we determine to do a kindneſs, we love to have all the merit of it. To aſk a favour is to acquire a kind

kind of right to it, and to grant it becomes then a ſort of duty; but it flatters our ſelf-love more to confer an obligation than to pay a debt.

During theſe pilgrimages, which would have paſſed in the world for the wanderings of a vagrant, becauſe unattended by the glare that blazes around the excurſions of the opulent, if in the hour of ſelf-examination I ſometimes aſked, what am I doing? Whither am I going? What is my object? I anſwered: what did I do in coming into the world, except begin a journey which is to finiſh only with my life? I perform the taſk, and occupy the place aſſigned me; I paſs in innocence and ſimplicity through this ſhort life; the good I do to my fellow creatures in not doing them harm is no ſmall merit; I provide for my own wants by providing for their's; I help without injuring them; I ſet them the example of being good and happy without diſturbance or difficulty; I have renounced my patrimony, yet I live; I commit no injuſtice—yet I live; I am no burthen to the charity of others, yet I live. My utility then to my fellow creatures is in proportion to the ſubſiſtence I derive from them, for among men nothing is given for nothing.

As I have not undertaken to give you a hiſtory of my travels, I omit every thing that is mere incident. Arriving at Marſeilles, I embark for Naples, to purſue my firſt direction. To pay my paſſage in the coin with which you

you provided me when you taught me to work a veſſel, I became a ſailor. The ſame ſkill that ſerves on the ocean is ſufficient on the Mediterranean; the alteration of a few terms is the whole difference. The Captain of the veſſel, or patron, was a reclaimed renegado. He had been taken once by the Moors ſince his re-admiſſion into his native country, and ſaid he made his eſcape from among them without being known. Some Neapolitan merchants entruſted him with another veſſel, and this was his ſecond voyage in it. He told his adventures to any one that would liſten to them, and, while he amuſed his hearers, had the talent of acquiring their confidence. His pleaſures were as out of the way as his adventures. He thought of nothing but of diverting his crew; he had two wretched ſwivels on board, which he kept firing all the whole day; all the night he played off ſky-rockets; never was ſeen ſo chearful a commander of a veſſel.

For my part, I amuſed myſelf in acquiring the practice of the ſeaman's art; and even when my watch was over, attended the ſails or obſerved the helm. Attention ſupplied the place of experience, and it was not long before I ſuſpected that we had driven conſiderably to the weſt. The needle, however, was at the right point, but the courſe of the ſun and ſtars was ſo contradictory, that I concluded the variation muſt have been prodigious. I told the captain what I thought; but inſtead of anſwering me directly,

directly, he pretended to turn my opinion into ridicule, and as the ſea grew rough and the weather hazy, it was impoſſible for me to verify my obſervations. A ſtrong gale ſpringing up drove us out to ſea, and laſted two days; the third we ſaw land to our left. I aſked the captain what land it was; he replied the Pope's territories. One of the ſailors would have it that it was the coaſt of Sardinia; he was hooted for his pains, and this was the welcome he received, for though an old ſeaman, this was his firſt voyage on board that veſſel as well as mine.

It made no difference to me what direction we were ſailing in; but what this man ſaid having revived my curioſity, I ſet about rummaging the binnacle, to try whether ſome piece of iron, thrown by accident, might not be the cauſe of the needle's variation. How great was my ſurpriſe, to find a large loadſtone concealed in a corner. I no ſooner removed it, than I ſaw the needle reſume its proper direction. At the ſame inſtant ſome body cryed, a ſail. The captain looked through his glaſs, and ſaid it was a ſmall French veſſel; as they had doubled the cape, and we made no ſail to ſhun them, they ſoon came near enough to be deſcried by the naked eye, and every one then ſaw it was a Mooriſh veſſel. Three Neapolitan merchants, who were on board with all their property, filled the air with their cries. The myſtery was now cleared up. I went to our commander,

commander, and whiſpered in his ear, "Captain, if we are taken, you are a dead man." I appeared ſo cool and pronounced theſe words with ſo little vehemence, that he did not ſeem much alarmed, and even pretended not to hear me.

He made ſome preparations for defence, but there was not a ſingle muſket in order, and he had waſted ſo much powder, that on going to charge the two ſwivels, we found ſcarce ſufficient for two rounds. It would have been however quite unneceſſary; for as ſoon as they came along ſide of us, they cryed out to us to ſtrike, and we were boarded almoſt at the ſame inſtant. Till then the captain without ſeeming to take notice had his eye fixed on me, miſtruſting my intentions: but as ſoon as he ſaw the Moors on board us, he paid no more attention to me but advanced towards them without any apprehenſion. At this moment conſidering myſelf as both judge and executioner, I determined to avenge my companions in ſlavery by ridding the ſea of a monſter, and mankind of a traitor. I ran up to him, and crying out, "*I promiſed you this, and I keep my word*," with a ſabre which I ſeiſed I ſevered his head from his body. At the ſame inſtant, obſerving the Mooriſh captain advance in a rage, I waited without recoiling, and preſenting him the ſabre by the handle, ſaid to him in *lingua Franca*, "Here captain, I have done an act of juſtice, you may, if you pleaſe, do another." He took the

the ſabre, and raiſed it to ſtrike; I waited the blow in ſilence: he ſmiled, and taking me by the hand ordered that I ſhould not be put in irons with the reſt: but he ſaid nothing to me of what he had juſt ſeen me do, a ſufficient proof that he knew the reaſon of it. My exemption however continued only till we reached the port of Algiers, and as ſoon as we landed we were ſent into the city coupled together like hounds.

Hitherto taken up with what paſſed around me, I had paid but little attention to myſelf. At length my agitation ſubſiding left me at liberty to reflect on this change in my preſent condition, and in the warmth of my firſt feelings, I ſaid within myſelf, with a ſort of ſatisfaction, what will this event deprive me of? The power of committing a fault. I am now freer than before. Emilius a ſlave! continued I; in what reſpect? What have I loſt of my original liberty? Was I not born the ſlave of neceſſity? What new yoke can man lay on me? Labour! Did I not labour when I was free? Hunger! How often have I ſubmitted to it voluntarily? Pain! All the powers of man cannot make me feel more than a grain of ſand has made me feel. Confinement! Can it be greater than that of my firſt captivity, which I refuſed to quit? By nature the ſlave of the paſſions of humanity, whether the yoke be impoſed on me by another or myſelf, muſt I not at any rate bear it, and who knows which way it is the more ſupportable. I ſhall at leaſt retain all

my

my reaſon to moderate them in another; how often have I wanted its aſſiſtance againſt the tyranny of my own? Who can make me bear two yokes? Did I not carry one before? There is no real ſlavery but the ſlavery of nature, and men are only the inſtruments of it. Whether I fall by the blow of a tyrant, or the deſcent of a rock, it is the ſame thing in my eyes, and the worſt that can happen to me in ſlavery is to find a maſter as inflexible as a flint. Nay, if I had my liberty, what could I do with it? In my preſent ſtate, can I have any will? No! Leſt I ſink into annihilation, let me be animated by the will of another, having no longer any inclination of my own.

The conſequence to be drawn from theſe reflexions was, that this change in my ſituation was more apparent than real; that if liberty conſiſts in doing that only which we *will*, no one is free; that all men are tied down by neceſſity to a ſervile dependence on the things which ſurround them; that he who can beſt bring himſelf to will that which is, is moſt free, becauſe his actions and his will go inſeparably together.

Yes, my more than father, I am not afraid to aſſert it; the time of my ſlavery was the epoch of my empire, and my authority over myſelf was never ſo abſolute as while ſubſervient to Mooriſh tyranny. Subjected to the paſſions of others without partaking them, I learned to know my own. Their faults carried with them more inſtruction than your lectures, and under theſe

theſe rough profeſſors, I went through a courſe of philoſophy more uſeful than all your kindneſs had taught me.

I did not, however, experience at their hands all the ſeverity I expected. I ſometimes met with ill treatment, but leſs, perhaps, than they might have ſuffered among us, and I found that the terms Moor and Pirate are accompanied by certain prejudices, againſt which I had not kept myſelf ſufficiently on my guard. They are not compaſſionate, but they are juſt; and, though you muſt not hope for clemency or kindneſs, you have nothing to fear from ill-nature or caprice. They require of you to do all you can, but they aſk no more, and puniſh a want of inclination, but never a want of power. The negroes would be but too happy in America, if the coloniſt treated them in a manner equally equitable; but while he conſiders theſe poor ſufferers as the mere mechanical inſtruments of a lucrative trade, the treatment they receive is regulated by the advantage they procure; and the maſter is juſt, ſo far as the ſlave is uſeful.

I often changed maſters; they called that ſelling me, as if *man* could ever be the object of ſale. They ſold indeed the work of my hands; but my will, my underſtanding, my being, all that by which I was myſelf and no other, was never ſold: and the proof of this is, that the firſt time my will and that of my ſuppoſed maſter

maſter were in oppoſition, mine preponderated. This incident is worth relating.

In the beginning I had had no hardſhip to complain of; concluding that I ſhould be ranſomed, they ſuffered me to live ſeveral months in a ſtate of inaction that would have been tireſome to me if any ſituation could be ſo. At laſt, ſeeing that I paid no court to the European conſuls or the friars, that no one ſpoke of my redemption, and that I ſeemed not to think of it myſelf, my maſter determined to make ſuch uſe of me as he could, and ſet me to work. This alteration neither ſurpriſed nor diſpleaſed me. Though little afraid of the hardeſt labour, I preferred work of a leſs toilſome kind, only becauſe it was more amuſing. I found my way into a carpenter's work-ſhop, and the maſter of it ſoon perceived I was qualified to teach him his own trade. This employment proving more lucrative to my owner than my former, he ſet me up in the buſineſs and found his account in it.

By this time, almoſt all my old companions of the Bagne* were diſperſed different ways; all who were able to get ranſomed, were already releaſed: thoſe who could not, were diſpoſed of like me, but few of them with a ſimilar alleviation of their ſufferings. Among the latter, were two Knights of Malta. Their relations were poor; the order redeems none of its captives, and the friars, not being able to ranſom all that have

* A place where galley-ſlaves are confined after work.

have recourſe to them, give, as well as the conſuls, a natural and very excuſable preference to thoſe whoſe gratitude is likely to be of moſt ſervice to them. Theſe two Knights, one of whom was old, the other young, were perſons of information and merit; but their merit was uſeleſs in their preſent ſituation. They were maſters of tactics, the engineer's art, Latin, and the *belles lettres*; qualified to ſhine or to command, their talents were thrown away upon ſlaves. This was not all; they ſtruggled againſt their fate with fruitleſs impatience, and the philoſophy of which they were ſo vain, had not taught theſe high-ſpirited ſoldiers to pay a chearful obedience to ragamuffins and banditti, for theſe were the names they gave their maſters. I pitied them with all my heart; becauſe they were gentlemen, they ſcorned to be men, and becauſe in Algiers—nothing; nay leſs, for a corſair made a ſlave among corſairs is much leſs than nothing. The only aſſiſtance I had to offer the elder, was my advice, and this he found altogether ſuperfluous; for being much more learned than myſelf, in that learning I mean which ſerves for ſhow; he was a complete maſter of moral philoſophy, had all its precepts at his fingers ends, and was deficient in no part of it but the practice: indeed it was hardly poſſible to bear the yoke of neceſſity with a worſe grace than he did. The younger, ſtill more impatient, and of a fiery, active, intrepid ſpirit, exhauſted all the energy of his faculties in plans of conſpiracy

racy and revolt, as impoſſible in the execution as wild in the project, and which, certain to be detected, only ſerved to aggravate his ſufferings. I would fain have brought him to make an effort after my example, and to uſe the ſtrength which nature gave him to the emolument of his maſter and the alleviation of his own ſufferings; but he deſpiſed my advice, and told me haughtily that he knew how to die. "To know how to live, Sir (replied I) would be a much more valuable qualification." I ſucceeded, however, in procuring him ſome little relief; but though he demonſtrated all the gratitude of a noble mind, he remained deaf to my admonitions. He continued his machinations for recovering his liberty by one bold ſtroke, till the patience of his maſter and mine, for we were fellow-ſlaves, was worn out by repeated provocations. I had an equal ſhare in his reſentment, for obſerving the frequency of our meetings, he concluded that I employed in encouraging his mutinous diſpoſition thoſe converſations by which I endeavoured to wean him from it. We were ſold to an undertaker of publick works, and condemned to labour under the direction of a barbarous inſpector, a ſlave like ourſelves, who, to ingratiate himſelf with our common maſter, impoſed taſks upon us too great for human ſtrength to perform.

To me it was at firſt no more than an amuſement. As our work was equally divided among us, and as I was ſtronger and more alert than

any of my companions, I always had my taſk finiſhed firſt, after which I aſſiſted thoſe who ſtood moſt in need of help, and eaſed them of a part of their's. But our tyrant, obſerving my extraordinary diligence, and the ſuperiority of my ſtrength, prevented me from employing it to the relief of others, by doubling my taſk; and, increaſing it continually in proportion to my exertions, at laſt ſo overcharged me with labour and blows, that I muſt ſhortly have ſunk under my burthen; all my companions, the ſtronger as well as the weaker, from bad food, worſe treatment, and exceſſive labour, were waſting viſibly away.

This condition becoming altogether inſupportable, I reſolved to extricate myſelf from it at all hazards, and the young Knight, to whom I communicated my reſolution, joined in it with eagerneſs. I knew him to be a man of courage and perſeverance, provided he had witneſſes of his conduct; and that in brilliant exploits or heroick achievements I could have no doubt of him.

My whole dependence, however, was on myſelf, nor was the participation of any other perſon neceſſary to the ſucceſs of my project; it is true, that being executed in concert with my companions in misfortune, its effect would be much more beneficial, and I reſolved to propoſe it to them in conjunction with the Knight of Malta.

It

It was with difficulty he conſented that this propoſition ſhould be made openly, and without the preliminary intrigues. As we were more together and leſs watched at meal-time than any other part of the day, this was the time we fixed upon to harangue them. I addreſſed myſelf at firſt in my own language to ten or twelve of the number who were my countrymen, not chooſing to expreſs myſelf in *lingua Franca*, leſt I ſhould be underſtood by ſome of the natives. "Comrades (ſaid I) liſten to me. The ſmall remains of ſtrength left me are not ſufficient to hold out another fortnight againſt the fatigues with which I am over-burthened, although there are few amongſt us of vigour equal to mine; a ſituation ſo violent muſt come to a quick concluſion, either by a total extinction of my powers, or by a reſolution which may prevent it. I prefer the latter, and am determined to refuſe working, from this day forward, at the riſque of my life, and in ſpite of whatever treatment my refuſal may bring upon me. This determination of mine is grounded upon a ſimple calculation: if I ſtay as I am, I muſt periſh in a ſhort time and without a poſſibility of eſcape; by ſacrificing a few days I acquire at leaſt a chance of avoiding the fate with which I am threatened. My behaviour may perhaps alarm our inſpector, may ſhow our maſter his true intereſt. But if that is not the caſe, my fate may be accelerated but cannot be rendered worſe. Should I defer

my attempt till my ſtrength is entirely waſted, it can be of no uſe; by ſparing me they will then have nothing to gain, by diſpatching me they may ſave the expence of my keeping. I muſt not therefore let the time paſs, during which they cannot hurt me without hurting themſelves. If any of you approve my reaſons, and, after the example of this brave man, wiſh to join in the preſent undertaking, our number will produce a greater effect, and render our tyrants more manageable. But ſhould he and I be alone, we are not the leſs determined to perſiſt in our refuſal, and we take you as witneſſes of the manner in which we ſhall ſupport it."

My diſcourſe, plain in itſelf and as plainly pronounced, was heard without much emotion. However, four or five of the number deſired me to rely on them, and ſaid they would do as I ſhould. The reſt were ſilent, and all appeared undiſturbed. The Knight, irritated by their inſenſibility, ſpoke to his countrymen, whoſe number was conſiderable, in his own language, with extraordinary vehemence; he raiſed his voice, and drew a lively picture of the extremities to which we were reduced, and of the cruelty of our tyrants. By a diſplay of our ſufferings he rouſed their indignation, and inflamed their courage by the hope of revenge; ſet on fire at length by their admiration of that ſtrength of mind which laughs at pain and triumphs over force, they interrupted him by their ſhouts, and

ſwore to a man they would follow our example and perſevere 'till death.

The next day, on our refuſal to work, we were treated with the cruelty we expected, but without producing any effect on my Malteſe friend or me, or on my three or four diſciples of the preceding evening, from whom our tormentors could not extort a ſingle groan. Thoſe wrought upon by the Knight did not hold out ſo well; the reſolution of his eager countrymen was exhauſted in a few minutes, and after a ſhort application of the cat-o'nine-tails, they were led back to their work ſilent and unreſiſting. Enraged at this want of firmneſs, the Knight, inſenſible to his own ſufferings, loaded them with reproaches, nor could he check the torrent of his indignation even when they were out of hearing. I endeavoured to calm his reſentment at an event which I had foretold to him as well as foreſeen. I knew that the effects of eloquence are violent but momentary. Thoſe who are heated without difficulty, cool with equal eaſe. A ſtrong but ſimple argument excites no tumult; but where it takes effect, it ſinks deep, and its impreſſion is never to be effaced.

The deſertion of theſe poor fellows produced an effect which I had not expected, and which I attribute more to the impulſe of national rivalſhip than to the example of our firmneſs. Thoſe of my countrymen who had not joined us, ſeeing them return to their work, hooted them, and,

out of contempt as it were for their paltroonery, threw down their tools, and drew up in a circle round me; their example brought others, and the revolt became quickly ſo general, that our maſter, alarmed by the noiſe and ſhouts, came to put an end to it.

Our inſpector, you may imagine, left nothing unſaid to excuſe himſelf, and bring down the ſevereſt puniſhment upon us. He took care to mark me out as the authour of the mutiny, as a ring-leader of ſedition, who, by raiſing a tumult, ſought to make himſelf feared. The Moor looked at me ſteadily, and ſaid, "It is you then who ſeduce my ſlaves? You have heard the charge; if you have any thing to ſay in reply, ſpeak." So much moderation in a perſon greedy of gain and threatened with ruin, and that too in the firſt impulſe of reſentment, ſurpriſed me: an European maſter in the ſame ſituation, deaf to every thing but avarice, would firſt have condemned me to the moſt exquiſite torments, and heard me, perhaps, afterwards. "Maſter (ſaid I to him in *lingua Franca)* it is impoſſible you ſhould hate us, for you do not know us; and it is no leſs ſo that we ſhould hate you, becauſe you are not the authour of our ſufferings, you even knew nothing of them. We know how to bear the yoke of neceſſity which has ſubjected us to you. We do not refuſe to employ our perſons in your ſervice, ſince fate has ſo diſpoſed of us; but by going beyond our ſtrength your ſlave robs us of it, and will ruin you while he

he deſtroys us. Take my advice, transfer to a more prudent perſon an authority which he abuſes to your prejudice. Your work will not be leſs effectually done for being better diſtributed, and you will preſerve a number of ſerviceable ſlaves, whoſe future labours will be infinitely more uſeful to you than any profit that can reſult from our preſent oppreſſion. Our complaints are juſt, our demands are moderate. If you refuſe to grant them, our minds are made up. Your inſpector has already made a tryal of our reſolution, and when you pleaſe you may make another."

I ſaid no more; the overſeer offered to reply, but his maſter refuſed to liſten to him. Then looking at my companions one after another, he ſaw in their wan faces and meagre perſons the proof of my aſſertions; at the ſame time that their countenances betrayed no marks of fear or irreſolution. At laſt turning to me, "You appear (ſaid he) to be a fellow of ſome ſenſe; I will put you to the teſt: you blame the conduct of this ſlave; change places with him and let us ſee what your's will be." Immediately he ordered my chains to be taken off and put on my predeceſſor, and his commands were executed in an inſtant.

To tell *you* how I conducted myſelf in my new poſt would be as unneceſſary as it is foreign to my preſent purpoſe. My adventure made a noiſe all over Algiers, and being publiſhed with as much induſtry as it was heard with pleaſure,

came

came to the ears of the Dey, who deſired to ſee me. My owner, having preſented me to him, ſaw he took a fancy to me, and made him a preſent of my perſon. Hence forward you are to conſider your Emilius as the ſlave of the Dey of Algiers.

The rules of action to be adopted in my new department flowed from principles with which I was by no means unacquainted. We had diſcuſſed them during our travels, and their application in the preſent caſe, though on a very ſmall and imperfect ſcale, was certain and infallible in its effects. I ſhall ſpare you and myſelf a trouble unneceſſary to both of us, by omitting the particulars of my conduct. Suffice it to ſay, that the ſucceſs with which it was attended procured me the confidence of my maſter.

Aſſem Oglou had attained the ſupreme power by the moſt honourable path that can lead to ſuch an exaltation: for from the rank of a common ſailor, paſſing through all the gradations of the land and ſea ſervice, he had raiſed himſelf ſucceſſively to the firſt departments of the ſtate, and on the death of his predeceſſor was elected to ſucceed him by the unanimous ſuffrages of Turks and Moors, ſoldiers and citizens. He had for twelve years filled with honour this difficult poſt, at the head of a barbarous and indocile populace, a reſtleſs and ſeditious ſoldiery, fond only of tumult and diſorder, who, not knowing themſelves what they wiſhed for, deſired

ſired nothing but a change, and cared little whether things went better, ſo that they went otherwiſe than before. There was no juſt fault to be found with his adminiſtration, though it had not anſwered the expectations conceived of it. He had kept the ſtate in tolerable tranquillity; every thing was in a better condition than before; commerce and agriculture flouriſhed, the navy was on a reſpectable footing, the neceſſaries of life were in ſufficient plenty. But there were none of thoſe brilliant enterpriſes, which—

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THE

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